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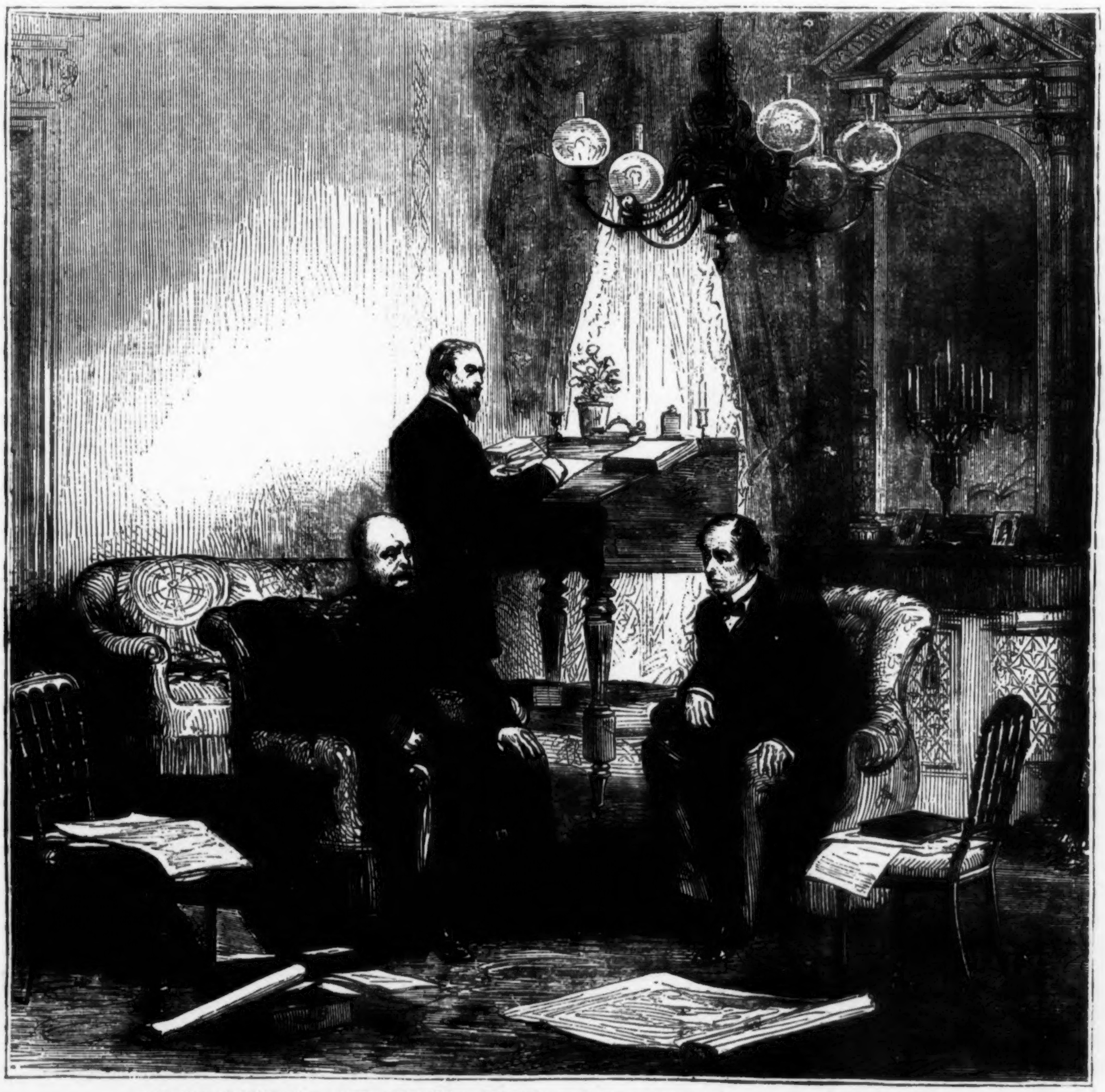

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.— VISIT OF PRINCE BISMARCK TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT THE KAISERHOF HOTEL.

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THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

By W. S. Chase.

At the close of the recent Russo-Turkish war, the Russians hastened prematurely, as it now appears, to seal their victory with the Treaty of San Stefano. The signing of that treaty was announced to the Czar by the Grand Duke Nicholas in the following telegram: "I have the honor of congratulating your Majesty on the conclusion of peace. God has granted us the happiness of concluding the holy work begun by your Majesty, and on the anniversary of the liberation of the Russian serfs Your Majesty has accomplished the liberation of the Slavonic Christians from the Mussulman yoke."

According to the stipulations of this treaty, Bulgaria, including part of Roumelia, with two seaports on the Ægean, was to be declared wholly independent. Russia was to receive from Turkey an indemnity of sixty million dollars, besides Kars, Bayazid, Ardahan, Batoum and Erzeroum, with the adjoining territory. The accompanying map shows the territorial readjustment of the Turkish Provinces according to the Treaty of San Stefano, together with the modifications subsequently effected by the Treaty of Berlin. A glance at this map will suffice to justify a phrase of the time, that Russia had taken the oyster and handed back to Turkey the shell after it had been broken in four.

But even the Treaty of San Stefano fell far short of what public opinion in Russia, stimulated by traditional ambition of the Imperial family, and by the aspirations of the modern Pan-Slavist party, desired and expected. The Russian people, without distinction of class or party, had looked for nothing less than the complete expulsion of the Turkish power from Europe, the dismantling of all the forts on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, with Constantinople a free city controlled by an European international commission. Such was the solution of the Eastern Question which they anticipated as the reward of their hardships and sacrifices during the war.

On the other hand, the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano were much too favorable to Russia to be viewed without jealousy and protest by other European Powers. There was a general outburst of indignation and alarm. The British Government, particularly, deemed it of vital importance to its empire to do all that could be done to prevent, or at least to diminish, the possible consequences of so signal and startling a triumph of Russian arms and diplomacy.

The idea of a fresh Conference of the European Powers on the Eastern Question was suggested by Count Andrassy on the 5th of February, 1878; first Vienna, and then Baden-Baden, being named as the places where it should be held. After passing out of the public mind in the excitement over the Russo-Turkish peace negotiations, the proposition was revived by Count Andrassy in the form of a Congress to be held at Berlin. England assented, provided it were understood in the first place that all the questions dealt with in the "booted and spurred" Treaty of San Stefano should be considered as open to discussion; and, in the second place, that no alteration in the condition of things as established by the Treaty before the recent war should be acknowledged as valid till it had received the assent of all the Powers. Russia, on March 8th, refused to submit anything to discussion save those portions of the Treaty which affected "European" interests. The deadlock thus defined was shaken by the retirement of Lord Derby. Russia finally gave way before the circular of Lord Salisbury. Then were renewed those difficult and delicate negotiations that absorbed the attention of Europe for the next three months. Count Schouvaloff became conspicuous as a true messenger of peace, and his journey from London to St. Petersburg resulted in important concessions to the British Government, and, in fact, in a secret understanding between Russia and England, the disclosure of which has since caused great excitement, but without which it is likely that the meeting of the Berlin Congress could not have been brought about.

At length, the negotiations proved successful. It was decided that the Congress should assemble at Berlin on Thursday, the 11th of June; and furthermore, that Russia would lay on the table the Treaty of San Stefano, to be freely discussed and pronounced upon by the Plenipotentiaries.

Thus the Grand Duke Nicholas was tacitly repudiated and Lord Beaconsfield carried his point. This result may justly be regarded as a great diplomatic triumph for England.

On Monday, the 1st of June, Germany, through Prince Bismarck, invited "the Signatories of the Treaties of 1856 and 1871 to meet in Congress in Berlin, and discuss there the stipulations of the preliminary Treaty of San Stefano." The invitations were accepted by the six other signatories of Paris—namely, Great Britain, France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, and Russia.

The representatives of the several Powers at the Berlin Congress were as follows:

Germany.—Prince Otto von Bismarck, Chancellor; Prince Clovis von Hohenlohe Schillingfürst, Ambassador to France.

England.—Lord Beaconsfield, Premier; the Marquis of Salisbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Lord Odo W. L. Russell, Ambassador to Germany.

France.—M. William Henry Waddington, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Charles Raymond de la Croix de Chevrières, Marquis de Saint-Vallier, Ambassador to Germany.

Russia.—Prince Alexander Michaelovitch Gortschakoff, Chancellor; Prince P. d'Oubril, Ambassador to Germany; Count Schouvaloff, Ambassador to England, and for many years Chief of the Imperial Secret Police.

Austria.—Count Andrassy de Czik Szent Kiraly, Chancellor, and Minister of Foreign Affairs; General von Heymerle.

Italy.—Count Corti, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and formerly Minister to Turkey; Count E. de Launay, Minister to Germany.

Turkey.—Caratheodori Effendi, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs; Mehemet Ali Pasha, Sedoullah Bey.

Greece also claimed representation in the person of M. Delyanni, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Sir Peter Brailas Armeni. The minor States — Roumania, represented by M. Jean Bratiano, the Premier; and Servia, by M. Ristic—also put in similar claims.

Count Herbert von Bismarck, the Chancellor's son, and Herr Rudowitz, were appointed to register the protocols of the various Powers; and Count Lepelletier de Mouy, one of the Secretaries of the French Legation at Berlin, to supervise the preparation of the text to be submitted to the Congress, and of its protocols and acts.

Lord Beaconsfield was accompanied by his faithful and indefatigable private secretary, Mr. Montagu Corry; and Lord Salisbury by his son, Viscount Cranbourne, and by General Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, K. C. B., who was understood to have been designated as Commander of the English Army in the East in case of war. Prince Gortschakoff had among his suite Baron Jomini and Baron Fredericks.

The Congress of Berlin thus "contained the flower of modern diplomacy," as was remarked at its opening by a clever writer, to whom we are partly indebted for spirited sketches of several of its members. Portraits of Prince Bismarck, who presided over it, of Lord Beaconsfield, Prince Gortschakoff, M. Waddington, Count Andrassy, Lord Salisbury, Count Schouvaloff, Count Corti, Count de Saint-Vallier, and Mehemet Ali, illustrate the present article.

The Congress counted among its members the mighty recluse of Varzin, Bismarck "the Mad," with his great bald head, surmounted by the three hairs familiar to all students of the *Kladderadatsch*, author of the German Empire, and keeper of the peace of Europe; in whose past are the conquest of the Duchies, the "blow at the heart" delivered at Sadowa, the mystifications of the secret treaties about Luxemburg and Belgium, Sedan, the Conferences of Versailles, the acquisition of Alsace and Lorraine and the column of Canossa.

His colleague was Prince Hohenlohe, immortalized years ago by the insouciant photograph, in which he sat, swinging his legs over a balustrade, and smoking a cigar, while Wagner made Bavaria a dreamland; but recognized since his residence in Paris as the least ostentatious and most successful of negotiators.

England sent the "inscrutable Oriental," who has restored her, precisely two centuries after the assembling of the first Congress which marked her intervention in the affairs of the continent, to such a position in the councils of Europe as she held under his great predecessors, Pitt and Palmerston; and for whom the meeting of the Berlin Congress superbly crowned the marvelous career which he began forty years ago in the spirit of "Vivian Grey," as a young literary dandy, as full of affectation as of genius. He was accompanied by Lord Salisbury, the keen and bitter and brilliant politician and publicist, whom two suddenly removed lives lifted to the second rank in the peerage, and whose masterly and successful dispatch to Prince Gortschakoff has made Englishmen forget his blunders on the Bosphorus; and by Lord Odo Russell, who is the most suave and the cleverest of British diplomats.

France, the eldest daughter of the Church, sent M. Waddington, a Protestant, who, like M. Guizot, another Protestant, by a strange chance directed her foreign affairs at the moment the election of a Pope was in question, and who is of English descent and has an American wife; and M. de Saint-Vallier, the first ambassador of the French Republic who, on handing his credentials to an European sovereign, had the courage to speak of himself directly and manfully as the agent of a republic.

Russia sent her great chancellor, Gortschakoff, eighty years of age, who, half a century ago, took part in the Congresses of Laybach and Verona; who waited patiently for fifteen years to secure the revision of the obnoxious Treaty of Paris; and who has sought to restore, by tact and skill, a victory earned by the courage of Russian soldiers and imperiled by the arrogance of Russian grand dukes. With him went Count Schouvaloff, the Czar's trusted friend and late Minister of Police, whose mission to St. Petersburg let instructive daylight in upon the Cabinet of his august master as to the real feelings and the tremendous forces of England.

Austria was represented by Count Andrassy, the dashing, diamond-wearing, csardas-dancing junior partner of the Three Chancellors, who has bent himself so assiduously to recover by consolidation and conciliation at home all that his dual country lost by war and intrigue abroad in 1859 and 1856; and by General von Hymerle, who had won the heart of Hungary by making himself the prophet of a coming internecine war between Austria and Russia.

Italy sent Count Corti, who was her delegate to the Alabama Conference at Geneva, and who succeeded at Constantinople in securing for Italy a real influence in the settlement of the Eastern question; and Count Launay, the Italian minister at Berlin.

Turkey brought up the rear with a Greek Christian, Caratheodori Effendi, as one of her delegates; a Prussian, Mehemet Ali, as a second, and the Turkish ambassador at Berlin, Sadoullah Bey, as the third.

M. Waddington, the French Plenipotentiary, was the first member of the Congress who arrived in Berlin. He was followed by Lord Beaconsfield, on Tuesday, June 11th, and later on the same day came Prince Hohenlohe; and Lord Salisbury, Count Schouvaloff, Prince Gortschakoff, Count Andrassy, and Count Corti arrived on Wednesday, June 12th. The two principal Turkish Plenipotentiaries came tardily on Friday, June 14th, having been delayed by a storm on the Black Sea.

The first sitting of the Berlin Congress was held on Thursday, June 13th, 1878, in the Radziwill Palace. This building stands in the Wilhelmstrasse. It was erected by a great Polish nobleman, and it has recently been refitted as the official residence of Prince Bismarck. A grand staircase leads to a vestibule, from which an ante-room for the use of the secretaries of the Congress leads to the stately circular room, tastefully decorated, colored, carpeted, and furnished, in which the Congress assembled.

In the centre of this room was placed the great horseshoe table, at which the plenipotentiaries were seated. From the saloon opened two conference rooms, where the members could retire for private consultation. On the other side, a buffet was arranged for refreshments, and this gave upon the garden and the colonnade in the rear of the house.

One of our cuts shows the exterior of the Radziwill Palace. Another, a group in the anteroom—the three principal figures being Beaconsfield, Gortschakoff, and Mehemet Ali. Others show the lunch-room, or buffet; Prince Gortschakoff being carried to the conference hall; the royal castle where the State banquets were given to the plenipotentiaries; keeping the road open for the guests, and the interior of the hall of Congress.

At the top of the horseshoe table in that spacious hall, sat the President, Prince Bismarck, with Prince Hohenlohe Schillingfust, Herr von Bulow, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the secretary, Herr von Rudowitz, facing him. It was at first suggested that the Prince should be flanked by his colleagues, but he declined, saying, "I do not think that I shall disagree with them, but I may not always be of the same opinion with Andrassy or Waddington."

Accordingly, the minor German members were shifted to the other side of the table. On Prince Bismarck's right sat the Austrian Plenipotentiaries, Count Andrassy, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Karolyi, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Berlin, and Privy Councillor Baron Heymerle. Next to Austria sat Great Britain, with Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lord Odo Russell, the British Ambassador at Berlin; and then came Russia, with Prince Gortschakoff, the Chancellor of the Russian Empire; Count Schouvaloff, the Ambassador to Great Britain; and Baron d'Oubril, the Russian Ambassador to Berlin.

On Prince Bismarck's left, sat the two French Plenipotentiaries, M. Waddington, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Count de Saint-Vallier, French Ambassador at Berlin. Next came Italy, with Corti, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Count Launay, the Italian Ambassador at Berlin. Finally, came Turkey, with her three plenipotentiaries, Alexander Caratheodori Pasha, Sadoullah Bey, the

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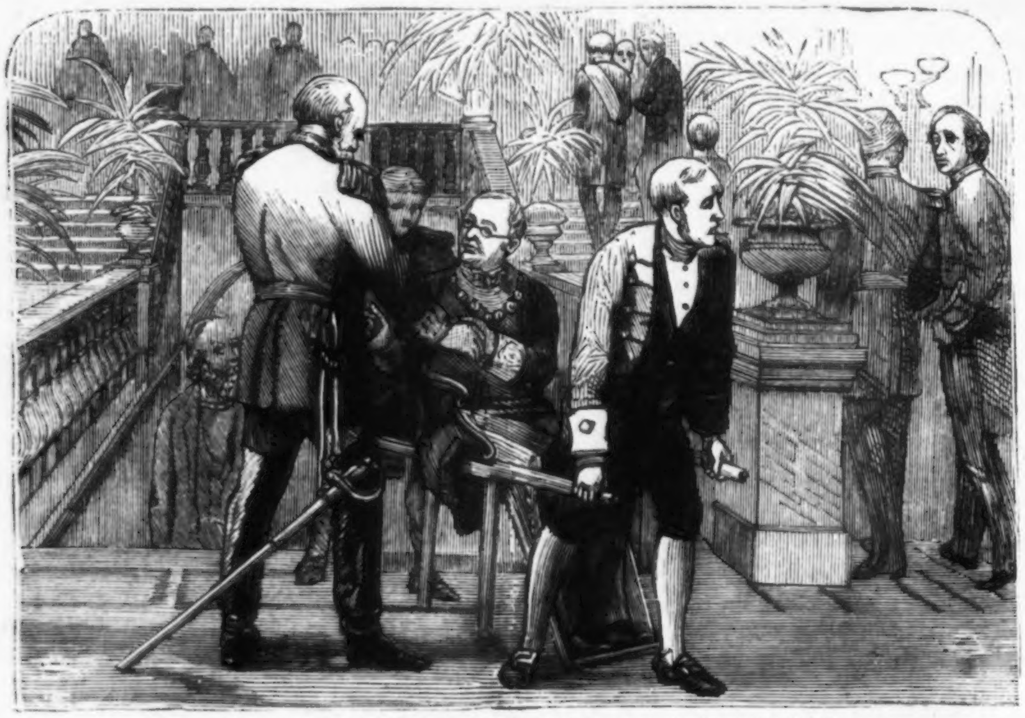
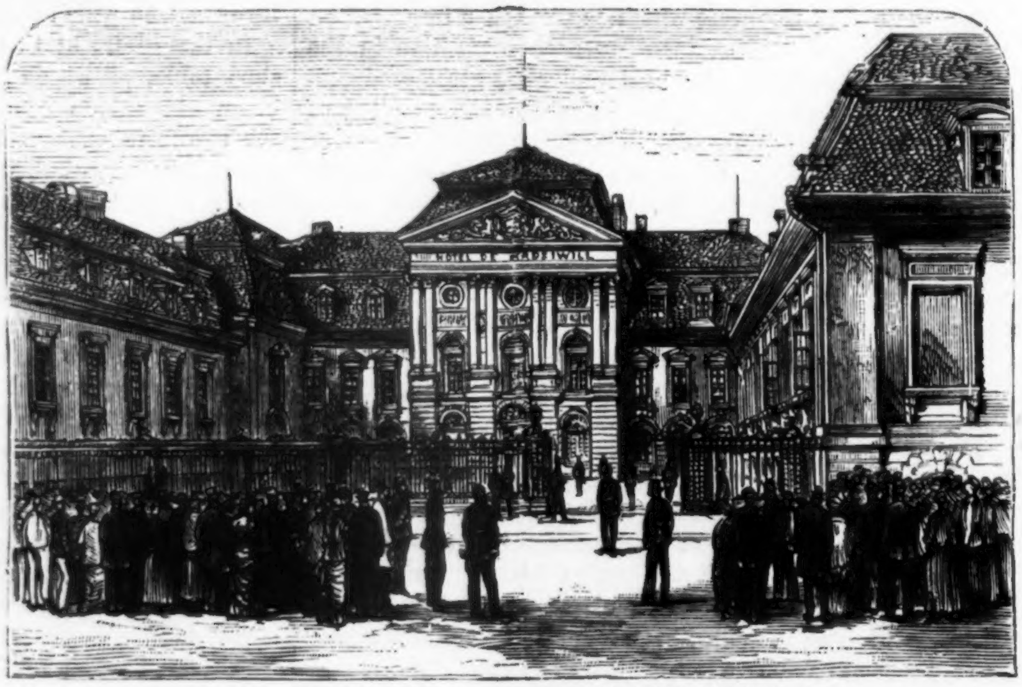


PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF BEING CARRIED TO THE CONFERENCE HALL.



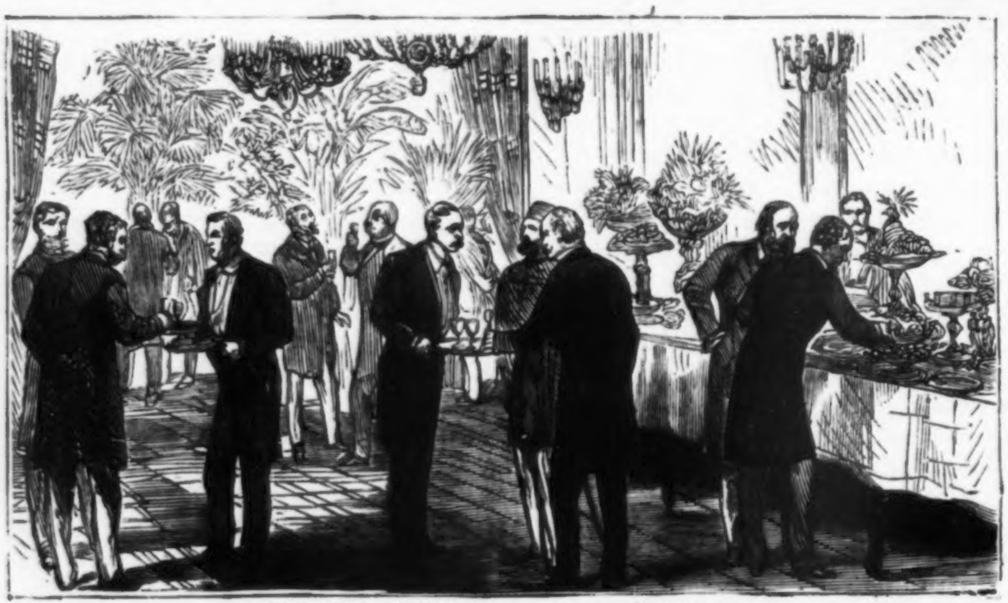
PRINCE BISMARCK'S RESIDENCE, WHERE THE SESSIONS WERE HELD.

Turkish Ambassador at Berlin, and Mehemet Ali Pasha, the last-named as Military Plenipotentiary.

On the occasion represented in our illustration—the first formal sitting—the plenipotentiaries were in diplomatic costumes, except Prince Bismarck, who had grown a beard, and who retained his military uniform. At the final sitting, on July 13th, they were likewise in gala attire; but at the ordinary sittings, black coats were considered sufficient "full dress."

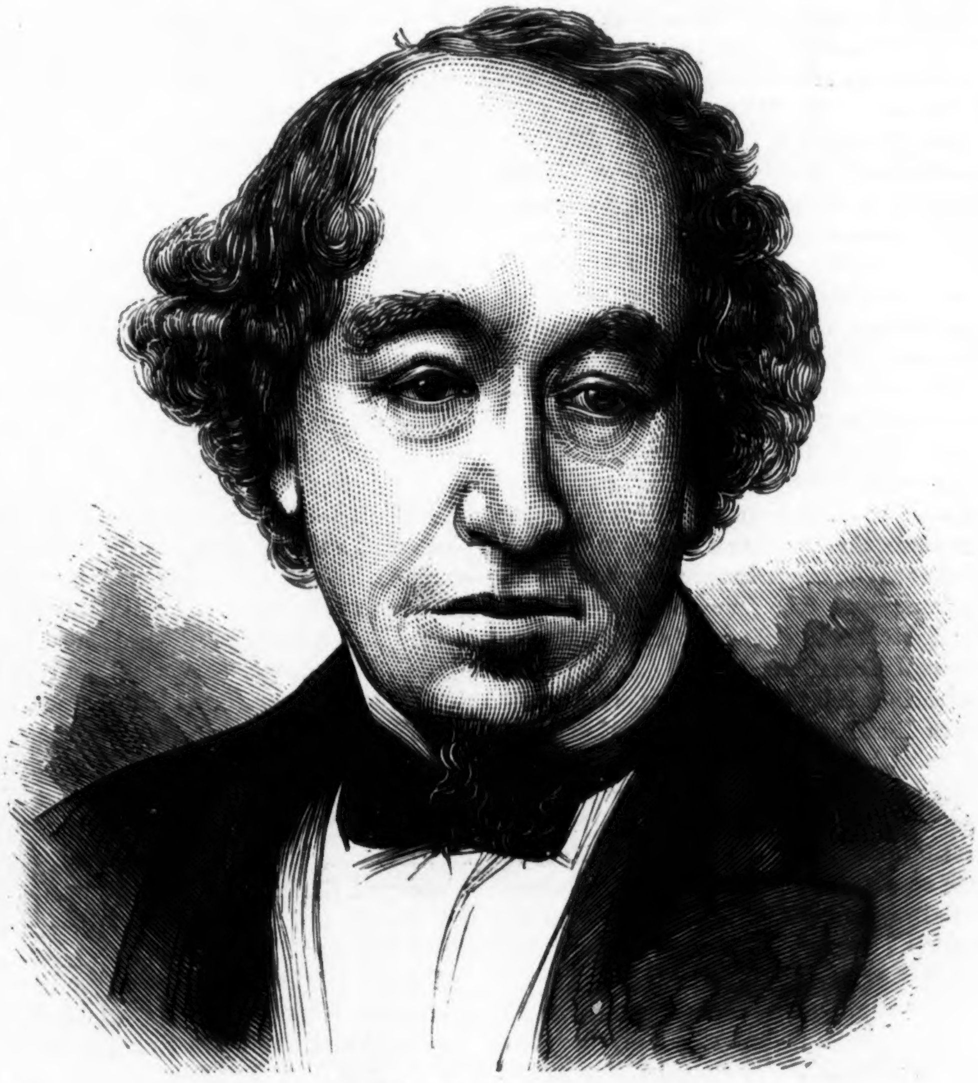
The Nestor of the Berlin diplomatists was Prince Gortschakoff. Next to him, in age, came Lord Beaconsfield, wearing lightly his seventy-three years. Lady Beaconsfield, by-the-by, was eighty-three years old when she died in 1872. Prince Bismarck is only sixty-four, M. Waddington is fifty-eight, and Count Andrassy is comparatively a youth, being but fifty-five.

Each plenipotentiary was accompanied by a staff of secretaries and specialists well versed in geography and ethnology, so that all required information as to the countries under discussion could be obtained at a moment's notice. Moreover, the work of the Congress was facilitated greatly by having it cut and dried, as it were, at the informal consultations held on the off days, and in private conferences of individual plenipotentiaries and of the groups into which they quickly crystallized. Thus no time was lost or wasted in the actual debates on the alternate days on which the regular sittings took place. The right of presiding, which was given to Prince Bismarck, was in accordance with the most recent usage, that devolves such duty on a member of the Cabinet of the State where the deliberations take place, but it conferred no other privilege than that of directing the debate. A committee composed of the plenipotentiaries of the second class, and presided over by Prince Hohenlohe, began a series of preliminary deliberations on the 29th of June, thus still further hastening the subsequent proceedings of the Congress.



THE LUNCH-ROOM IN PRINCE BISMARCK'S PALACE.

The plenipotentiaries, upon arriving in Berlin, exchanged visits of ceremony among themselves, and were received with semi-royal honors by the Crown Prince, on Wednesday, June 12th. At their first regular meeting, on Thursday, June 13th, they were simply occupied with pure formalities. On the evening of the 13th, a State banquet was given to them at the Royal Castle. On the 16th, Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury and their attachés dined with the Crown Prince in the New Palace at Potsdam. On the 17th, Prince Bismarck gave a State dinner to the plenipotentiaries at the Radziwill Palace. Throughout the month, dining was the order of each day at the Berlin Congress, as dancing was that of each night at the Vienna Congress, and a grand Court dinner at Whitehall Palace, on July 13th, concluded both the labors and the festivities of the European peacemakers of 1878.



LORD BEACONSFIELD, K. G., PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

At this dinner Prince Gortschakoff and Lord Beaconsfield were the only absentees—the former as a confirmed invalid, and the latter as suffering from a slight indisposition, which also had kept him away from two of the later meetings of the Congress. It may as well be noted in this connection that whatever surprising or amusing revelations future memoirs may make of what went on behind the scenes during the Congress, the only gossip which the newspapers, with all the curiosity and diligence of their Berlin correspondents, could gather, was confined to three little stories, more or less apocryphal. The first of these was the Englishman's tale of the Crown Princess and her bouquet with the eight strawberry leaves, hinting at her royal mother's mind to make Disraeli a duke in return for his kindness in making her an empress. The second was a Belgian's tale of the delightful episode of Bismarck's huge dog Reichsund, which flew at Prince Gortschakoff and tried to eat him up. And the third was the tale of the two cherry-stones which Prince Bismarck swallowed at the banquet on the opening day of the Congress. The Prince, it seems, is inordinately fond of cherries; and the Marquis of Salisbury, who is also fond of them, foreseeing that not many would be left for his share, gloomily remarked that he had known people to die of swallowing cherry-stones. Prince Bismarck immediately offered him some cherries, saying that for his part, he never swallowed a cherry-stone.

"You may think so, Prince," retorted the Marquis, "but I can assure you that you have already swallowed two to-day."

A heated discussion ensued, but finally the acute Lord Beaconsfield pacified the disputants, and saved the peace of Europe by the astute expedient of counting the pits of the cherries on the Prince's plate, and the stems thereof. There were forty-nine stems, and only forty-seven stones; hence it was proved beyond doubt that Prince Bismarck had swallowed the two pits, as had been alleged by Lord Salisbury. The Prince frankly acknowledged this fact, and complimented the Earl of Beaconsfield on his ingenuity. The war-cloud that had threatened Europe passed away.

But weightier questions really engrossed the plenipotentiaries at Berlin. They had scant time for gossip, even over walnuts and wine. Never was there a more business-like Congress. They did not fairly settle down to work until Monday, June 16th; but thenceforward they worked hard and expeditiously. What was said of the Vienna Congress—"It danced, but did not move"—must be reversed for the Berlin Congress. If it did not dance, it moved in a way to astonish all Europe. It stopped but little more for speeches than for gossip. Almost the only exceptions to this rule were two or three memorable speeches by Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Gortschakoff. The speech of Lord Beaconsfield at the opening of the Congress was impressive, but it failed to convince his audience "fit though few," that his views of the presence of foreign troops were altogether justifiable; on the contrary, the Russian view that only this prevented a revolution in Constantinople. But subsequently the victory of Lord Beaconsfield over his most determined opponents in the Congress was as directly due to his statesmanlike eloquence as to the intervention of Prince Bismarck or the telegraphic instructions which the Czar dispatched from St. Petersburg to Berlin.

Perhaps the most effective utterance of Lord Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress was his emphatic declaration as to the Bulgarian question: "I did not come here to yield."

Nothing could have been more impressive than what was supposed to be a farewell speech by Prince Gortschakoff, at the sitting of Wednesday, June 26th. The venerable statesman had then to be carried to the council-room. He spoke with effort, in a trembling voice, but with a resolute tone. He said that the remarks he was about to make were prompted by a love of truth and of his country. His colleagues had granted concessions in the name of Russia far surpassing what he had thoughts of making. He was far too well aware of the feelings which actuated his colleagues to raise objections to the concessions which they deemed it their duty to make. He merely wished to say that Russia made those sacrifices from a desire for peace, and that she had no narrow or selfish aim. The profound sensation caused by this high-toned and patriotic speech was deepened by Lord Beaconsfield's immediate expression of admiration for Prince Gortschakoff's sentiments, and his acknowledgment, in the name of the Congress, that a desire for peace animated Russia.

The speech of Prince Bismarck at the close of the Congress, and the congratulatory speech of the Crown-Prince at the final banquet given to the members of the Congress, were both models of their kind.

The vail of secrecy which was thrown over the proceedings of the Congress at first was gradually lifted as it became more and more certain that it would reach a conclusion favorable to the peace of Europe. It is possible that the dreaded apparition of the red spectre of communistic socialism evoked by the attempted assassination of General Trepoff by Vera Sassulitch, and the twice attempted assassination of the Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, may have so affected both Russia and Germany, and, indeed, all Europe, as to make alike the people and their rulers the more willing and even more the eager to accept peace as the result of the Berlin Congress. The financial condition of Russia and Germany doubtless had its weight in determining a peaceful end to its deliberations.

The excitement occasioned by the disclosure of a secret understanding between Russia and England was but temporary. And it was so with the greater excitement occasioned by Lord Beaconsfield's stroke of genius, as a diplomatist and as a statesman, in summoning enough Sepoys from India to hint to surprised and bewildered Europe what an inexhaustible recruiting field for the British army England possesses in her Indian Empire; and also what incalculable advantages she may expect from the acquisition of the Island of Cyprus.

The Anglo-Turkish Treaty, on which the acquisition of Cyprus was based, had, at least technically and directly, nothing to do with the questions under consideration at the Congress. But when the news of it overshadowed all other news, it was impossible for the members of the Congress to really ignore it and its probable future consequences, although they were debarred from discussing it. In fact, the tacit but virtual acquiescence in it by the Berlin Congress confers upon it an interest and an importance scarcely less than the interest and importance belonging to the Berlin Treaty itself,

The Eastern Question, indeed, assumed at once a new phase, when the fruit of Beaconsfield's bold, original, startling and far-reaching policy was plucked. No other statesman could see and appreciate the remote possibilities of this event better than Prince Gortschakoff; and it is said that he heartily shook hands over the Cyprus affair with Lord Beaconsfield. It doubtless helped to hasten the close of the Berlin Congress.

At length, on the 11th of July, the reading of the text of the Berlin Treaty was begun. Fifty articles of it were immediately agreed to. Preparations were made for engrossing on vellum copies of the Treaty in old black-letter style, each to be separately sealed and signed, and sent to the various Powers represented at the Congress. The Treaty was sealed and signed, and the Berlin Congress came to an end on Saturday, July 13th, 1878.

The published abstract of the Treaty of Peace concluded by the Berlin Congress is imperfect in several important particulars. Nevertheless, it suffices to give a general notion of the shape which the results of the Russo-Turkish War have thus far taken.

The first twelve articles of the Treaty relate to Bulgaria, which is constituted an autonomic tributary principality, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, with a Christian government, and a national militia. The next nine articles relate to the new province called Eastern Roumelia, south of the Balkans, which is placed under the direct military and political authority of the Sultan, but with an Austrian governor, and in the conditions of autonomous administration. Thus the map which General Ignatieff outlined at San Stefano has been very materially changed. His Bulgaria has been divided, but really in the interests of Russia, who will gain more than she will lose by the division.

Moreover, Bosnia and Herzegovina have been virtually yielded to Austria. The independence of Montenegro, Servia and Roumania has been recognized. It is largely due to the cool-headed and impartial action of M. Waddington, the French Plenipotentiary, and his colleague, the Count de Saint-Vallier, who were intrusted with the drawing up of the compromise respecting the military occupation of the Balkans, that the proposal was accepted; while the Congress also accepted their motion that the inhabitants of both Roumelia and Bulgaria shall enjoy the most complete civil and religious liberty, without distinction of race or creed, and that religion and race shall be no obstacle to the exercise of civil, administrative and political functions. It is a striking illustration of the fact that the very parties most deeply concerned, and in future to be most richly blessed by reforms thrust upon them before they are capable of properly appreciating them, but not a moment before they sorely, if unwittingly, need them, to find in Roumania the action of the Congress in restoring to Russia the strip of Bessarabia lost by her, through the Crimean war, denounced by the government organ as "the greatest iniquity of the nineteenth century," and the persistence of the Congress in enfranchising the Jews as being insult added to injury.

The fact is, that the action of the Berlin Congress in favor of religious liberty, alike among Jews and Gentiles, is more important and honorable than can well be conceived at present. Time will hereafter record its yet unseen consequences. The Dobrudscha has been annexed by the Treaty to Roumania, and the frontiers of Montenegro and Servia have been readjusted.

The Danube is to be free for all nations in time of peace. Nothing is said in the abstract of the treaty about the Dardanelles and Armenia, but whatever concerns them and the Black Sea seems to be left in *statu quo.* The rights of France in Palestine are recognized.

On several points there has been a balancing of opposite interests. Thus, Turkey has recovered Dulcigno, only to lose Antivari, and has given up Sofia in order to retain the Macedonian seaboard. Against the preservation of Erzeroum she must set down the loss of Batoum and Kars, and the cession of Ketour; and against the nominal sovereignty of Albania, the temporary, and, probably, the permanent surrender, as mentioned above, of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Finally, by the Anglo-Turkish Convention, which, if not formally discussed at the Congress, was, perhaps, less of a surprise to its members than to the outside world, and was certainly not altogether out of their minds in deciding upon and signing their own great Treaty, Turkey, in saving Northern Roumelia, has lost Cyprus.

What, then, has Russia gained by the war that cost her so much blood and treasure? Much more, after all the bluster about Beaconsfield having outwitted Gortschakoff, than might be supposed. Russia has achieved the first step toward the partitioning of Turkey. She has won guarantees for her own national preponderating influence in Northern Turkey. And her grand, ostensible object in declaring and making war upon Turkey has been accomplished—the liberation of the bulk of the Christian population throughout European Turkey from Turkish tyranny and oppression. She is one hundred and fifty years nearer Constantinople and the Mediterranean than before, and she has made her power felt in Europe in a way that has enhanced her prestige and compelled the respect of her bitterest foes.

England has disappointed the hopes of the Greeks, who had relied upon her implied promises to secure the enlargement of their territory, and she has simply joined the other European Powers in requesting the Porte to come to an understanding with Greece for the rectification of the frontiers of the latter country.

But, by acquiring Cyprus, and securing the protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, Lord Beaconsfield has succeeded in strengthening the mysterious policy which he began with the memorable pageant at Delhi, when the Queen of England was proclaimed Empress of India. On his return from the Continent he was honored with a semi-royal welcome, on account of his bloodless victories. He has been applauded in the House of Lords for his masterly exposition of the Berlin Treaty, a single sentence of which strikes the keynote of his far-seeing Eastern policy: "There is room in Asia for both England and Russia!" It is seen and gratefully acknowledged that he has prepared the way for England to become more conspicuously than ever an Asiatic Power. By securing Cyprus, he has given England another strong foothold in the Mediterranean, and a sure protection for her interests in Egypt and the Suez Canal.

The Garter has been conferred upon Lord Beaconsfield by his Sovereign, as a token of his admission to "that narrow circle of knighthood in which are included nearly all the chief rulers of the earth, the members of the royal family of England, and twenty-five of the nobles of Great Britain—none below an earl in rank." The Garter has also been conferred upon his colleague, Lord Salisbury.

What is more essential than any marks of personal distinction, Lord Beaconsfield has indirectly driven in an opening wedge for the influence of European civilization at the East. In fine, the most dazzling dreams of his youth have been surpassed by what he has achieved at the Berlin Congress.

The following is the text of the Berlin Treaty, carefully translated from the French original published in London, July 15th:

THE TREATY OF BERLIN.

PREAMBLE. His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany; His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria-Hungary; the President of the French Republic; Her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India; His Majesty, the King of Italy; His Majesty, the Emperor of All the Russias; His Majesty, the Sultan of the Ottomans, desiring to settle, with a view to European order, and conformably to the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris of March 30th, 1856, the questions raised in the East by the events of late years and by the war which has resulted in the Treaty of San Stefano, have been unanimously of opinion that the assembling of a Congress would be the best means of facilitating a mutual understanding. To this end they named the plenipotentiaries, whose names are given below, and who, after having exchanged their powers, which were found in good and due form, have stipulated and agreed to the following articles:

ARTICLE 1. Bulgaria is constituted an autonomous and tributary principality, under the suzerainty of His Majesty the Sultan. It shall have a Christian governor and a national militia.

ART. 2. The Bulgarian Principality shall be limited to the south by the chain of the Balkans. (The rest of this article is wanting.)

ART. 3. The Prince of Bulgaria shall be freely elected by the population and confirmed by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers. No member of any of the reigning dynasties of the great European Powers shall be elected Prince of Bulgaria. In the event of the princely dignity becoming vacant, the election of the new prince shall be made under the same conditions and in the same form.

ART. 4. An assembly of the notables of Bulgaria, convoked at Tirnova, shall prepare before the election of the Prince the organic law of the Principality. In the localities where, besides Bulgarians, the population includes Turks, Roumanians, Greeks and others, account shall be taken of the rights and interests of these classes of the population in whatever relates to the elections and the elaboration of the organic law.

ART. 5. The following arrangements shall form the basis of the public law of Bulgaria: Distinction of religious belief or confession shall not operate against any one as a reason of exclusion or incapacity in what concerns the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, functions or honors, or the exercise of different professions or industries, whatever the locality may be. Liberty of openly professing every creed shall be assured to all those under the jurisdiction of the Principality as well as to strangers, and no trammels will be imposed on the hierarchical organization of the different religious bodies or their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

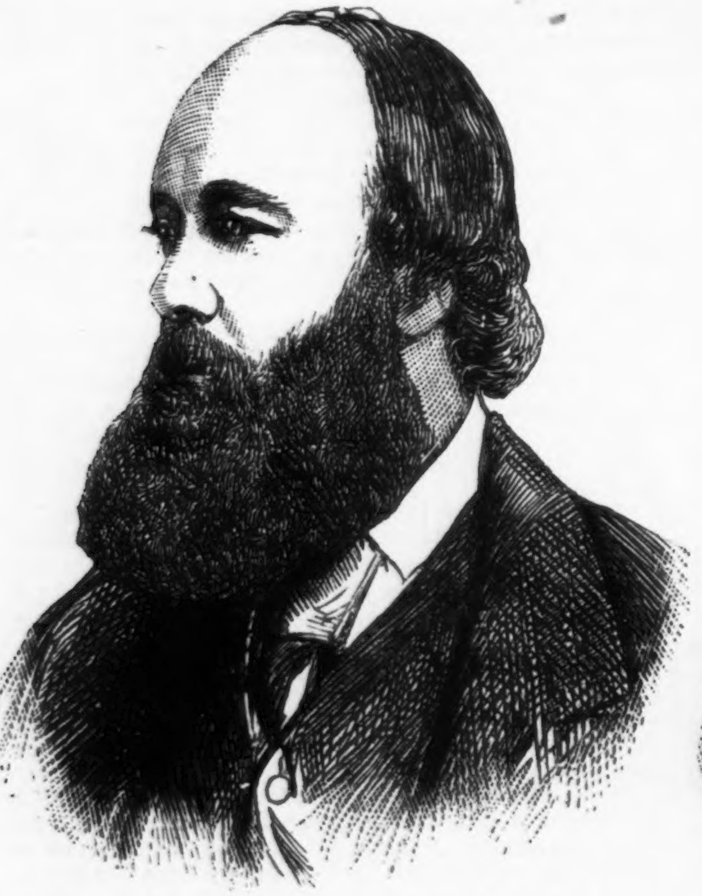
ART. 6. The provisional organization of Bulgaria shall be directed till the completion of the organic law, by an Imperial Russian Commissioner. An Imperial Turkish Commissioner, as well as Consuls delegated *ad hoc* by the signatory Powers of the present treaty, shall be appointed to assist him, in order to control the action of this provisional administration. In the event of difference among the consuls appointed the majority shall decide, and in the event of difference between that majority and the Imperial Russian Commissioner or the Imperial Turkish Commissioner, the representatives of the signatory Powers at Constantinople assembled in conference shall decide.

ART. 7. The provisional government cannot be prolonged for more than nine months from the date of signature of the present treaty. When the organic law has been fully settled, the election of the Prince of Bulgaria will immediately follow. As soon as the prince is installed, the new organization will be put in force, and the Principality will enter into full possession of its autonomy.

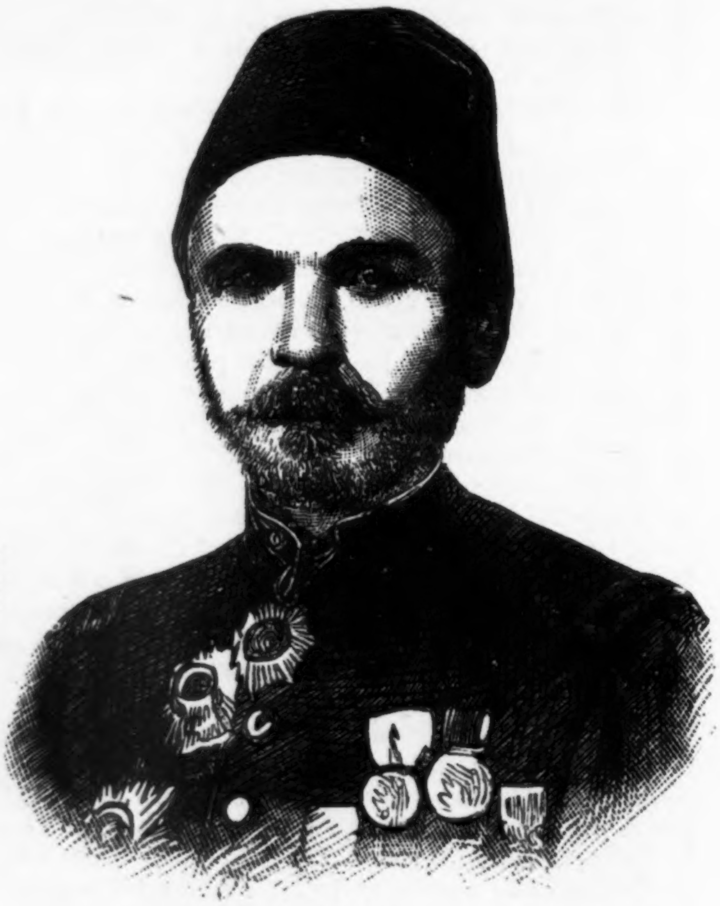
ART. 8. The treaties of commerce and navigation, as well as all the conventions and agreements concluded between foreign powers and the Porte, and which are now in force, are maintained in the Principality of Bulgaria, and no change can be made in them with any of the Powers until she has given her consent thereto. No transit duty shall be levied in Bulgaria on merchandise passing through the Principality. The subjects and traders of all the Powers shall there be placed upon a footing of perfect equality. The immunities and privileges of foreign subjects, with the rights of jurisdiction and of consular protection, which have been established by the capitulations and by custom, will remain in full force as far as not modified by consent of the parties interested.

ART. 9. The amount of the annual tribute to be paid by the Principality of Bulgaria to the Suzerain Court, by deposit in a bank which the Sublime Porte will subsequently name, shall be settled by arrangement between the signatory Powers of the present treaty at the end of the first year's working of the new organization. This tribute will be based upon the average revenue from the territory of the Principality. Bulgaria will have to bear a part of the public debt of the Empire. When the Powers have determined the amount of tribute, they will take into consideration what part of this debt shall fall upon the Principality upon the basis of an equitable portion.

ART. 10. Bulgaria is substituted for the Imperial Ottoman Government in its duties and obligations toward the Rustchuk-Varna Railway Company from the day of signature of the present treaty. The arrangement of the former accounts is left to an agreement between the Sublime Porte, the Government of the Principality and the railway company. The Principality of Bulgaria is in the same way substituted as party to the engagements which the Sublime Porte has contracted with Austria-Hungary as well as with the company for the working of the railways of Turkey in Europe with respect to the completion, union and working of the lines



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND SECOND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

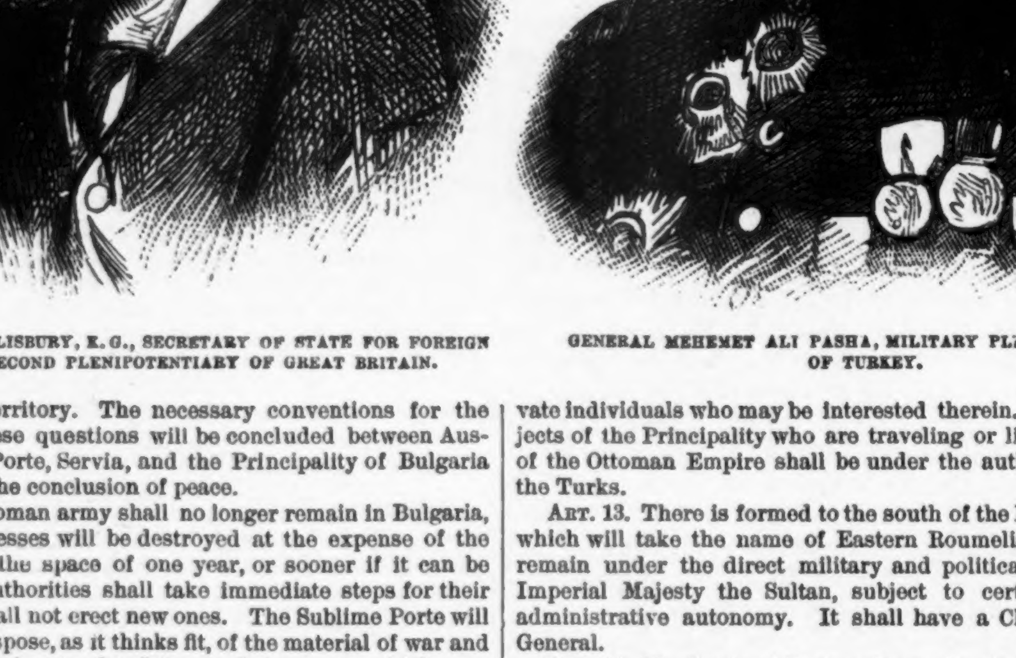


GENERAL MEHEMET ALI PASHA, MILITARY PLENIPOTENTIARY OF TURKEY.

placed upon her territory. The necessary conventions for the arrangement of these questions will be concluded between Austria-Hungary, the Porte, Servia, and the Principality of Bulgaria immediately upon the conclusion of peace.

ART. 11. The Ottoman army shall no longer remain in Bulgaria, All the former fortresses will be destroyed at the expense of the Principality within the space of one year, or sooner if it can be done. The local authorities shall take immediate steps for their destruction, and shall not erect new ones. The Sublime Porte will have the right to dispose, as it thinks fit, of the material of war and other objects belonging to the Ottoman Government which may have remained in the fortresses on the Danube already evacuated under the armistice of January 31st, as well as those which shall be found in the strongholds of Shumla and Varna.

ART. 12. Mussulman proprietors, or others who may fix their domicile without the Principality, may retain their lands in it by leasing them or allowing them to be administered by third parties. A Turko-Bulgarian Commission will be appointed to regulate, within two years, all matters relative to the manner of transfer, working and use, on account of the Sublime Porte, of the State properties and the religious foundations (*Vakouf*), and the questions concerning private individuals who may be interested therein. The natural subjects of the Principality who are traveling or living in other parts of the Ottoman Empire shall be under the authority and laws of the Turks.

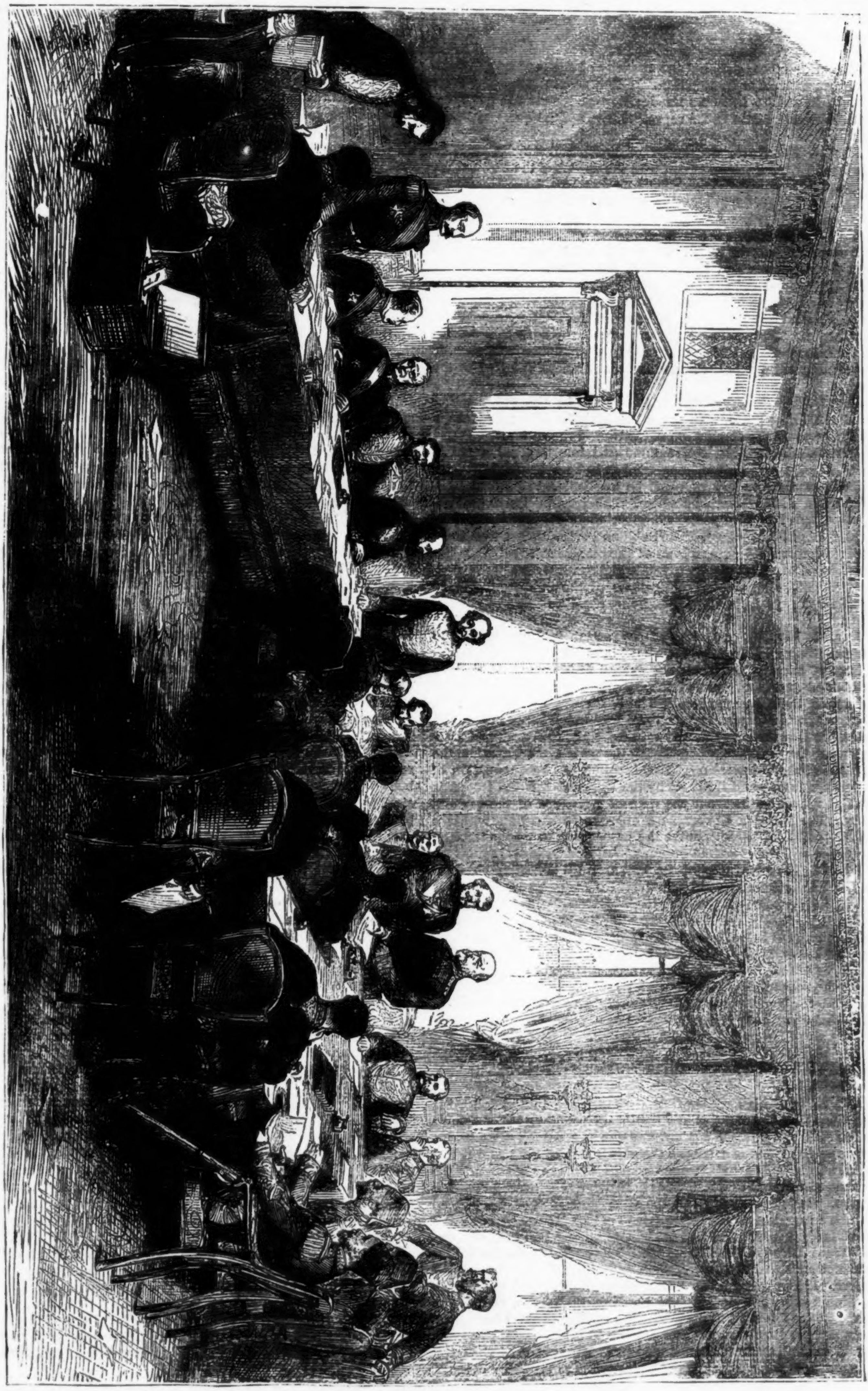


KEEPING THE ROAD OPEN FOR THE GUESTS TO THE BANQUET, BERLIN.

ART. 13. There is formed to the south of the Balkans a province which will take the name of Eastern Roumelia, and which shall remain under the direct military and political authority of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, subject to certain conditions of administrative autonomy. It shall have a Christian Governor-General.

ART. 14. The limits of Eastern Roumelia shall be— (The rest of this article is wanting.)

ART. 15. His Majesty, the Sultan, shall have the right to provide for the defense of the inland and maritime frontiers of the province by raising fortifications on these frontiers, and by keeping troops there. Internal order shall be maintained in Eastern Roumelia by a native gendarmerie, assisted by a local militia. In the composition of these two corps, whose officers shall be named by the Sultan, account will be taken, according to locality, of the religion of the inhabitants. His Majesty the Sultan engages not to employ irregular troops, such as bashi-bazouks and Circassians, in the frontier garrisons. The



A SESSION OF THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES COMPOSING THE BERLIN CONFERENCE, UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF PRINCE BISMARCK, IN THE RADZIWILL PALACE, BERLIN.

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regular troops appointed for this service shall not in any case be quartered upon the inhabitants, and when passing through the province, they shall not make any sojourn in it.

Art. 16. The Governor-general shall have the right to call in the aid of Turkish troops should the security of the province be menaced from without or from within. In that event the Sublime Porte shall be bound to intimate its decision and state the justifying necessities of the case to the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople.

Art 17. The Governor-general of Eastern Roumelia shall be appointed by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers, for a term of five years.

Art. 18. Immediately after the signature of the present treaty, a European commission shall be formed for the purpose of settling with the Ottoman Porte the organization of Eastern Roumelia. This commission shall have to determine within the space of three months the powers and functions of the Governor, and also the judicial, financial and administrative requirements of the Province, taking as a starting point the different laws of the vilayets and the proposals made at the eighth meeting of the Conference of Constantinople. The whole of the arrangements agreed upon for Eastern Roumelia shall form the subject of an imperial firman, to be promulgated by the Sublime Porte and communicated to the Powers.

Art. 19. The European Commission shall be charged, together with the Sublime Porte, with the administration of the finances of the Province till the completion of the new organization.

Art. 20. The treaties, conventions and international arrangements, of whatever nature, concluded or to be concluded between the Porte and other Powers, shall be applicable to Eastern Roumelia as to all the Ottoman Empire. The immunities and privileges accorded to foreigners, whatever their condition, shall be respected in that Province. The Sublime Porte engages to enforce respect there for the general laws of the empire as to religious liberty granted to all creeds.

Art. 21. The rights and obligations of the Sublime Porte, as regards railways in Eastern Roumelia, shall be integrally maintained.

Art. 22. The Russian army of occupation in Bulgaria and in Eastern Roumelia shall be composed of six divisions of infantry and two of cavalry, and shall not exceed 50,000 men. It shall be maintained at the expense of the occupied country. The troops will retain their communications with Russia, not only through Roumania, under arrangements to be concluded between the two States, but also through the ports of the Black Sea, Varna and Burgas, where they may maintain, during the period of occupation, the depots which are necessary. The duration of the occupation of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria by the Imperial Russian troops is fixed at nine months from the date of signature of the present treaty. The Russian Government engages to carry out within a further period of three months the passage of its troops through Roumania and the complete evacuation of that Principality.

Art. 23. The provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina shall be occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary. The Government of Austria-Hungary, not desiring to charge itself with the administration of the Sandjak of Novi Bazar, which extends between Servia and Montenegro in a southeasterly direction to beyond Mitrovitza, the Turkish administration shall continue in force in that district. At the same time, in order to insure maintenance of the new political condition, as well as freedom and security of communication, Austria-Hungary reserves to itself the right to establish garrisons and maintain military and commercial routes over the whole extent of that part of the ancient vilayet of Bosnia.

Art 24. The independence of Montenegro is recognized by the Sublime Porte, and by all the high contracting parties who had not yet admitted it.

Art. 25. The high contracting parties agree to the following conditions: In Montenegro, distinction of religious belief or confession shall not operate against any one as a reason of exclusion or incapacity as far as concerns the enjoyment of civil and postal rights, admission to public employment, offices or honors, or the exercise of different professions or industries, whatever the locality may be. Religious liberty and the open profession of every creed shall be assured to all the natural subjects of Montenegro, as well as to strangers, and no trammels shall be imposed on the hierarchical organizations of the different religious bodies or their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

Art. 26. The new frontiers of Montenegro are fixed as follows: The line leaving Linobedo to the north of Klobuk, on the Trebisnica, descends toward Carevo, which remains to the Province of Herzegovina; then ascends the course of this stream to a point situate one kilometre distance below the confluence of the latter with the Pelica, thence going straight to the heights bordering the Trebisnica; after that it strikes away toward Pilatova, leaving this village to Montenegro; then it continues by the high ground toward the north, keeping as near as possible at a distance of six kilometres from the road connecting Bilek, Korito and Gatchko, as far as the hill situate between the Somina Planina and Mount Curilo, from where it strikes to the east by way of Vratkovitch, leaving this village to Herzegovina, until it reaches Mount Orline. Leaving again this point, the frontier, leaving Ravno to Montenegro, advances straight by the north northeast, crossing the top of the Lebernsnik and the Nolujak; then descending by the shortest line to the Piva, which it crosses, and reascends the Tara, passing between Cerkovce and Medine. From this point it proceeds up and along the Tara to Rojkovac, whence it follows the crest of the lesser chain until it comes to Siskojezero, and leaving this place it follows the old frontier as far as the village of Sekulare, whence the new border line strikes for the crest of the Mokra Planina, the village of Mokra remaining to Montenegro. Then, reaching point 2,166 on the Austrian staff map, it proceeds along the principal mountain chain and the watershed of the Lim on the one side, and the Drin and Cicona on the other. Then it follows the existing boundary-line between the territory of the Kuedrekalovici on the one hand, and Kueka Krajna on the other, until it reaches the plain of Podgoritza, whence it strikes for Plavnica, leaving to Albania the Klomenti, Grudi and Ilot tribes. Then the new frontier crosses the lake near the islet of Gorica Topal, leaving which it follows the line of watershed between Megured and Kalimed, leaving Merkovich to Montenegro, and rejoining the Adriatic at Krue. In the northwest the boundary will be formed by a line passing from the shore, between the villages of Susana and Zuoci, ending at the extreme southeast point of the existing Montenegrin frontier on the Vrsuta Kanina.

Art. 27. Antivari and its seaboard are annexed to Montenegro under the following conditions: The districts situated to the south of this territory, according to the delimitation above laid down, as far as the Boyana, Dulcigno included, shall be restored to Turkey. The Commune of Spilza, as far as the northern boundary indicated in the detailed description of the frontier, shall be incorporated with Dalmatia. Montenegro will have free and entire liberty of navigation on the Boyana. No fortifications shall be constructed on the course of this river with the exception of such as are necessary for the local defense of Scutari, and these shall not extend beyond a distance of six kilometres from the town. Montenegro shall have no flag or ship of war. The port of Antivari and all the Montenegrin waters shall be closed to the war-ships of all nations. The fortifications situated between the lake and the seashore on Montenegrin territory shall be razed, and no fresh ones can be erected within this zone. Maritime and sanitary police functions, both at Antivari and along the Montenegrin coast, shall be exercised by Austria-Hungary by means of coastguard lighters. Montenegro shall adopt the Maritime Code of Rules in force in Dalmatia. On her part, again, Austria-Hungary engages to extend her consular protection to the merchant flag of Montenegro. It is left to Montenegro to come to an understanding with Austria-Hungary on the right to construct and maintain a road and railway across the new Montenegrin territory. Entire liberty of communication will be assured on the public ways.

Art. 28. Mussulmans or others possessing property in the territory annexed to Montenegro, and who would rather take up their residence beyond the Principality, may retain their lands, either by letting them or allowing them to be managed by third parties. No one shall be bereft of his landed property except for the public interest, on good and legal cause shown, and after previous indemnification. A Turko-Montenegrin Commission shall be appointed to regulate, within three years, all matters connected with the mode of transfer, management, or use on account of the Sublime Porte, of State property, religious foundations (*Vakouf*), as well as all questions relative to the interests of private persons thereby affected. The Principality of Montenegro shall come to a direct understanding with the Ottoman Porte as to the institution of Montenegrin agents at Constantinople and certain other places of the Turkish Empire, where their presence shall be deemed necessary. Montenegrins traveling or dwelling in the Ottoman Empire shall be subject to Turkish authority and rule, in conformity with the general principles of international law and established usage affecting the Montenegrins.

Art. 29. The Montenegrin troops, within a period of twenty days, or earlier if possible, from the date of signature of the present instrument, will have to evacuate the territory now held by them beyond the new limits of the Principality.

Art. 30. Montenegro will have to bear her share of the Turkish public debt proportionate to the new territory accorded to her by the Treaty of Peace, and the representatives of the Powers at

Constantinople will determine the amount thereof, in concert with the Sublime Porte, on an equitable basis.

ART. 31. The high contracting parties recognize the independence of the Principality of Servia, attaching to it the conditions set forth in the following article.

ART. 32. In Servia, distinction of religious belief and confession shall not operate against any one as a reason of exclusion or incapacity in what concerns the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, offices or honors, or the exercise of different professions or industries, whatever the locality may be. Religious liberty and the open profession of every creed shall be assured to all the natural subjects of Servia, as well as to strangers, and no trammels shall be imposed on the hierarchical organization of the various religious bodies or their relations with their spiritual chiefs.

ART. 33. The new frontiers of Servia are fixed as follows: [The rest of this article is wanting.]

ART. 34. Till the conclusion of the new arrangements nothing shall be changed in Servia in the present state of the commercial relations of the Principality with foreign countries. No transit duty shall be levied on merchandise passing through Servia. The immunities and privileges of foreign subjects, and also the laws as to consular jurisdiction and protection, as at present existing, shall remain in full force till modified by common agreement between the Principality and the Powers interested.

ART. 35. The Principality of Servia is constituted as a party to the engagements which the Sublime Porte has contracted, both with Austria-Hungary and with the railway companies of European Turkey, as regards the completion, connection and working of the railways to be constructed on the territory newly acquired by the Principality. The conventions necessary for a settlement of these questions shall be concluded immediately after signature of the present treaty between Austria-Hungary, the Porte, Servia, and, within the limits of its competence, the Principality of Bulgaria.

ART. 36. Those Mussulmans who possess property in the territories annexed to Servia, and who may wish to fix their residence outside the Principality, shall be at liberty to retain their immovable property by leasing it or intrusting it to the administration of third parties. A Turko-Servian Commission shall be charged with the duty of settling, within the space of three years, all matters relative to the mode of transfer, management or use on account of the Sublime Porte of State property and religious foundations (*Vakouf*), as well as all questions relative to the interests of private persons thereby affected.

ART. 37. Till the conclusion of a treaty between Turkey and Servia, Servian subjects traveling or residing in the Turkish Empire shall be treated in accordance with the general principles of international law.

ART. 38. The Servian troops shall be allowed fifteen days from the signature of the present treaty to evacuate the territory not comprised in the new limits of the Principality.

ART. 39. The tribute of Servia shall be capitalized, and the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople shall fix the rate of this capitalization by agreement with the Sublime Porte. Servia shall pay a part of the Ottoman public debt proportionate to the new territories given her by the present treaty, the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople determining, in concert with the Sublime Porte, the exact amount of the sum on an equitable basis.

ART. 40. The high contracting parties recognize the independence of Roumania, attaching thereto the conditions set forth in the two following articles:

ART. 41. In Roumania, distinction of religious belief and confession shall not serve as a reason for the unfitness or exclusion of any one from the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, offices and honors, or from the exercise of the various professions and industries, whatever the locality may be. Religious liberty and the open profession of every form of worship shall be assured to all the natural subjects of the Roumanian State, as well as to strangers, and no impediment shall be thrown in the way either of the hierarchical organization of the various religious bodies or of their relations to their spiritual chiefs. The subjects of all nationalities, merchants or others, shall be treated in Roumania, without distinction of creed, upon a footing of perfect equality.

ART. 42. The Principality of Roumania gives back to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia that portion of the territory of Bessarabia detached from Russia by the Treaty of Paris of 1856, bounded on the west by the Thalweg of the Pruth, and on the south by the Thalweg of the Kilia branch and the Stary Stamboul outlet.

ART. 43. The islands forming the Delta of the Danube, as well as the Island of Serpents, the Sandjak of Tuitcha, comprising the districts (*cazas*) of Kilia, Sulina, Mahmoudie, Isaktcha, Tuitcha, Matchin, Babadagh, Hirsova, Kustendie, Meojmie, are united with Roumania. The Principality receives in addition the territory situated to the south of the Dobrudja, as far as a line starting from a point to the east of Silistria and joining the Black Sea to the south of Mangaria. The line of frontier will be arranged on the spot by the European Commission instituted for the delimitation of Bulgaria.

ART. 44. The question of the division of the waters and fisheries shall be submitted to the arbitration of the European Commission of the Danube.

ART. 45. No transit duty shall be levied in Roumania on goods passing through the Principality.

ART. 46. Conventions may be made by Roumania for the regulation of the privileges and powers of consuls in matters of protection in the Principality. Acquired rights, however, shall remain in force so far as not modified by common agreement between the Principality and the parties interested.

ART. 47. Until the conclusion of a treaty regulating the privileges and powers of consuls, as between Turkey and Roumania, Roumanian subjects traveling or residing in the Ottoman Empire, and Ottoman subjects traveling or residing in Roumania, shall enjoy the rights guaranteed the subjects of other European Powers.

ART. 48. The tribute of the Principality of Roumania shall be capitalized, and the rate of this capitalization shall be fixed by the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople by arrangement with the Sublime Porte.

ART. 49. In all that relates to the carrying out of public works and matters of a like nature, Roumania will take upon her the rights and obligations of the Sublime Porte with regard to all the ceded territory.

ART. 50. In order to extend the guarantees insuring liberty of navigation on the Danube, which is recognized to be of European interest, the high contracting parties decide that all the fortresses and fortifications existing on the course of the river from the Iron Gates to its mouth shall be razed, and no others constructed. No ship-of-war shall be permitted to navigate the Danube below the Iron Gates, except light vessels in the service of the river police and of the custom-house officers. The guardships of the Powers, however, at the mouths of the Danube, shall be permitted to ascend the river as far as Galatz.

ART. 51. The European Commission of the Danube, at the table of which Roumania shall be represented, is maintained in its functions, and will exercise them henceforth as far as Galatz in complete independence of territorial authority. All treaties, agreements, deeds and decisions relative to its rights, privileges, prerogatives and obligations are confirmed.

ART. 52 One year before the expiration of the term assigned for the duration of the European Commission, the Powers shall come to some agreement on the prolongation of its authority, or as to modifications they may deem necessary to be introduced.

ART. 53. The rules of navigation, of river police and of supervision between the Iron Gates and Galatz shall be framed by the European Commission, assisted by delegates from the riparian States, and brought into harmony with those which have been or may be decreed for the course of the river below Galatz.

ART. 54. The execution of the works for the removal of the obstacles caused by the Iron Gates and the cataracts to navigation is intrusted to Austria-Hungary. The riparian States on this part of the river shall afford every facility necessary in the interest of these operations. The directions contained in Article 6 of the treaty of London of the 13th of March, 1871, relating to the right to collect a temporary tax to cover the expenses of these works, are maintained in favor of Austria-Hungary.

ART. 55. The Sublime Porte engages to scrupulously apply in the Island of Crete the organic law of 1868, with such modifications as shall be judged equitable. Analogous laws adapted to local requirements shall be similarly introduced into other parts of Turkey in Europe, for which special provision has not been made by the present treaty. The Sublime Porte shall appoint special commissions, in which the native element shall be largely represented, to elaborate the details of these new laws for each province. The proposed laws resulting from their labors shall be submitted to the examination of the Sublime Porte, which, before promulgating the acts destined to put the laws in force, will take the sense of the European Commission appointed for Eastern Roumelia.

ART. 56. In case the agreement relative to a rectification of frontier provided by protocol 13, between the Sublime Porte and the Kingdom of Greece, should not be realized, the Powers declare themselves ready to offer their good services to the two Powers, Ottoman and Greek.

ART. 57. The Sublime Porte having expressed its willingness to

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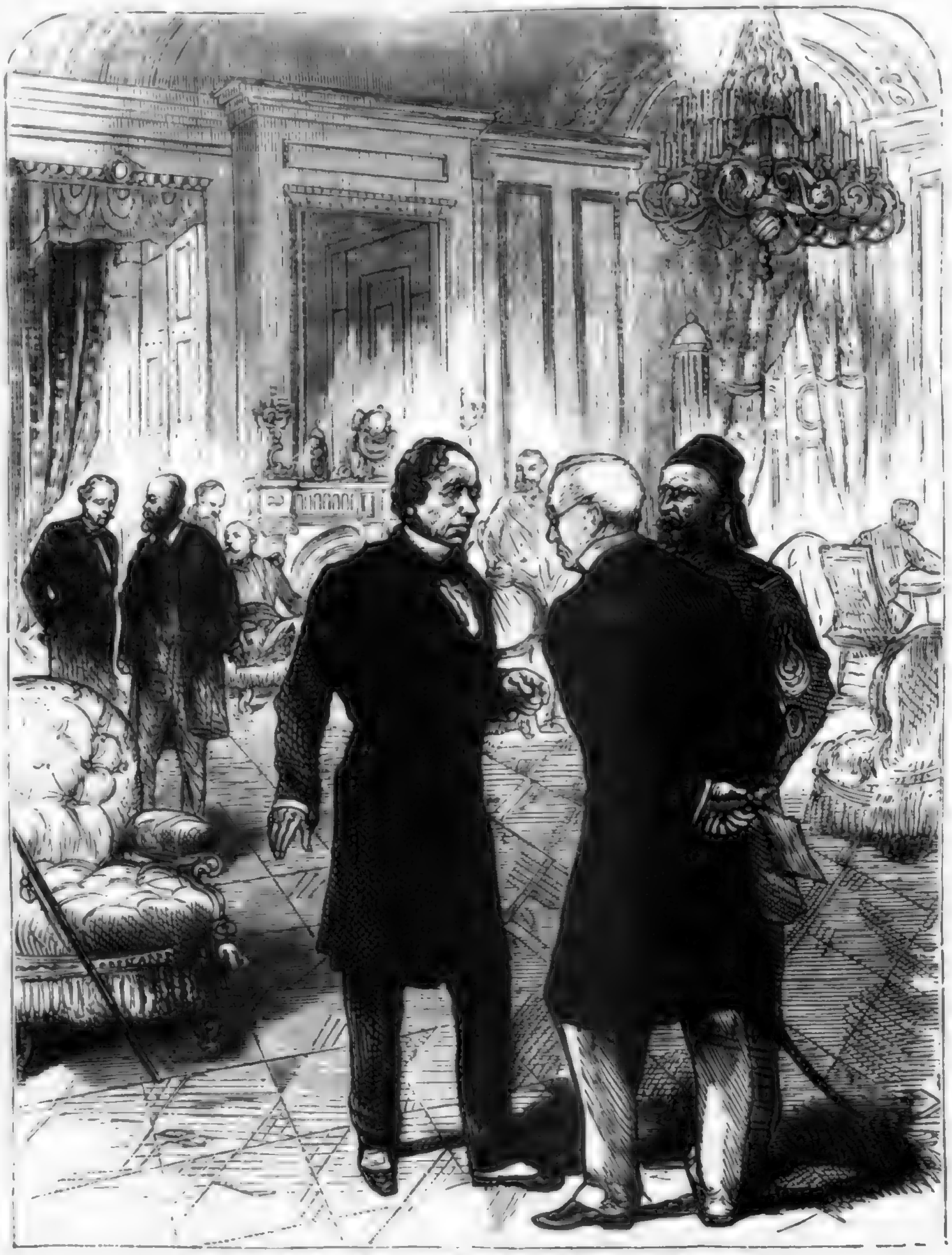
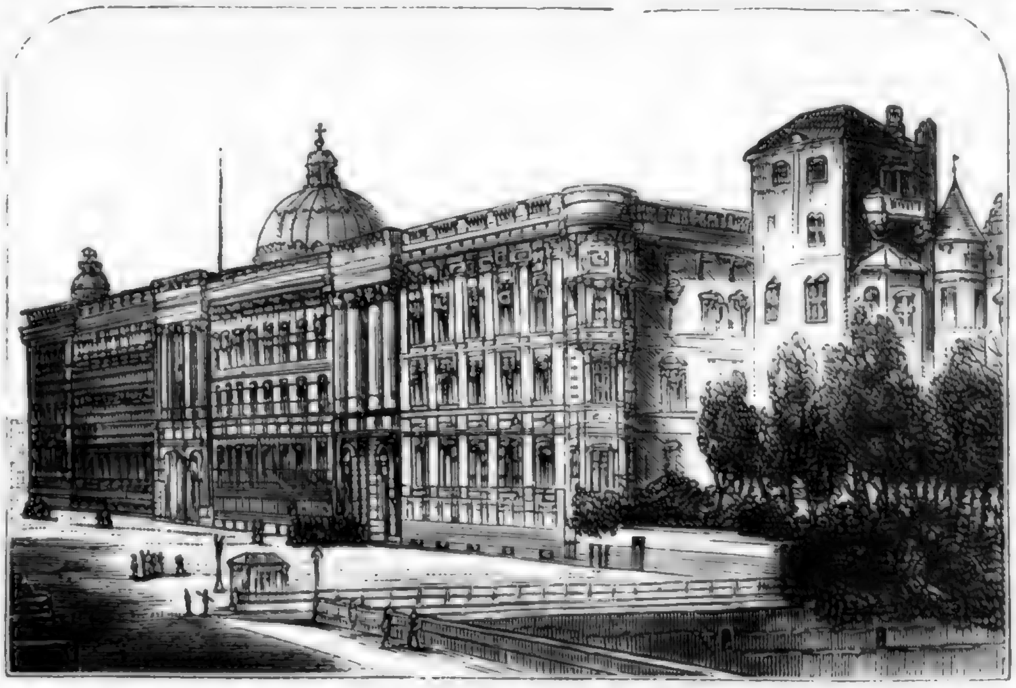
maintain the principle of religious liberty and to give it the widest sphere, the contracting parties take cognizance of this spontaneous declaration. In every part of the Ottoman Empire difference of religion shall not be held as a reason of exclusion or unfitness in anything that relates to the use of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, offices and honors, and the exercise of all professions and industries, whatever the locality may be. All shall be admitted, without distinction of creed, to give evidence before the tribunals. The exercise and open profession of all religions shall be entirely free, and no impediment shall be offered either to the hierarchical organization of the various religious bodies or to their relations with their spiritual chiefs; ecclesiastics, pilgrims and monks of all nationalities traveling in European and Asiatic Turkey shall enjoy the same rights, advantages and privileges. The right of official protection is accorded to the diplomatic and consular agents of the Powers in Turkey, both with regard to the persons above mentioned, with their religious and charitable establishments, and to others in the holy places and elsewhere. The rights conceded to France are expressly reserved, it being well understood that the *status quo* with respect to the holy places shall not be seriously affected in any way. The monks of Mount Athos, whatever their nationality, shall be maintained in possession of their possessions and previous advantages, and shall enjoy without exception full equality of rights and prerogatives.



A GROUP IN THE ANTE-ROOM OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S PALACE.

The following additional articles to the Treaty of Berlin, completing that important document, were made public in London on July 17th:

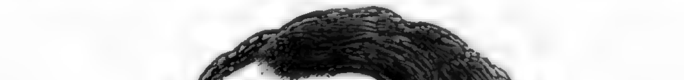
ARTICLE 2. The Principality of Bulgaria will include the following territories: The frontier follows on the northern right bank of the Danube from the ancient frontier of Servia up to a point to be determined by an European Commission to the east of Silistria, and from thence runs to the Black Sea to the south of Mangalia, which is included in Roumanian territory. The Black Sea forms the eastern boundary of Bulgaria. On the south the frontier follows upward from its mouth the waterway of the brook near which are situated the villages of Hodzakioj, Solam-Kioj, Alvadsik, Kulibe, Sudzuluk, crosses obliquely the valley of the Deli-Kamcik, passes south of Belibe and Kemhalik, and north of Hadzimahale, after having passed the Celi-Kamcik at two and a half kilometres above Cengel, reaches a crest at a point situated between Tekenlik and Aidos-Bredza, and follows it by Karnabad Balkan, Prisevica Balkan, Kazan Balkan, to the north of Kotel as far as Demir Kapu. It proceeds by the principal chain of the Great Balkan, the whole extent of which it follows up to the summit of Korica. There it leaves the crest of the Balkan, descends southward between the villages of Pirsop and Duzanci, left the one to Bulgaria and the other to Eastern Roumelia, as far as the brook of Tuzen Dere, follows that stream to its junction with the Tobolnica, then the latter river until it meets the Smovskio Dere, near the village of Petricevo, leaving to Eastern Roumelia a zone of two kilometres above that meeting; ascends between the brooks of Smovskio Dere and the Kamonica, following the line of the water-shed, so as to turn at the southwest, at the level of Voinjak, and reach directly the point 875 of the Austrian Staff map. The frontier line cuts in a straight line the upper basin of the brook of Ichtiman Dere, passes between Bogdina and Karaula, rejoins the line of the water-shed separating the basins of the Isher and the Marica, between Camurli and Hadzilar, follows that line by the summits of Velina Mogila, the "col" 581 Zmailica Vrh, Sumnatica, and joins the administrative boundary of the Sandjak of Sofia between Sivri Tas and Cadir Tepe. From Cadir Tepe, the frontier going to southeast follows the water-shed between the basins of Mesta Karasu on the one side, and the Struma Kaarsu on the other, runs along the crests of the mountains of Rhodope, called Demir Kapu, Iskoftepe, Kadimesar Balkan, and Aiji Gedük up to Kapetnik Balkan, and thus joins the ancient administrative frontier of the Sandjak of Sofia. From Kapetnik Balkan the frontier is indicated by the water-shed between the valleys of the Rilska reka and of the Bistrica reka, and follows the *contrefort* called Vodenica Planina so as to descend into the valley of the Struma at the junction of this river with the Rilska reka, leaving the village of Barakli to Turkey. It ascends then south of the village of Jelesnica, and reaches by the shortest line the chain of Golema Planina at the summit of Gitka, and joins there the ancient administrative frontier of the Sandjak of Sofia, leaving, however, to Turkey, the whole of the basin of the Suka reka. From Mount Gitka, the western frontier goes toward Mount Crni Vrh by the mountains of Karvena Juvuka,



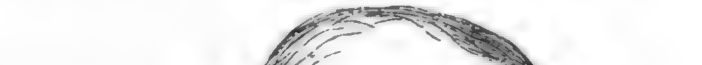
THE ROYAL CASTLE AT BERLIN, WHERE THE BANQUET TO THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES WAS GIVEN.

following the ancient administrative limit of the Sandjak of Sofia in the upper part of the basins of Egrisu and of the Lepnica, mounts with it the crests of Babina Polana, and arrives at Mount Crni Vrh. From Mount Crni Vrh the frontier follows the watershed between the Struma and the Morava by the summits of the Streser, Vilogolo and Mesid Planina, rejoins by the Gacina, Crna Trava, Darkovska and Dranica Plan; then the Descahi Kladanec, the watershed of the High Sukowa and of the Morava, goes directly on the Stol and descends from it so as to cut the road from Sofia to Pirot 1,000 metres northwest of the village of Segusa. It ascends in a straight line the Vidlic Planina and thence Mount Radocina in the chain of the Kodza Balkan; leaving to Servia the village of Doikinci and to Bulgaria that of Senakos. From the summit of Mount Radocina the frontier follows toward the west the crest of the Balkans by Ciprovec Balkan and Stara Planina up to the ancient eastern frontier of the Principality of Servia, near to the Kula Smiljova Cuka, and thence that ancient frontier as far as the Danube, which it joins at Rakovitza. This delineation shall be fixed on the spot by the European Commission, on which the signatory Powers will be represented. It is understood—1. That this Commission will take into consideration the necessity for His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of being able to defend the Balkan frontiers of Eastern Roumelia. 2. That no fortifications can be erected within a zone of ten kilometres round Samakow.

ART. 14. Eastern Roumelia is bounded on the north and northwest by Bulgaria, and comprises the territories included by the following line: Starting from the Black Sea the frontier line follows from its mouth the thalweg of the stream, near which are situated the villages of Hodzakioj, Selam Kioj, Alvadsik, Kulibe, Sudzuluk, crosses obliquely the valley of Deli Kamcik, passes to the south of Bulibe and Kemhalik, and to the north of Hadzimahale, after having crossed the Deli Kamcik at a distance of two and a half kilometres above Cengel, reaches the crest of the mountains at a point between Tekenlik and Aidos-Bredza, and follows it by the Karnabad Balkan, Prievica Balkan, Kazan Balkan, to the north of Kotel up to Demir Kapu. The frontier passes by the principal chain of the Great Balkans, which it follows throughout its whole length to the summit of Kosica. At this point the western frontier of Roumelia leaves the crest of the Balkans, descends southward toward the villages of Pirtop and Duzanci—of which the one belongs to Bulgaria and the other to Eastern Roumelia—to the stream of Tuzin Dere; follows this watercourse till it falls into the Topolnica; then this river to its confluence with the Smovskio Dere, near



COMTE DE ST. VALLIER, FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN, AND SECOND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF FRANCE.



PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR OF RUSSIA AND FIRST PLENIPOTENTIARY OF RUSSIA.

the village of Petricevo, leaving to Eastern Roumelia a zone of two kilometres in extent above the point of confluence; ascends between the streams of the Smovskio Dere and the Kamenica, following the watershed, turns to the southwest at the hill of Voinjak and runs straight to the point 875 of the Austrian staff chart. The frontier line cuts straight across the upper basin of the stream of the Ichtiman Dere, passes between Bogdina and Karula till it regains the line of the watershed separating the basins of the Isker and the Marica, between Camurn and Hadzilar; follows this line by the heights of Volina Mogila, the hill 531, Zmailica Vrh, Sumnatica, and regains the administrative limit of Sofia between Sivri Tas and Cadir Tepe. The frontier of Roumelia leaves that of Bulgaria at Mount Cadir Tepe, following the line of the watershed between the basins of the Marica and its affluents on one side and of the Mesta Karasu and of its affluents on the other, and takes the direction southeast and south along the crest of the Despoto Dagh Mountains toward Mount Kruschowa (whence starts the frontier line of the Treaty of San Stefano). From Mount Kruschowa the frontier is the same as the line agreed to by the Treaty of San Stefano—that is to say, the chain of the Black Balkans (Kara Balkan), the mountains Kulaghy-Dagh, Eschek Tschepellu, Karakolas and Ischiklar, from whence it descends due southeast till it regains the River Arda, and follows the watercourse (thalweg) of this river up to a point close to a village of Adacali, which remains to Turkey. From this point the frontier line ascends the crest of the Bestepe-Dagh, which it follows; then descends and crosses the Maritza at a point situated five kilometres above the bridge of Mustala Pacha; thence it tends off to the north by the line of the watershed between Demirhanli Dere and the small affluents of the Maritza to Küdeler Bair, whence it runs east to Sakar Bair. From this point it crosses the valley of the Tundza in the direction of Büjük Derbend, which is left to the north, as also is Soudzak. From Büjük Derbend it regains the line of the watershed between the affluents of the Tundza on the north and those of the Maritza on the south, up to the height of Kaibilar, which is included in Eastern Roumelia, and passes to the south of V. Almali between the basin of the Maritza to the south and the different streams which flow straight into the Black Sea, between the villages of Belevrin and Alatil; it follows to the north of Karanlik, the crests of Vosna and Zubak, the line which separates the waters of the Buka and those of the Karagac-Su, and regains the Black Sea between those two rivers.

Art. 33. Servia receives the territories included in the subjoined delimitation: The new frontier follows the existing line along the thalweg of the Drina from its confluence with the Save upward, leaving Mali Zwornik and Saknar to the Principality, and continues along the ancient limits of Servia as far as Kopaonik, leaving it at the summit of Kanilug. From that point it follows at first the western boundary of the Sandjak to Nisch, by the counterfort to the south of Kopaonik, by the crests of the Marica and Mrdar Planina, which form the watershed between the basins of the Ibar and Sitnica on one side, and that of the Toplica on the other; leaving Prepolac to Turkey. It then turns to the south by the watershed between the Brvenica and the Medvedja, leaving the whole of the basin of the Medveja to Servia; follows the crests of the Goljak Planina (which forms the watershed between the Kriva-Rjeka on one side, and the Poljanica, Veternica and Morava on the other), as far as the summit of Poljanica. It then follows the counterfort of the Karpina Planina as far as the confluence of the Koinska and the Morava, crosses this river and ascends by the watershed between the Koinska brook and the stream which falls into the Morava, near Neradovce, to gain the Sveti Ilija Planina, above Trgoviste. From thence it follows the crest of the Sveti Ilija as far as Mount Kljuc, and passing by the points marked 1516 and 1547 on the map, and by the Babina Gora, it reaches Mount Crni Vrh. Setting out from Mount Crni Vrh, the new line of delimitation coincides with that of Bulgaria—*i. e.*, the line of frontier follows the watershed between the Struma and Morava by the summits of Strser, Vilogolo and Mesid Planina, passes Gacina, Crna Trova, Darkosvka and Drainica Planina, and then the Descani Kladanec, along the watershed between the Upper Sukowa and the Morava, leads straight to the Stol, and descends from thence to intersect the road from Sofia to Pirot at a point 1,000 metres to the northwest of the village of Segusa. It then ascends in a straight line on to the Vidlic Planina, and from thence to Mount Radocina on the chain of the Kouza Balkan, leaving the village of Dolkinci to Servia, and that of Senakos to Bulgaria. From the Summit of Mount Radocina the frontier leads along the crest of the Balkans to the northwest by Ciprovec Balkan and Stara Planina to the ancient eastern frontier of the Principality of Servia, near to the Kula of Smiljova Cuka, and from thence follows that ancient frontier to the Danube, which it reaches at Rakowitza.

Art. 58. The Sublime Porte cedes to the Russian Empire in Asia the territories of Ardanan, Kars and Batoum, together with the latter port, as well as all the territories comprised between the ancient Russo-Turkish frontier and the following line: The new frontier commencing on the Black Sea, in conformity with the line determined by the Treaty of San Stefano, as far as a point to the northwest of Khorda and to the south of Artwin, continues in a straight line as far as the River Tchoruk, crosses this river and passes to the east of Aschmichen, going in a straight line to the south to join the Russian frontier indicated in the Treaty of San Stefano, at a point to the south of Nariman, leaving the town of Olti to Russia. From the point indicated, near Nariman, the frontier turns to the east, passes by Tebrenek, which remains to Russia, and continues as far as the Pennek Tschai. It follows the river as far as Bardouz, then turns toward the south, leaving Bardouz and Jonikioy to Russia. From a point to the west of the village of Karaougan, the frontier is directed on Medjingert, continues in a straight line toward the summit of the mountain Kassadagh, and follows the line of the watershed between the affluents of the Araxes on the north, and those of the Mourad Su on the south, as far as the ancient frontier of Russia.

Art. 59. His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, declares that it is his intention to erect Batoum into a free port, essentially commercial.

Art. 60. The valley of Alaschkerd and the town of Bayazid, ceded to Russia by Article 19 of the Treaty of San Stefano, are restored to Turkey. The Sublime Porte cedes to Persia the town and territory of Khotour, such as it has been determined by the mixed Anglo-Russian Commission for the delimitation of the frontiers of Turkey and of Persia.

Art. 61. The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out, without further delay, the amelioration and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds. It will periodically make known the steps taken to this effect to the Powers, who will superintend their application.

Art. 62. The Sublime Porte having expressed the wish to maintain the principle of religious liberty and give it the widest scope, the contracting parties take note of this spontaneous declaration. In no part of the Ottoman Empire shall difference of religion be alleged against an individual as a ground for exclusion or incapacity as regards the discharge of civil and political rights, admission to the public service, functions and honors, or the exercise of the different professions and industries. All persons shall be admitted, without distinction of religion, to give evidence before the tribunals. Liberty and the outward exercise of all forms of worship are assured to all, and no hindrance shall be offered, either to the hierarchical organization of the various communions or to their relations with their spiritual chiefs. Ecclesiastics, pilgrims and monks of all nationalities traveling in Turkey in Europe or Turkey in Asia shall enjoy the same rights, advantages and privileges. The right of official protection by the diplomatic and consular agents of the Powers in Turkey is recognized, both as regards the above-mentioned persons, and the religious, charitable and other establishments in the holy places and elsewhere. The rights possessed by France are expressly reserved, and it is well understood that no alteration shall be made in the *status quo* in the holy places. The monks of Mount Athos, of whatever country they may be natives, shall be maintained in their former possessions and advantages, and shall enjoy, without any exception, complete equality of rights and prerogatives.

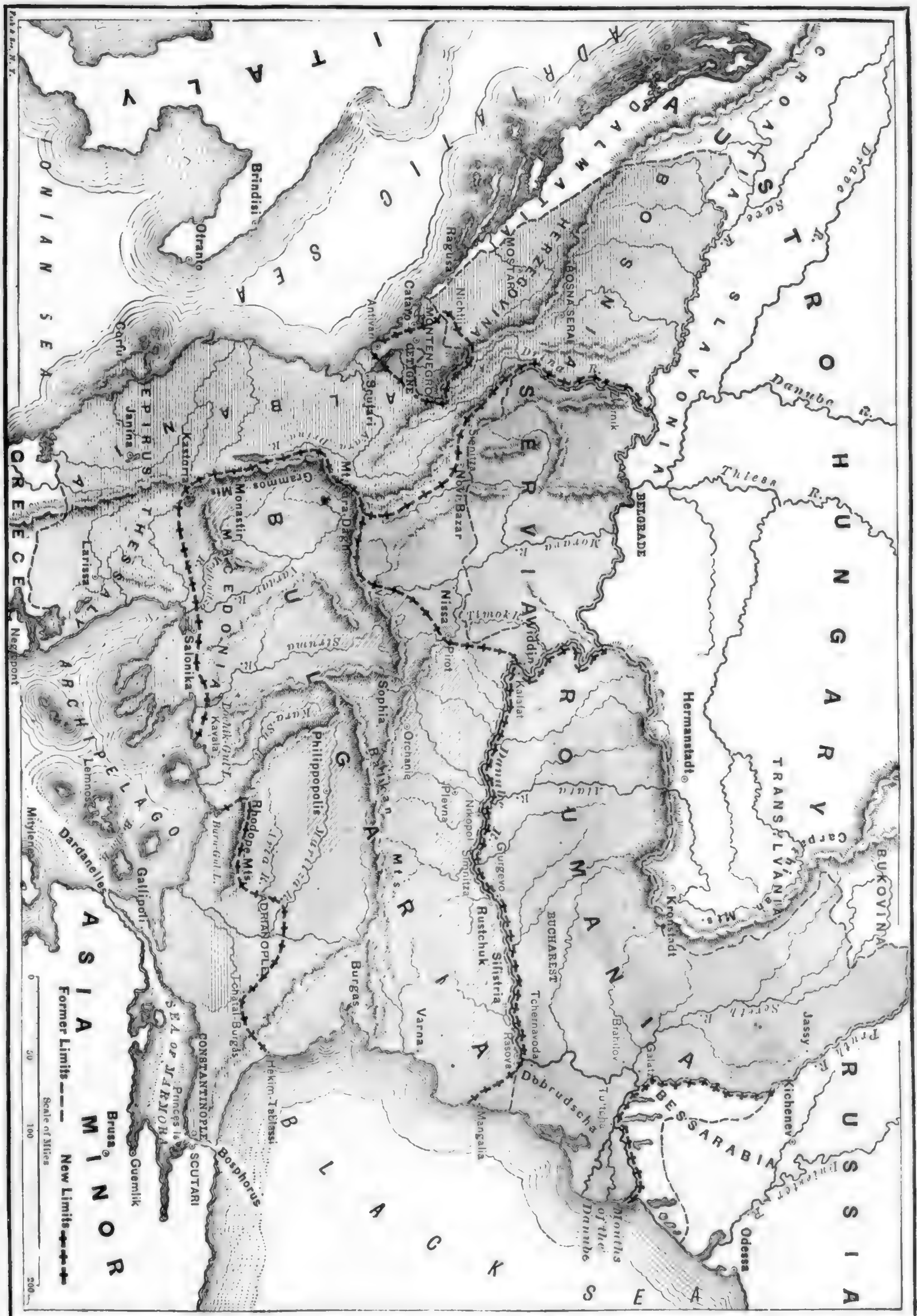
Art. 63. The Treaty of Paris of March 30, 1856, as well as the Treaty of London of March 13, 1871, are maintained in all such of their provisions as are not abrogated or modified by the preceding stipulations.

Art. 64. The present treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged at Berlin within three weeks, or earlier if possible. In faith whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed it and affixed to it the seal of their arms.

Done at Berlin, the 13th day of the month of July, 1878.

Beaconsfield,
Salisbury,
Odo Russell,
Von Bismarck
Bulow,
Hohenlohe,
Andrassy,
Karolyi,
Haymerle,
Waddington,
Saint-Vallier,
H. Desprez,
L. Corti,
Launay,
Gortchakow,
Schouvaloff,
P. D'Oubril,
Al. Caratheodori,
Mehemet Ali,
Sadoullah.

For description of Colored Plate see page 371.


AUSTRO HUNGARY
CROATIA
SLAVONIA
DALMATIA
BOSNIA
HERZEGOVINA
MONTENEGRO
SERVIA
ROUMANIA
TRANSYLVANIA
BUKOVINA
RUSSIA
BESSARABIA
BULGARIA
MACEDONIA
ALBANIA
EPIRUS
THESSALY
GREECE
ITALY
ADRIATIC SEA
IONIAN SEA
ARCHIPELAGO
SEA of MARMORA
BLACK SEA
ASIA MINOR
Brindisi
Otranto
Corfu
Ragusa
Cattaro
Antivari
Cettinje
Scutari
Mostar
Bosna Serai
Nichitz
Janina
Kastoria
Grammos Mts.
Monastir
Larissa
Salonika
Negropont
Kavala
Lemnos
Mitylene
Dardanelles
Gallipoli
Novi Bazar
Belgrade
Nissa
Pirot
Widdin
Kalafat
Sophia
Orchanie
Plevna
Nikopol
Sistova
Rustchuk
Giurgevo
Silistria
Philippopolis
Rhodope Mts.
Adrianople
Tchatal Burgas
Burgas
Varna
Balkan Mts.
Bucharest
Tchernavoda
Rasova
Dobrudscha
Mangalia
Tultcha
Brahilov
Galatz
Hermanstadt
Kronstadt
Jassy
Kichenev
Odessa
Mouths of the Danube
Constantinople
Scutari
Bosphorus
Princes Is.
Hekim-Tablassi
Brussa
Guemlik
Danube R.
Drave R.
Save R.
Thiess R.
Morava R.
Timok R.
Struma R.
Maritza R.
Arda R.
Vardar R.
Kara-Su
Aluta R.
Sereth R.
Pruth R.
Dniester R.
Carpathian Mts.
Former Limits
New Limits
Scale of Miles
0
50
100
200

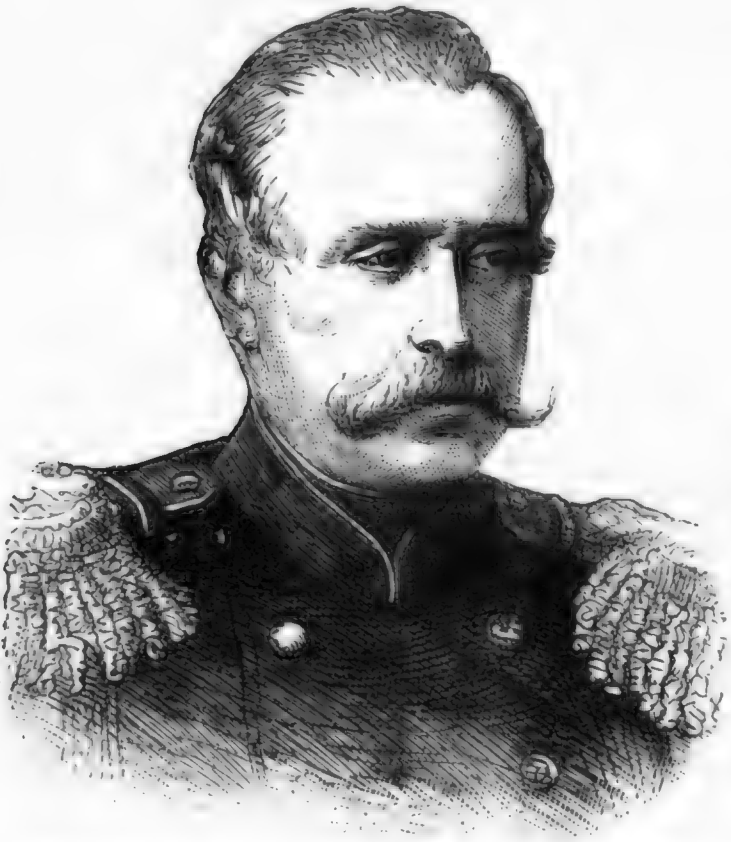
▨ Principalities rendered independent

▨ Tributary principality

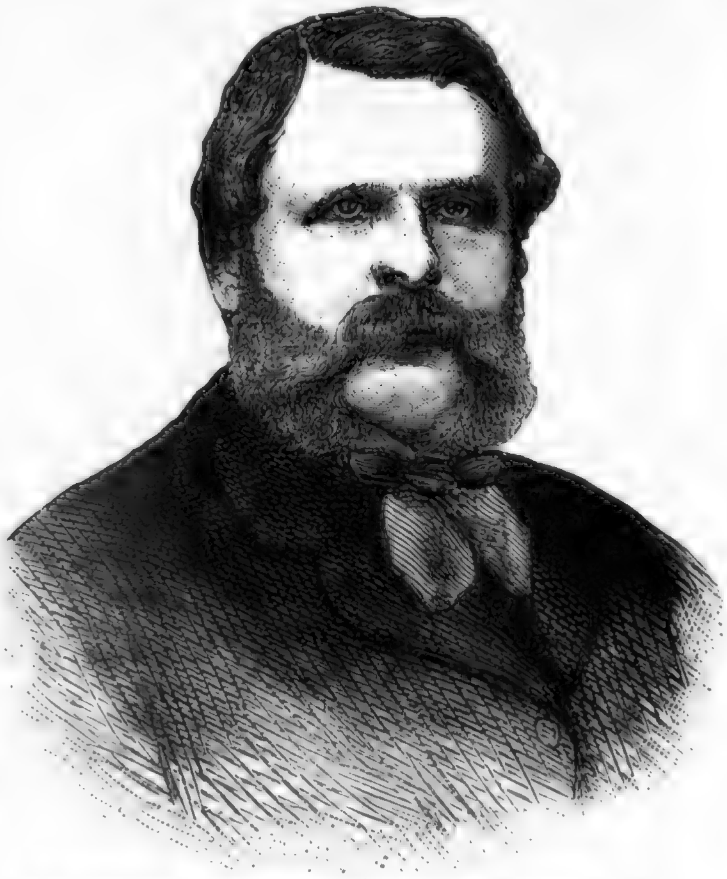
▨ Turkish Territory

MAP SHOWING THE TERRITORIAL READJUSTMENT OF THE TURKISH PROVINCES, PROPOSED BY THE TREATY OF SAN STEFANO, SINCE MODIFIED BY THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

XUM

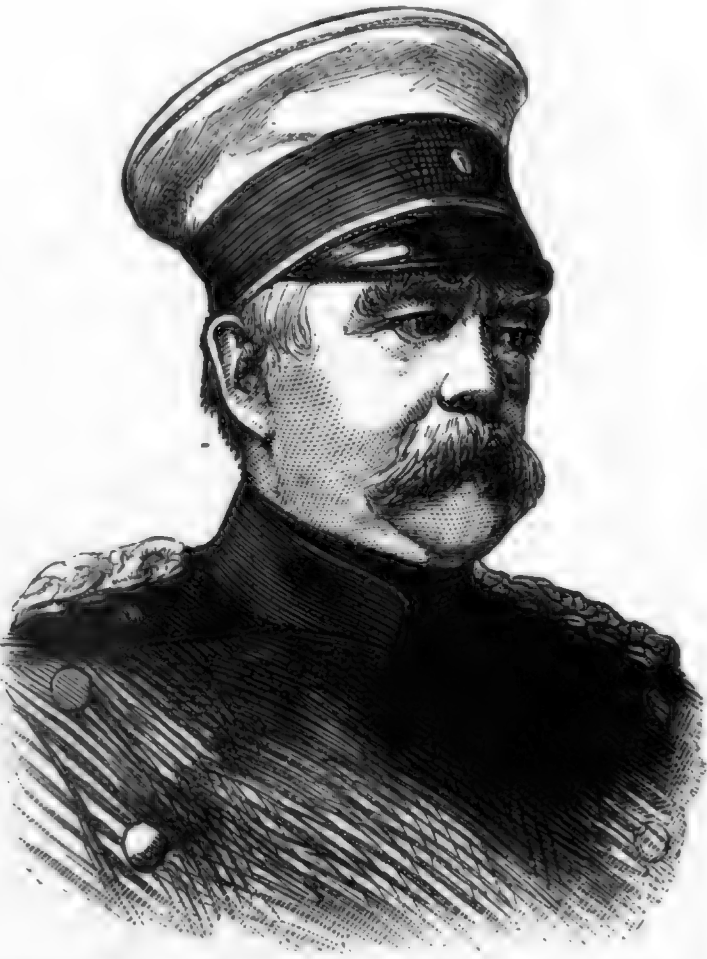


GENERAL COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON, AND SECOND PLENIPOTENTIARY OF RUSSIA.



M. WADDINGTON, FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND FIRST PLENIPOTENTIARY OF FRANCE.

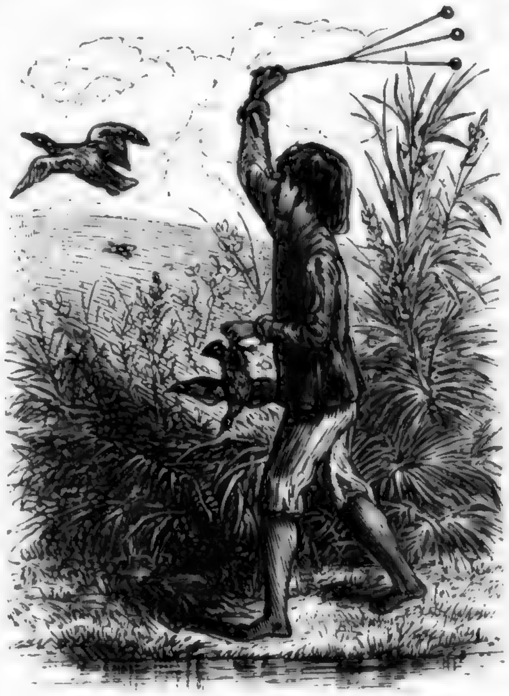
COUNT ANDRASSY, AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND FIRST PLENIPOTENTIARY OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY.



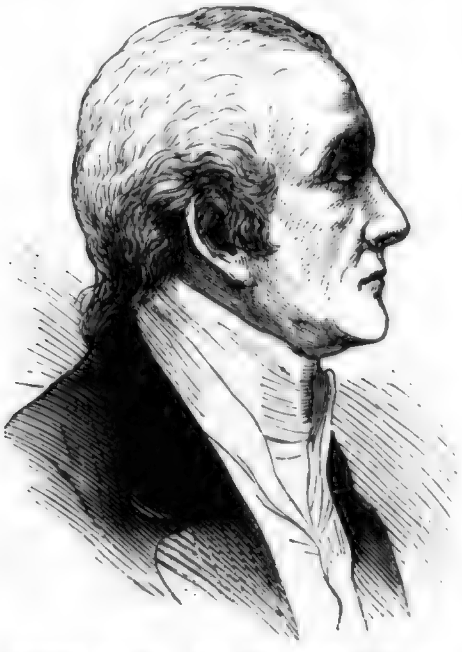
PRINCE BISMARCK, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY, FIRST GERMAN PLENIPOTENTIARY, AND PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS.

THROUGH THE UNTRODDEN WOODS OF PARAGUAY

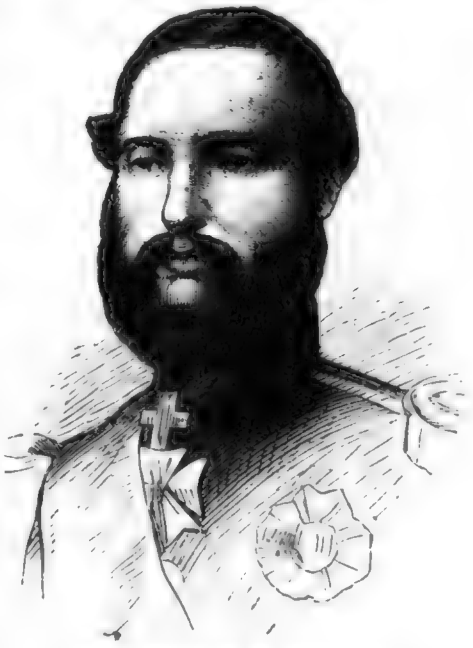
After the monotony and enforced restrictions of a long ocean voyage, the first sight of land is hailed with a sense of approaching freedom; and if the conditions of climate and scenery be favorable, this feeling is intensified, and, by contrast, gratefully appreciated. Such, at least, were our sensations when we found ourselves before Buenos Ayres, the evening sky bathed in a luminous glow, churches and towers standing clearly out against the sunset, and countless sailing-boats passing continually to and fro in front of us. We had little time, however, to enjoy the scene, since our destination lay further up the river, and *The Republic*, a genuine American river-boat, was just steaming up in order to take us and our baggage on board. A little bustle occurred; as gangways were manned for the transfer, a good deal of hand-shaking and leave-taking was only natural between acquaintances of the voyage; but soon, amid waving handkerchiefs and echoing cheers, we turned our prow up the river and speedily left far behind the good ship which had carried us thus far. The shadows deepened, so that we could scarcely discern the verdant beauty of the evergreen islands through which we were steered—the river Plate, with its shallow water and numerous sandbanks, only admitting the passage of boats of light draught—the lamps of the town faded in the distance, and the glorious Southern moon rose, silvering the ripples ahead, and giving a metallic sheen to the long lines of foam left by the paddles. "Water, water everywhere," with but a faint gray line on one side to mark the shore of the Argentine Republic. The balmy stillness is only stirred by the throb of engines and paddles; or, in a more spasmodic and less pleasant way, by the vicious slaps the passengers administer to themselves in the futile endeavor to exterminate the industrious musquitoes, which, as a matter of course, escape and sound their pæan of triumph and derision. Soon the welcome tintinnabulation of the bell summons us to supper, after which cigars and pipes in full blast give the ubiquitous insects no further chance.



A PARAGUAYAN BOY KILLING A BIRD WITH THE BOLA.

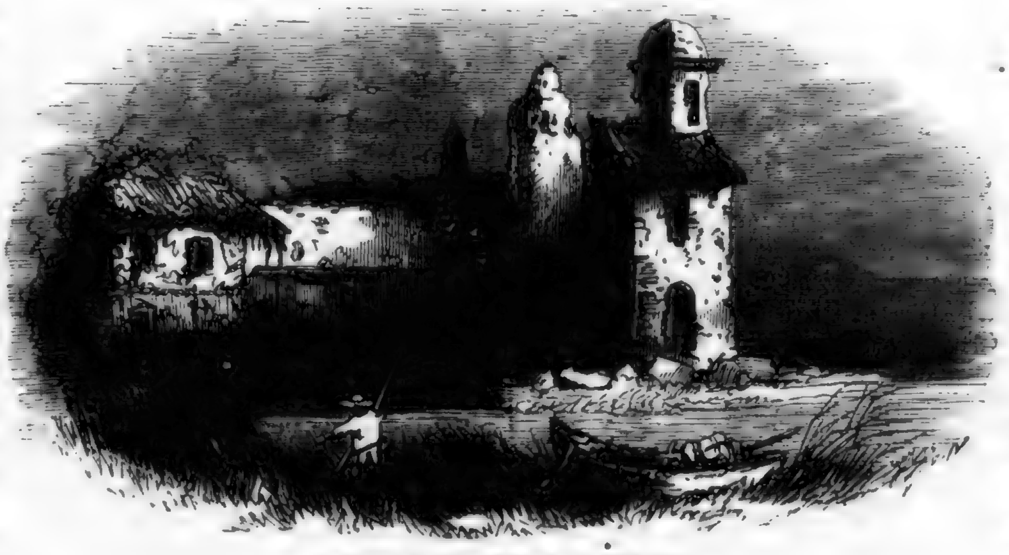


DOCTOR FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.



LOPEZ, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

Next day we arrive at Rosario, another town of the Argentine Confederation, from which the train starts for Cordova, the seat of learning of the Republic, with colleges and churches erected and managed by the Jesuits, evidences of whose enterprise and perseverance are nowhere more remarkable than in South America. From Cordova the steam-cars proceed up to the most northern state, Tucuman; in the mountains of which are situated the silver mines, yielding the ore that forms the coinage both of Bolivia and also of the republic itself. In Cordova market-place, one can see the metal lying in heaps after it has been melted in the primitive fashion there employed, each lump looking as though it had been cast in a pudding-dish. This is



ANCIENT JESUIT CHURCH AT HUMAITA.

the chief resort and emporium of the miners, and after a sufficient quantity of silver has been collected, it is forwarded by rail to Rosario, and thence shipped to Buenos Ayres.

Passing this town, we continue our journey at no very rapid rate indeed, up the river Parana, and shortly reach Corrientes, so called from the various river-currents and tributaries which commingle there. The quaint, yellow houses scattered around glow in the warm sunlight like burnished gold, and are reflected in the deep-blue water of the placid current.

In an open space, luxuriant with grass and wild herbs, and set apart as the market-place, we find women of every hue, from dark brown to clear white—Brazilians, Argentines and Paraguayans—who sit on the ground and offer their wares, which chiefly consist of fruit.

On the opposite side of the Paraguay river, which just here is exceedingly narrow, lies the southern extremity of that small and almost unknown republic bearing the same name; but after passing out of the Parana through this neck, which scarcely allows a vessel to get through, the stream widens out into quite a respectable river. At Corrientes, Brazil, Paraguay and the Argentine Republic join territory, and more than once the unfortunate town has been the scene of terrible struggles between these three powers, each of which has sought possession of it. Now, I believe, it is regarded as a sort of neutral no-man's-land.

The visitor will not be struck by the aspect of Paraguay from this point, where the land lies low and abounds in that scrub-growth suggestive of swamp and malarial exhalations. As we glide along the shore, slimy alligators roll lazily into the water from the sunny sands, and flocks of gayly plumaged birds rise into the air, many of them being pink flamingoes. Here and there the banks form prominent abutments, crowned with the nodding plumes of palms, and then decline again into undulating reaches of waving grass, backed by dense, tangled woods, while in front the river winds its serpentine way along strips of bright sand. We pass numerous rivers which variously intersect the country, the mouths of some seeming to be only narrow creeks, those of others, vast inland lakes. The entrance to the Tebiquari, for example, is of this latter kind; numberless small islands precluding a passage to any but the smallest boat, and the overhanging branches, as one proceeds, having to be cut away before even that can make headway.

On the coignes of vantage along the shores of the Paraguay river, there are a number of small towns: Cerito, consisting of a few houses interspersed among palm and orange trees; Villa Pilar, which exports cedar-wood fuel and oranges; and Oliva, with its historical guardhouse, famous in the time of Lopez the Dictator.

Shortly before reaching our final haven, the steamer stuck on a sandbank, and for two days we went shooting in the woods; but ultimately the boat was freed, and, resuming our voyage, we arrived safely at Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay.

It would be difficult to describe the impression that this city made upon me, as I first saw it, bathed in opulent sunlight. Its houses are of varied and brilliant colors, there is a beautiful palace, and a cathedral with a lofty dome, covered with dazzling tiles. The quays are thronged with pretty girls, clad in white, with parti-colored scarfs twisted round their lithe bodies, as only girls of Spanish race can arrange them. On either side the banks are covered with flowering shrubs, the blossoms of which scent the air; a band of music is playing the national hymn, to which various couples trip it in the dance; the background is formed by dense purple foliage, above which tower the nodding plumes of stately palms. Such is an inadequate idea of the picture.

Having landed, we discover, on closer inspection, that the jocund dancers are dressed only in light calico robes—loose, low-necked, and ornamented with beautiful spider-work lace. Young and old of both sexes smoke cigars; some carry flowers behind their ears, others cigars; and almost all are laden with oranges, grapes, pomegranates, and other fruits—names unknown.

After purchasing for a *real* (a silver coin equivalent to about ten cents) as much fruit as we can stow away in our pockets, we turn toward a shop, called a *fonda*, to procure refreshments of a liquid nature. At first we were not at all enamored of the native beverage, *cana*, a green-colored distillation made from the sugar-cane, but afterward we became quite used to it. However, we found *vino puro*, a very fair claret, for a tumbler-full of which we paid about ten cents. This shop, in common with most of the dwellings, which are only one story high, had the roof projected over the sidewalk, and supported on wooden pillars fancifully carved, and underneath it we lounged in the Paraguayan fashion, with chairs tilted back against the wall of the building, and feet dangling in the air.

As we ate our fruit many of the pretty women joined us, seeming only too delighted to wait on us—some handing us fruit and wine, while others, with deft fingers, tore tobacco leaves in half, removed the fibrous stalk, and rolled in a twinkling excellent cigars, which, having lighted and tried by a whiff or two, they presented to us. One cannot get such cigars elsewhere for love or money, made as they are out of the young and tender tobacco-leaves, and rolled by pretty hands before one's very eyes.

The reader must not imagine that we are silent all this time. A lively conversation is carried on in Spanish, interspersed with phrases from *guarani*, the Indian dialect; but seeing that none of us understand the *patois*, we invariably interrupt our fair friends when they use an Indian word, and request an explanation, which seems to cause them no little amusement.

Soon the mosquitoes compel us to evacuate, and we start on a tour of inspection round the town, a number of our attendants volunteering to act as guides. In our walk we encounter troops of pretty, barefooted girls, tripping along in single file with water-jars on their heads, who delight us no less by their laughter and singing, than by their graceful, undulating carriage, and rounded forms, the lovely outlines of which are enhanced rather than concealed by their light drapery. Their large, pendent ear-rings and gold-bead necklets, gleam in the evening sunlight, and altogether they form such a picture as the veriest Sybarite might desire to have reproduced.

About a stone's throw from the river, in an open space, stands the magnificent palace of Lopez the Dictator, which was designed and built under the direction of a master mason, his subordinate workmen being mere boys. Beautiful and picturesque as it looks in the sunset glow, it yet bears cruel traces of the disastrous "Seven Years' War" with Brazil and the Argentines. One tower is utterly gone, a large breach is apparent in one of the walls, the roof is a thing of the past, and we find the ground-floor now utilised as the quarters of a battalion of Brazilian soldiers. Some one of us suggests the fine effect that a fire would produce, and in a trice, the natives, with the aid of the soldiers, carry the idea into execution. Lit up by the ruddy flames, the noble pillars and exquisite tracery of the walls stand out in strong relief; while around us the laughing girls dance and clap their hands with all the innocent abandon of childhood.

They laugh at everything. One of our number, in coming out, tripped over the pavement, which, where it exists, is more uneven, if such could be, than that of New York, and measured his length on the dusty ground. His downfall was greeted with uproarious mirth, no one seeming to imagine that he could be hurt.

The railway-station is also a fine building, which has never been finished; the naked iron girders of the roof making a trellis-work against the clear sky, which the evening shadows are now deepening to an indigo blue. Here are carriages in the last stages of decrepitude, without cushions on the seats, or glass in the shaky sashes, which for years have not been renewed and scarcely repaired. The station consists of two long, covered sheds, with a partition between, and its frontage, facing the plaza where the market is held, is devoted to the purposes of a restaurant, billiard-room and ballroom, over which are rooms for the officials.

Seating ourselves at one of the tables here, we soon have a substantial dinner before us—First, vegetable soup with boiled beef, mandioca—a white root like a carrot in shape, and not unlike the potato in flavor—sweet potatoes, beans, and peanuts; then came ribs of beef grilled over a wood fire, sardines, cream cheese, corn-cakes, *chipa*—a bread made from mandioca flour and cheese; excellent when hot, but tough as leather when cold—and another kind of bread composed of flour and aniseed; then followed dessert—poundcake, oranges, limes, figs, peaches, grapes, melons, pomegranates, cactus-fruit, and a legion of others. Nuts and raisins are also imported here by foreigners, who barter luxuries for tobacco and *yerba*, or native tea.

We have no difficulty in securing sleeping places, for invitations are tendered us in scores, and presently we find ourselves, with glowing cigars, reclining in cool, white hammocks, which are wide enough to admit of our lying across them, and in which we peacefully pass the night.

In the early morning we start out to view the market, then at its busiest, before the risen sun renders the heat unbearable. We stroll through the wide *plaza*, treading on the sensitive plant, which trails luxuriantly all around, and thread our way amid heaps of tropical fruit and vegetables, and other merchandise. The women, in their scanty white costumes, tend their stalls; some shading their sugar-cakes and cream-cheese (eaten together by the natives) with awnings of calico supported on bamboos, others calling out their wares—bread, candles, rice, live chickens, sugar-canes, *yerba*, uncobbed corn, raw-hide bags full of maize, and other edibles and articles too numerous to mention. All Asuncion is out marketing, and the scenei s novel and animated. Slaves follow their mistresses, who are nothing loath to flirt with "the strangers," and buyers and sellers laugh and wrangle over their bargaining.

We are presently accosted by a bevy of girls escorted by two gentlemen, one of whom we discover to be Colonel Thompson, renowned as leader of the Paraguayan forces in the war, and the other Mr. Horrocks, the director of the tramway leading from the market to the landing-place where we had disembarked. Our conversation turning naturally on Lopez and his doings, we learn from the former gentleman how the Dictator had ruined the country; not merely depleting its treasury, but imprisoning and murdering such of the adult males as did not die of starvation or in battle, and compelling mere boys to carry arms.

As we walk along, we also get a running description of the most notable points and incidents in connection with the war—of Camparti, where the encounter between ironclads took place; of Paso Laguno (the Pass of the Lakes); of the fighting in and around the church at Palmes, which the Paraguayans held till the roof and portions of the walls caved in on them—its wooden cross now marking the spot where the last survivors perished; of Angostura, where the last boat was captured by the Brazilians; of Tagi, a fort higher up, which held out till starvation effected what the allied forces failed to accomplish; and lastly, of Humaita, where the final scene of the tragedy was enacted, Lopez being killed in the river as he was striving to escape on horseback.

The simplicity of the Paraguayans is thoroughly and astonishingly exemplified by their conduct during this struggle. They suffered themselves to be led by the nose by a diabolical monster, who was merely seeking his own selfish ends. This last-named town now boasts only one or two houses in good condition, the rest being ruins. The round tower, part of the church, and the earthworks, still remain to bear witness to the severe bombardment they sustained; while on the opposite side of the river lies Gran Chaco, where the Brazilian forces encamped, keeping strict watch on their prey, and, from beneath the lofty palms, dealing out destruction and death from their belching cannon.

As Colonel Thompson was concluding his interesting relation a *Tormento* (rainy tornado) coming suddenly up, forced us to seek shelter in the barracks which occupy one side of the *plaza*. The sky is overcast by heavy clouds, which are, however, brilliantly blue; violent gusts of wind whirl the sand high in air, lightning flashes, thunder peals, and the rain descends in torrents. A foaming stream hurries down the streets, carrying all before it, and dashes in cascades over the buttresses built here and there so as to prevent the sand from being entirely washed away. The women leave their wares to take care of themselves, the shops facing two sides of the open square are thronged with people, as are the long esplanade under the pillars of the railway station, and the barracks where we have taken refuge. The fruit-sellers make themselves quite at home with the soldiers, the regulations not prohibiting feminine ministrations. Indeed, the women (who do most of the work in Paraguay) help in the barracks, and, when regiments are on the march, carry the provisions on their heads. The storm ceases as unexpectedly as it began, and in half an hour the street is comparatively dry; deep channels and gullies, however, having been left by the impetuous torrent. A portion of the car-track has been washed away, and Mr. Horrocks is called to superintend repairs, our party following to inspect the operations. Cross-girders of wood are simply laid on the sand, to which the iron rails are bolted; some Americans from the arsenal are told off, and shovel sand into the various holes, so that in a very brief time the damage is fully repaired.

From this point we start down the car-track to the covered market, where the meat, freshly killed every day in Trinidad, and transported thence by rail, is cut up and sold. Standing around, outside, are women offering for sale sacks of charcoal, which is made by burners in the woods, and sent down the river by boats. This fact enabled us to account for the fires which we had often noticed at night, as we ascended. Further on is the Custom House, another small roofed market, and the wooden tramway station; facing us is the river, on the sandy bank of which the large iron framework and steam-boilers of a ship are falling and rusting to decay; and to the left are the stone quay and depot where bales and baggage are piled in heaps. Jumping over pools and skillfully avoiding breaking our necks over stones, we wade through a swamp to the marine arsenal, a red brick building, roofed only by girders, within the walls of which rank grasses, flowering shrubs and water-melons grow in profusion. Circular saws, pulleys, engines corn-mills, steam and hydraulic pumps, huge bars of steel, and all sorts

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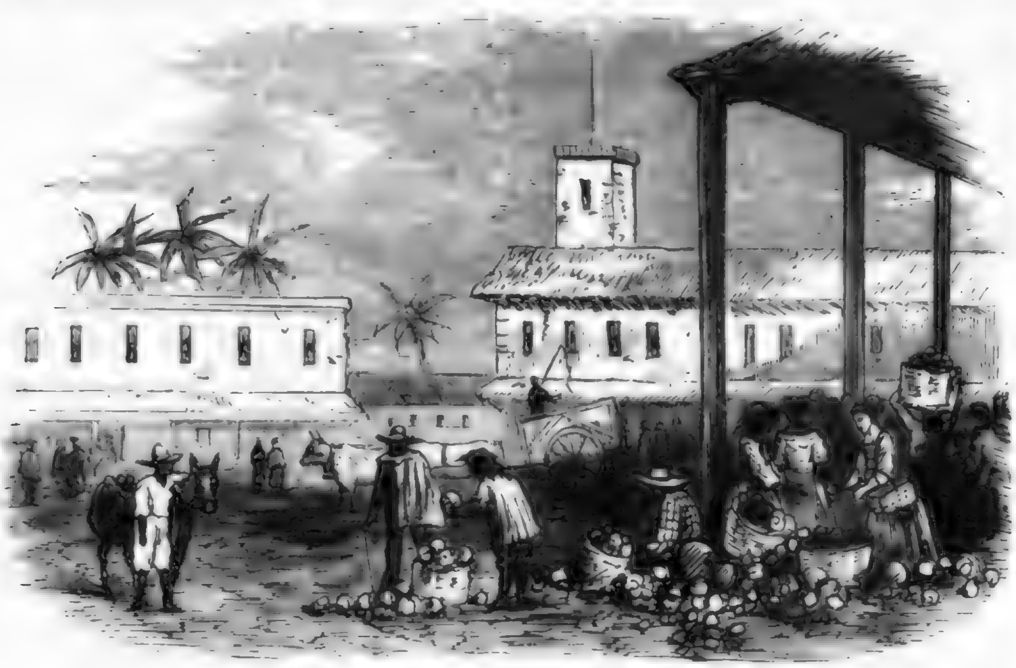
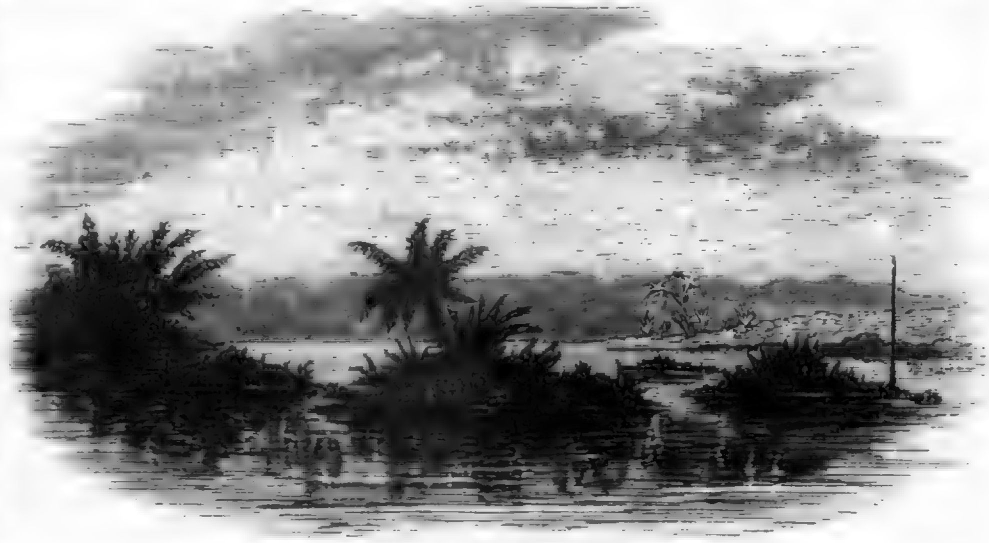


PARAGUAY.—MARKET-PLACE AT CORRIENTES

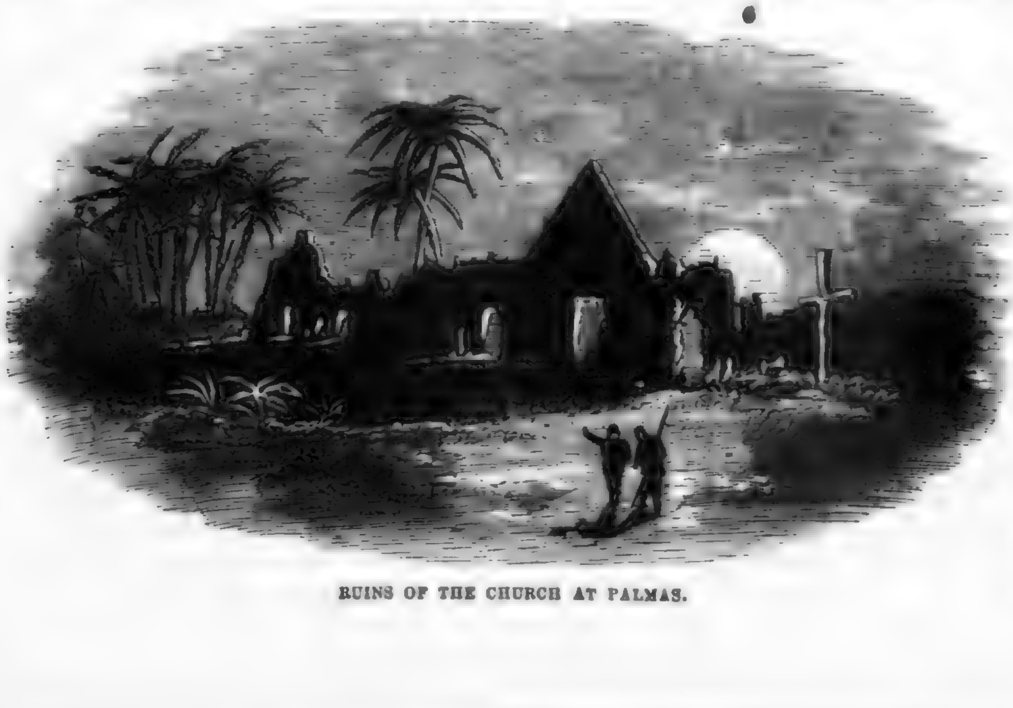
of fine machinery, lying just as they were unshipped years ago, compose a strange and significant *mélange*. Taking the cars which run along the upper street, instead of returning by the lower and parallel one which borders the water, we cross from the railway station to the other arsenal, where the American workmen are employed by the Government in mending disabled engines with portions of old ones no longer fit for use, or melting metal in a small blast furnace.



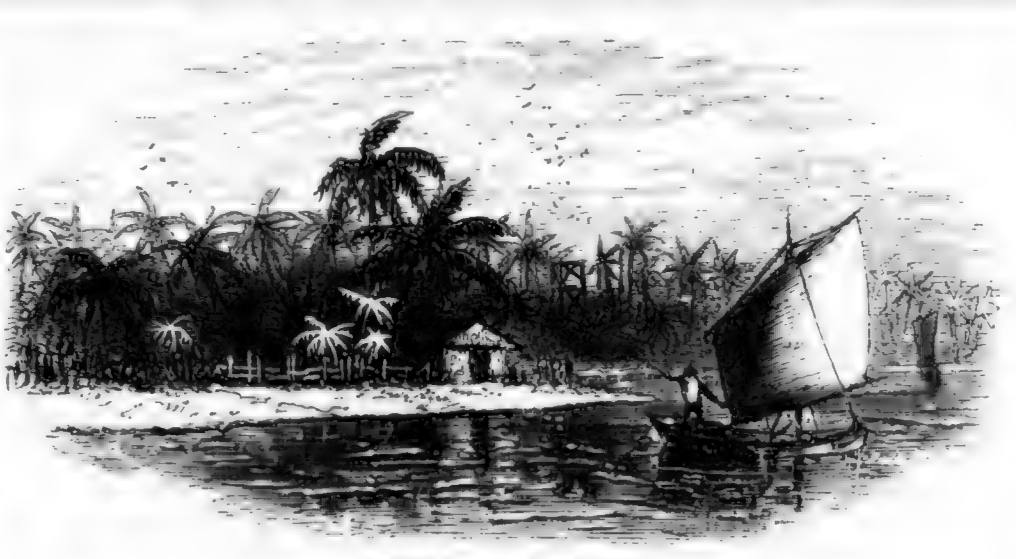
MOUTH OF THE TEBIQUARI.

It is but a step from this workshop to the old cathedral, which stands on an eminence overlooking the river. In front of this venerable and noble structure is an open space, with an obelisk in the centre; and on one side, with its back to the water, is the Government House, a substantial two-story building, erected on strong arches. Facing the cathedral are the marine, fiscal and war offices of the Government, and on the opposite side of the street, forming one side of a square, stands the former residence of the notorious Madame Lynch—a handsome, frescoed mansion. Hard by, a magnificent shell, consisting merely of walls and stuccoed pillars, intended to be a theatre, rises into the air; and near it the new cathedral, yet unfinished, its lofty dome still girdled by rotten scaffolding. Along the two main streets, and on the cross-streets intersecting them, we find ruins of fine dwellings; and by the side of these once noble residences, small shanties have been erected, where the aforetime wealthy residents now abide in poverty.

A quarter of an hour's walk from any part of the town obliterates all traces of civilization, and we find ourselves in a wild, wooded country. Saucy jays scream at us from the bushes for invading their domain; green parrots sedately pick the pips out of the luscious fruit; flocks of black parrots chatter in the scrub; and at intervals a toucan crosses our path, his great beak, which gleams in the sun, looking as though he had impaled a melon and were flying off with it. Frogs abound in myriads, and keep up a continuous concert. Some emit sounds resembling the hammering on elfin anvils, others seem to mimic the hoot of an owl, others squeak, and above all the hoarse basso of the bullfrog asserts itself. We gather the beautiful and varied flowers that bloom in prodigal profusion around us, to the apparent amazement of our guide—a native youth of tender years. He shows us his method of catching birds by means of an arrangement consisting of four leaden balls tied to the end of cords, the other extremities of which are fastened together. Holding this by one ball, he



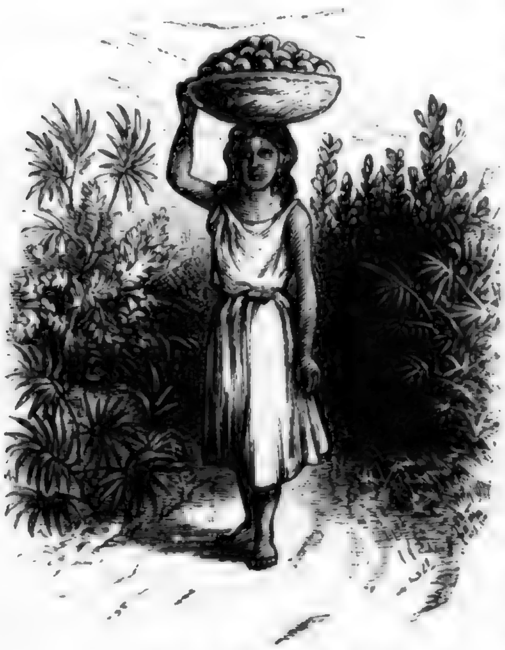
RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT PALMAS.



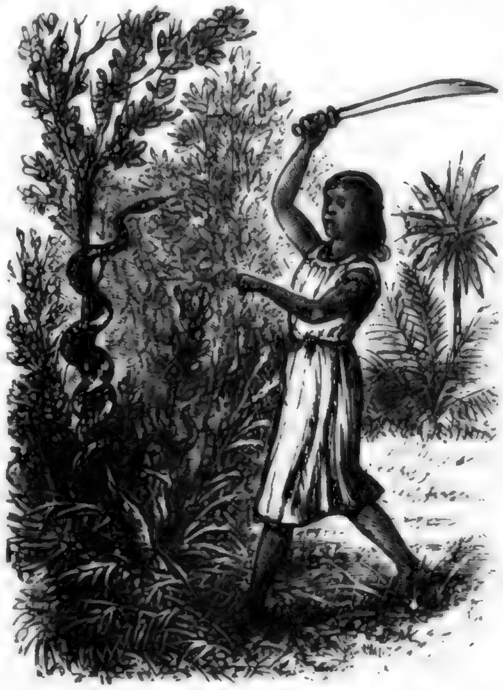
CHACO OPPOSITE HUMAITA.

swings it round his head, and, flinging it at his game, entangles it in the meshes, and so catches it. Our efforts to use this novel lasso result in lamentable failure, as we do not get within a dozen feet of the object aimed at.

At various stages of our ramble we come upon little mounds of stones surmounted by crosses and embowered in trees, large shells surrounding their bases and garlands of flowers crowning them. One has a lighted candle in front of it, and on inquiry we learn, what we had already divined, that these simple structures are graves.

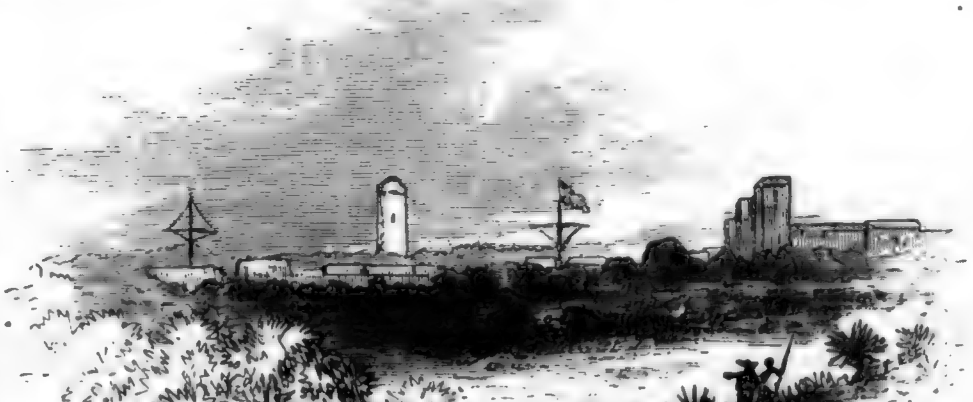


A PARAGUAY GIRL BRINGING HOME ORANGES.



A PARAGUAY GIRL KILLING A SNAKE.

In this region, where nature is so bountiful of her largess, the wants of the inhabitants are few and easily gratified. All the tillage that the productive ground requires is the removal of the weeds with a hoe, after which the various roots are planted, and at once commence growing. So fecund is the soil, that if the tall grass be burnt down, a week will see it as green and luxuriant as ever.



VIEW OF HUMAITA.

The roadways through these almost illimitable forests are merely indicated by two narrow wheel-tracks, made by the bullock-wagons, which carry goods in all directions to the scattered houses and *ventas* (stores) of the inhabitants, and return to Asuncion with tobacco and *yerba* (wild tea). The projecting boughs are shoved aside or bent down by the wagons, and spring back with somewhat dangerous elasticity. If one deviate from those tracks, he is very liable to lose his way, as we discover when, after passing a night among the Pampas grass, we find in the morning that we are within a few yards of the road. After this, when we desired to make excursions after game, we always employed as guide a native who was familiar with the surrounding country.

After some days spent in exploring the circumjacent forests, we take the train from Asuncion to Trinidad, where is situated the favorite villa of Lopez and Madame Lynch; a beautiful place, now falling to decay, surrounded by charming gardens, whose roses, oleanders and stephanotis scent the air. Scattered around are shanties where the poorer inhabitants dwell. The children show us how they procure water by digging holes in the loose and partially sandy soil, from which the water which springs out is ladled out into jars by means of dried gourds. Round the edge of these primitive wells a peculiar kind of water-lily grows, which is supposed to keep the water free from impurities.

The chief feature of Trinidad is the *corral*, or abattoir, where the butchering is done. The victim is lassoed, fastened to a post, and then stabbed to the heart with a long, cross-handled knife resembling a two-edged sword. As a matter of course, the animal drops dead immediately, and after the blood has escaped it, it is skinned, cut up and sent to Asuncion by night train. The skins are stretched a few inches above the ground by means of wooden pegs, and left to dry. Some are cut round and round into long, spiral strips, two or three of which, when twisted together and denuded of hair, form a lasso. Over and around the corral hover the carrion crows which devour the offal, and are, in fact, the scavengers of the country.

Having remained one day here, we start by train for Paraquari, a town at the terminus of the line, about forty leagues distant. There are numerous stations along the route, many of them perfectly isolated, with not another dwelling to be seen for miles. Nevertheless, on the platforms we find numbers of girls, some fruit-sellers, others having little deer, hares and young tiger-cats, the latter of which are very pretty, with their gray stripes and blue eyes; but we had rather be excused from rearing such treacherous pets. These girls crowd into the carriages, by courtesy so-called, for they are no better than trucks. Luggage, pigs, fowl, fruit, vegetables, tobacco—all accompany their various owners, who do not believe in letting their chattels out of sight, and the engrossing occupation of the traveler is to keep the sparks and pieces of burning charcoal, which are blown in showers from the engine, from setting fire to his effects. Wood fuel is stacked up at various points along the line, and all hands help to load up. If water runs out, a stoppage is, of course, inevitable, and a detachment takes the raw-hide buckets and sets out to look for an adjacent pool from which to replenish the boiler.

Frequent delays of this sort permit night to overtake us, so we ensconce ourselves in the only covered carriage there is, and watch the brilliant showers of sparks which pass like fiery comets on either side. Native candles are produced looking like elongated cones with broad bases and twisted wicks. They are placed in corners on the floor, so as to avoid the numerous currents of air which traverse our rickety shelter, and we squat around, eat oranges, smoke cigars, which the sweet damsels roll for us in the manner formerly described, and with laughter and conversation pass the time as gayly as we can.

Every now and then the candles are extinguished, and have to be relit, or a scream announces that a stray spark has burnt through the light robe of some fair native, and touched her dainty skin; which necessitates a vigorous shaking and disarrangement of the victim's garments.

Early in the morning we arrive at our destination, and ascend the hill leading to the town. The church, which is in an open space on one side of the square, is illuminated at all prominent points by cups made of orange peel, filled with palm oil in which are floating wicks of cotton. The other three sides of the square are occupied by the customary one-story houses, with esplanades and pillars in front. Next the church is the former college of the Jesuit fathers, now occupied by soldiers—the men of this republic being all in the army, and continuously occupied, either in encouraging or quelling rebellions. The work, as a matter of course, devolves upon the "weaker sex."

At one side, forming a sort of wing in the open ground on the brow of the hill, a row of buildings juts out. These belong to the daughter of Lopez, and here she dwells. We call, are introduced to her, and join in the dance which is going on in her dwelling. She is popular among the inhabitants for her amiability no less than her loveliness—which is quite remarkable, even amid her beautiful and finely-formed countrywomen; and she is extraordinarily accomplished and well-read, considering the out-of-the-way place where she resides.

The day had been extremely hot, and a storm, which had been gradually gathering, now bursts upon us. Peal after peal of thunder resounds, and lightning shoots through the sky. Around the flag-staff in the centre of the plaza a circle of light, like a brilliant aureola, plays for an instant, then, with a thunder crash, the pole, with its beautiful decorations of fresh flowers, falls amid the palms, which now appear brown and shriveled in the intermittent, lurid glare. The rain penetrates the roof of our quarters, and we have a lively time moving our beds—hides stretched on planks—from place to place, so as to avoid the deluge. At length we fall asleep, the terrific heat admitting of no covering, only to be awakened, however, by feeling and hearing something scurrying about, around and over us.

Lighting a candle, we discover the intruders to be swarms of rats, who seem not in the least afraid of us. Stopping up all the holes by which they have obtained entrance, with the exception of one, we bide our time in darkness. Presently we are convinced that a large host is entrapped, so, closing up the remaining hole, we commence the *battue*. The rats climb up door-posts and windows, scattering in all directions as we assail them with sticks, and loud is the laughter and shouting with which we carry on the massacre.

Suddenly the door opens with a swing, and there, to our astonishment and horror, stand about twenty women, who have come to see what is the matter, and who hail us with shouts of laughter as we stand abashed in unadorned beauty. We quickly roll ourselves in our blankets, point to the dead rats in explanation of the commotion, and light our cigars, so as to appear unconcerned. After enduring their merriment and chaff for some time, we again fall asleep, and, in the morning find that our nocturnal visitors have gnawed almost every vestige of tallow from our candles.

After a simple breakfast of Indian corn, cooked in milk, we inspect the wagon which we have hired to carry our baggage into the interior. The axle, made from the trunk of the wild orange-tree, is lashed to the body with strips of hide, the same material being used to fasten the horns of the oxen to the yoke; the sides are composed of pampas grass, and the top of hides. While our belongings are being packed in this vehicle, we set out to make the ascent of the mountain opposite the railway station. The path is crowded with natives, dressed in their best garb, and plentifully decked with native lace and ornaments, who are making their annual pilgrimage to the shrine near the summit, this being the *fiesta* (feast day) of St. Thomas, after whom both mountain and shrine are named. The people make their offerings at the beautifully decorated altar, while we admire the glorious scenery and listen to apocryphal tales about Lopez having buried his treasures in some of the deep fissures of this bold promontory. Although many have sought, no one has yet been fortunate enough to find, the hidden wealth.

We descend the hill again, take a *siesta* during the hot, midday hours, and then, as the air begins to grow cooler, mount our mules, and accompanied by our wagon, start on our trip across the country.

From this time forth we have to rough it, and sleep either on the ground or in the wagon. Frequent lagoons afford us opportunities for bathing, which we usually embrace about the time the sun is setting in purple mists. The wife of our wagoner, who accompanies us, is a smart and deft little woman, and cooks for us with wonderful success. Dried meat with corn and mandioca boiled together, forms our staple dish; then we have cakes made of farina and water, and baked on the fire in a flat earthen pan, which look like thin, underdone pancakes; and, finally, we top off with oranges and *caña*—the native rum—necessary as a specific against the *chu-chu*; a form of fever-and-ague, which is the bane of the country.

Chains or ranges of hills vary the landscape, intersecting each other and dividing the *paysage* into tracts of various extent; and the streams and rain which descend from these convert the plains in Winter into vast swamps, covered with rank growths of grass and herbage, and bordered by impenetrable forests, where all sorts of game and wild animals abound; the rattlesnake, the leopard, and puma, or South American lion, being the most dangerous. The principal highlands are the Cordilleras, where *yerba*, the main product of Paraguay, grows best.

We catch up with a train of wagons carrying stores into the interior, and join company with them for a time. At midday, when the sun is at its hottest, we always halt, turn the cattle loose, and enjoy a rest under the grateful shade of the fragrant orange trees; and at night, after we have selected our camping-ground and satisfied the cravings of appetite, out come the guitars; and we wile away a few hours singing and dancing in the silvery moonlight. The individuals accompanying this train of wagons, are, for the most part, women; and, indeed, the fair sex predominates everywhere in Paraguay, some of the farm-houses we pass having no male inhabitant whatever. This is accounted for by the decimation which the war brought about. Sometimes we camp in the open air, sometimes lodge at a wayside house; at one time we fall in with wagons going our way, at another with trains returning with loads of tobacco and tea; so that, occasionally, our camp includes as many as fifty souls.

The diversified nature of the country affords us varied sensations, and entails numerous vicissitudes. We ascend hills through dense woods, and anon make our way down channels furrowed by the surcharged streams. On one occasion our wagon sticks up to the axle in a mud-hole, and has to be dug out; on another, the oxen run us against a tree-stump just as we are close to a steep declivity, and over the wagon goes into a pool of water; all the baggage and provisions having to be diligently fished for. The only place utterly destitute of any redeeming trait, and wholly unproductive of fun, is the lagoon of Ibiqui. All day we tramp through water, not a single oasis, even, affording us space whereon to enjoy our midday repose. Finally we are forced to fasten our mules to the wagon and get inside ourselves, where, seated on boxes of candles and other goods, we listen to the splash of the water and the harsh "scrooping" of the wheels, which can be heard for miles in the clear air.

Our next stopping-place is Ibitimi, a small town, where we take part in various festivities and solemnities. The proprietor of a new *fonda* (store) is celebrating his opening by a dance, and firing off pistols in the air; while a host of small boys let off crackers—a necessary element on all gala-days.

The communion of the dying, which we witnessed during our sojourn here, is an impressive ceremony. The priest sets out for the house where his services are desired, dressed in a rich cope of white and gold, and carrying in his hand the Host, which is reverently vailed under a covering of lace-work. Over it a woman, richly dressed in trinkets and lace, holds a blue silk umbrella; another bears in front the silver crucifix. Two boys swing smoking censers, one rings a bell, and others surround the priest, carrying lighted candles. If the day be wet, children attend the procession and lay down boards over the muddy places.

Every dwelling boasts a special shrine, which, on the day of its patron saint, is decked with gold-tinsel and lace, and carried to the church to be blessed. It is then borne around, friends and neighbors swelling the procession, till it finally arrives at home again, where, after prayers and congratulations, the evening is spent in feasting, and wound up with the inevitable dance. Although *caña* is largely imbibed on these festive occasions, it is worthy of remark that inebriation is almost entirely unknown.

A short distance from Ibitimi is the ford of the river Tibiquari, which, although of considerable width, is only knee-deep; and not far off, on the face of a hill, stands the small town of Itape. It has a wooden watch-tower, a church, and an open square flanked on every side by houses.

From Itape the road runs to Villa Rica, about five leagues away. It is one of the most beautiful inland towns of Paraguay, set upon the summit of a verdant, sloping hill at the foot of the Cordilleras, and forms the centre of the territory and the *yerba* district. The white houses, built, as usual, in squares, stand out against the background of lofty mountains, which are enveloped in blue mists; and the scene enchants us, as we first catch sight of it from the brow of the adjacent hill, over which the narrow road, which is bordered by overhanging trees, leads. The town is diffusely built, and occupies a considerable area. The traffic does not seem to be great, as most of the streets which cross the main thoroughfare at right angles are overgrown with short grass, while fine palms and orange trees luxuriate on every hand. There is a very fine old gateway here, leading to a graveyard—which, however, the natives do not use, preferring to bury their dead—

> "Deep in some lone wood's half-luminous density."

We visit the *maté* district (*maté* being the other name for *yerba*), and see the herb picked by the women and brought home on their heads. Then it is dried, packed tightly in large bags made of hide, which are sewed up with thongs, and resemble such pincushions as Gulliver might have seen used at Brobdingnag.

The natives here have a curious way of manufacturing pots and pans. The clay is kneaded like dough, then worked into long, tenacious strips, which are wound round and round into the required shape, the successive coils overlapping each other, and set to dry in the sun. After this, with the bean of a certain indigenous creeper and water, they polish the outside, and, piling a number of utensils together, cover them with cedar wood, which is set fire to, so as to bake and glaze the primitive crockery. It is a porous ware of a reddish color, with black spots, and makes capital water-coolers. The older women and children carry on this manufacture, many of them going from house to house as their services are in demand. We furthermore discover a factory here where cigars are made by women, the small ones rolled from the young tobacco-leaves being the sweetest and choicest. The men make the boxes from cedar-wood felled in the adjacent forests, and cut into thin slabs by a circular saw worked by mules. These cigars are nearly all exported to Asuncion, where they are used. The children readily accompany us to the best orange-trees, and climbing up, shake down showers of golden fruit, with which they fill baskets made of pampas grass, to be carried home on their heads.

The little, isolated country houses which we find are surrounded by patches of maize, mandioca, sugar-cane, tobacco, etc., and are very simply constructed. Upright poles driven into the ground, and united by means of

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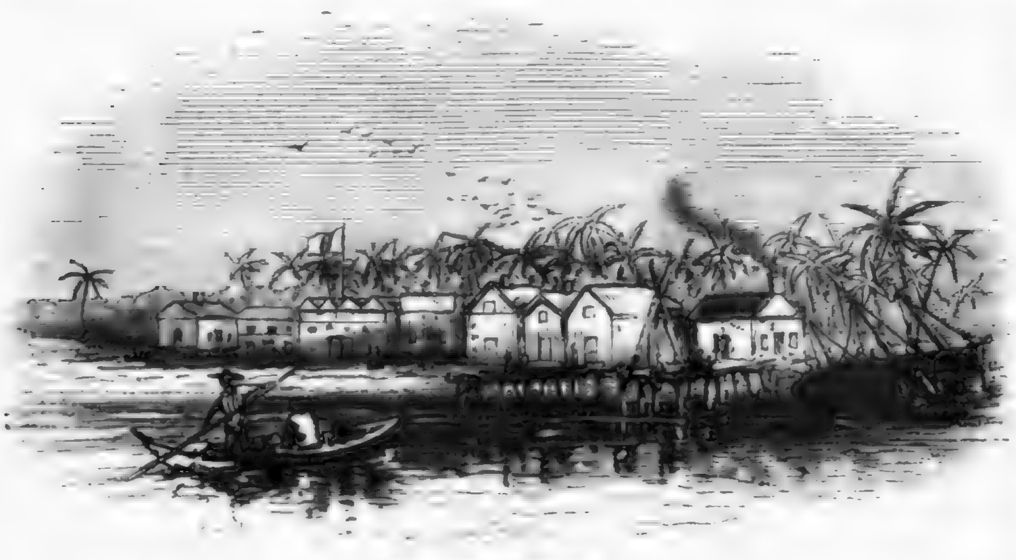
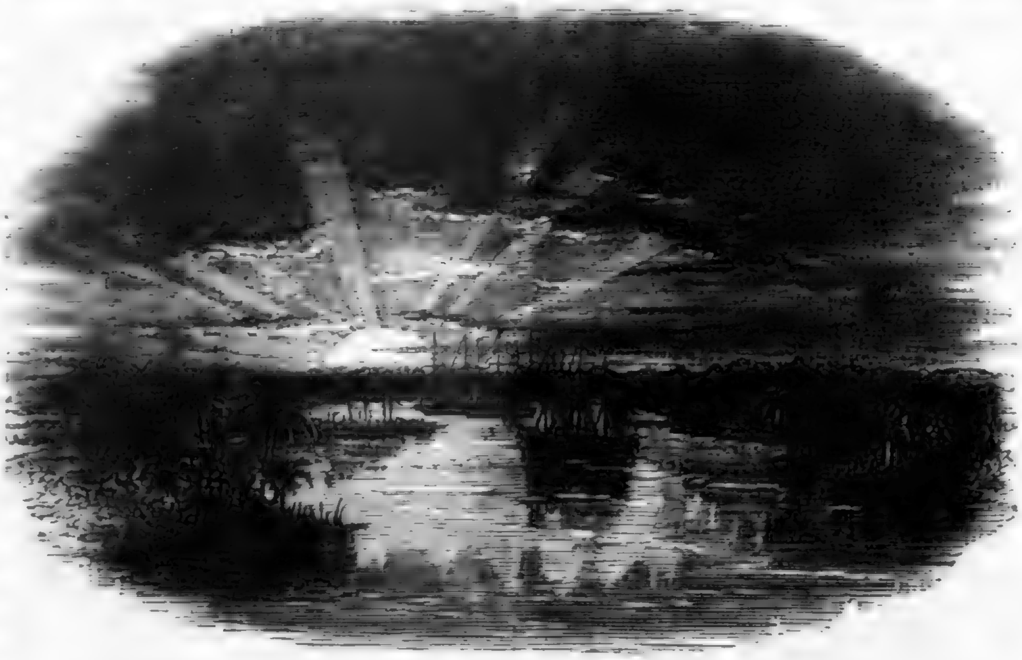


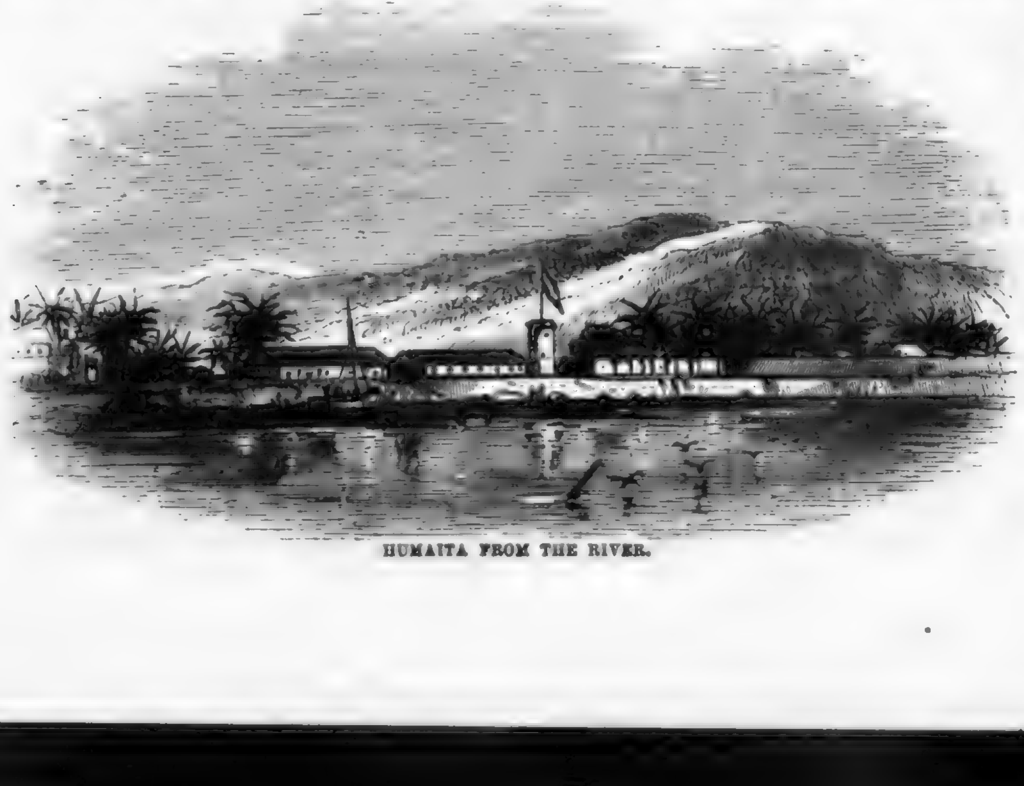
PARAGUAY.—CERITO.

cross-sticks tied with the twisted bark of a tree called *waska* form the framework; the cross-trees of the roof are supported on straight palm-trunks, wooden pegs securing them; the walls are plastered with mud and kalsomined white, and the roof is thatched with *capi*—a long grass, having a stem like wheat. The doors are composed of pampas-grass mats, and the windows are simply holes, with one or two perpendicular wooden bars. In the towns, the best houses are built of sun-dried bricks, and possess wooden doors and shutters.

In roaming through the woods it is necessary to cut one's way amid the network of creepers and undergrowth, by means of long knives with broad ends, which are also serviceable for killing the snakes which abound. Gray and green lizards, varying in size from two feet to six inches, cross our path, as do armadillos—the shell-clad ant-eaters—both of which we find very succulent eating. Fat prairie-chickens, brown-plumaged plovers, cranes and snipe haunt the lagoons in coveys, and the river-banks furnish wild duck, teal and gay kingfishers in flocks. Parrots may not sound inviting as game to the uninitiated, but we find them capital when made into stews, with chopped onions and suet or flour dumplings. The boys catch numbers of them every night with their *bolas* (before described) when they flock into the orange groves to feed at dawn and sundown. The rivers yield the *pishcon*—a species of golden carp, sometimes weighing forty pounds, which can easily be caught with hook and line, and a sort of catfish, without scales, which has long feelers or bristles on the head, and a venomous spike on the back, and is rather hard to kill, as it frequents the muddy depths.

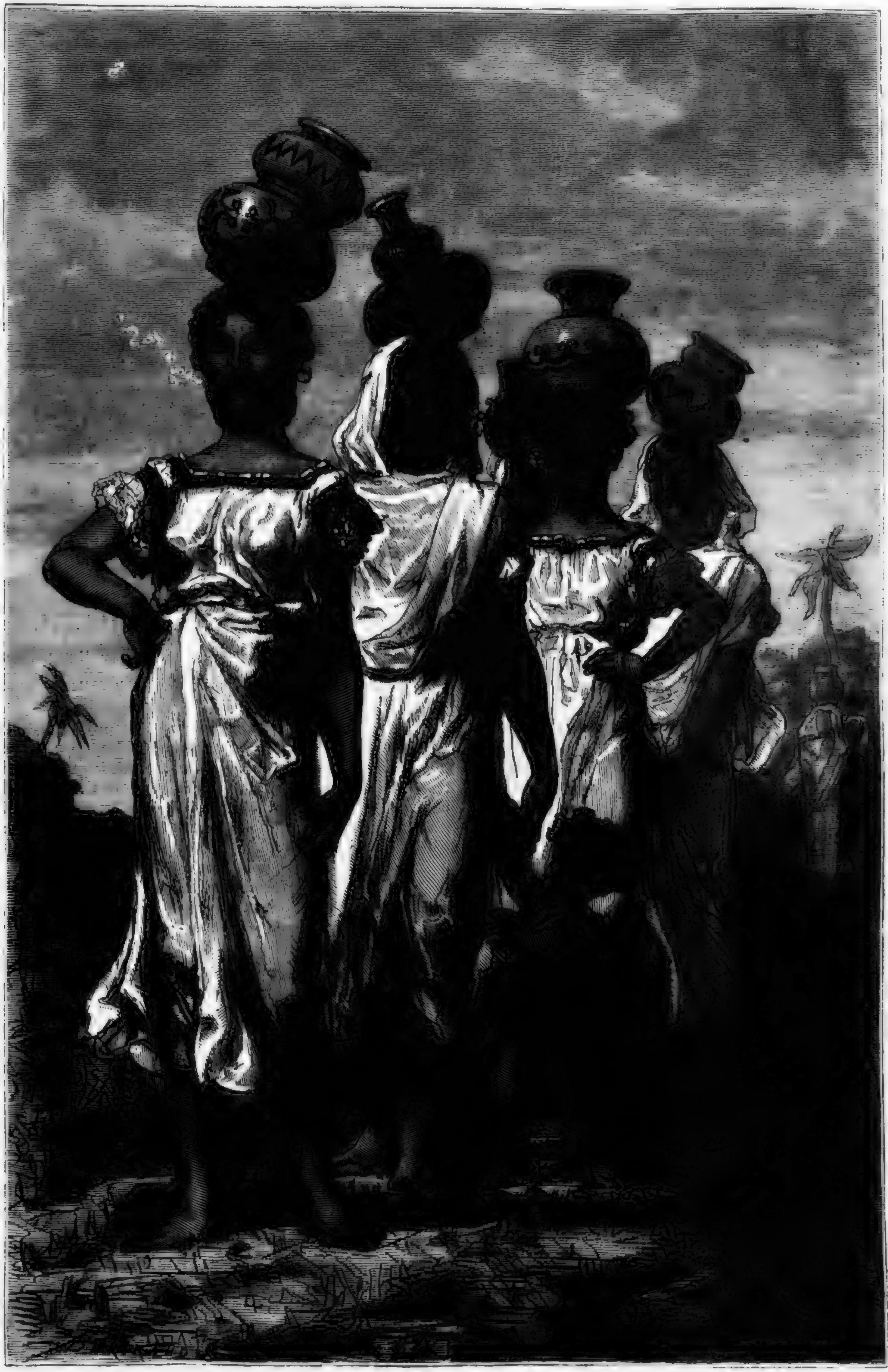


CURUPAITI.



HUMAITA FROM THE RIVER.

The insect creation would delight an entomologist. Beetles of all hues, gold and green, ruby and blue, bronze and yellow; and large butterflies of all shades, the loveliest being a bright, metallic blue, boom and flutter in the sunlight; while countless varieties of creeping things, including that rather vicious individual, the scorpion, to whom we give a wide berth or a *coup-de-grace*, beset us on every side. We collect the nucleus of quite a respectable museum in the shape of these insects, the skins of birds and snakes, and other curious articles; but on our return to Asuncion we find that a swarm of ants have located themselves among our treasures, and left not a single one worth carrying further. We make many futile endeavors to bag leopards and pumas, but, although we track them, we cannot



PARAGUAYAN WOMEN GOING FOR WATER.

get near enough to fire, the impenetrable brushwood barring our progress, and the absence of trained dogs telling against us; so we are reluctantly forced to leave them intact in their forest fastnesses.

The writer, in one of these hunting expeditions, climbed up a tree to get a bird which had been shot and entangled in the branches, but an untrustworthy bough gave way, and he found himself comfortably landed in a prickly cactus, the spines of which enter his body at all points. Amid groans and execrations both loud and deep he is extricated, and has the spines removed by the amused natives.

On another occasion he and his companions got into a veritable hornet's nest, were forced to take refuge in precipitate flight, and had the venom sucked from their faces and hands by their obliging attendants. The worst torments, however, are small insects, invisible to the naked eye, that get into the feet, raising lumps that swell in a single day to the size of a white currant, and causing lameness and excessive suffering. Before retiring, one is forced to inspect his extremities, remove these pests with a needle, and put cigar ashes—a sure specific—on the wound. The *bicho coloro*, another small insect, gets under the skin, and can only be killed by the application—external, I regret to say—of *caña;* while the large ants, whose dwelling-places—mounds raised often as high as six feet—afforded us points of observation when the grass was very tall, sting most viciously.

At night it is necessary to do one's smoking in the moonlight, as the myriads of insects which collect round the light not merely extinguish it, but "scoot" around in all directions, over cards, into coffee, and even into one's very mouth. All night long a continuous hum is kept up, and the trees and shrubs around our quarters sparkle and glow with innumerable fireflies. In the early morning we see guinea-pigs disporting themselves around, a gray fox peering furtively from behind a clump of shrubs, or small lizards basking on stones in the rising sun. Over beds of red, purple and white verbenas, exquisite little humming-birds flit, like varying and animated prisms; and from every bush and brake some novel bird or object calls our renewed attention.

We start on our return journey to Asuncion by another track leading across country. There are no towns to attract us to their walls; the grandeur and loneliness of the primeval forest is undisturbed and unbroken, save by an occasional dwelling, whose inhabitants subsist entirely on the produce of their tillage and the wild fruits around.

Some of the fowls which we have purchased on our route make their escape, and we set fire to the dry grass in order to raise them, so that we may shoot them. The result is that for two days and nights the flame runs along and blazes all around, varying with the shifting currents of air. The natives often do this themselves, in order to allow the cattle to enjoy the young shoots which immediately spring up; and the clearing thus temporarily effected renders it more easy, after a midday or other halt, to catch the oxen which have been turned loose, and which, when more than one party is in camp, may be conveniently exchanged for worse animals by those who are not too scrupulous in distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum.* Oxen, however, are plentiful, and if one won't work, or becomes useless, his owner simply kills him, cuts him up, and, hanging the strips of meat to the wagon, converts him into *carne seco* (dried beef).

As our journey back lasted more than six weeks, and we had to cross some sterile regions, we found this meat very serviceable; being at one time reduced for some days to meat-cakes, oranges, and *caña.* Meal we find at every farmhouse. It is made of Indian corn, dried and pounded with iron-wood pestles in wooden mortars formed from the stumps of trees hollowed out. The same process converts mandioca into flour, the root being first boiled and passed through a fine sieve made of cane. Some of this mandioca flour is bleached in the sun and used as starch.

On arriving at Asuncion we are greeted by the friends we made on our first arrival, and find that, in our absence, a soap factory has been erected. The manufacturers use a lye made from charcoal and bullock's fat, so that the soap is crude, soft, and dark brown in color.

We make a round of visits, drink numerous healths and good wishes in *maté* and *caña*, for both of which beverages we have acquired a considerable liking, and bid farewell to our good friends, the Paraguayans, who load us with gifts, fruit, and tobacco. As the flat-bottomed steamer carries us away from the simple-hearted people, and the charming scenes among which we have spent such a pleasant time, we feel a little sad, for the sunlight and beauty of the country had entered our souls, and we had experienced a sort of Arcadian enjoyment—evanescent, unfortunately, among a race who are happy in spite of poverty. In years to come, Paraguay may regain some of its ancient prestige for wealth, of which the war deprived it; though this may not add to the content or peace of its inhabitants.

Our memories are, however, pleasant, and a little chain of gold links, forming a ring when on the finger, but becoming a perfect puzzle when taken off, reminds us occasionally of the days spent in Paraguay's untrodden woods.

PROUD MRS. BRANDLETH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "THE BRIDGE BETWEEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SHE was a proud old woman. Many West Indians are endowed with more pride than is good for them, and she was an instance. Perhaps it was the blacks, or the climate, or living on an island where there was no aristocracy save that which was constituted by money. She was very rich, there was no doubt of that; and she had a very lovely daughter, there was also no doubt of that—a fair-haired girl, with large, dreamy eyes, and a fair skin, and lips that suggested a pout, yet broke into the most enchanting of smiles now and then—not very often, either; perhaps because the girl's life had been lonely, as an only child's often is, and perhaps because she was half afraid of her mother.

Her happiest days had been her school-days; she had been sent to England for her education, and when she returned to the narrow circle, and the stiff, uncompromising mother, who, since her husband's death, had managed the estate herself, and was absorbed in the produce of sugar and the politics of Government House, Alice felt lonely and weary enough.

Yet Mrs. Brandleth was very proud of her beautiful daughter, and waited serenely, convinced that the day would come when a wandering duke, or perhaps a stray prince sent over to improve his knowledge of the tropics, would fall in love with her, and insist upon laying his name, rank and fortune at her feet.

Having this conviction strong upon her, it *was* provoking when, one fine day, Alice informed her, tremblingly enough, that she had engaged herself to Hugh Trevor, a young surgeon who was vainly trying to get a practice in the island—for the population was more inclined to trust its broken bones and epidemics into the hands of the older practitioners.

"If you dare to think of such a thing," she exclaimed, "I'll leave every penny away from you, and, what is more, I will let you starve rather than give you a shilling!" After which comfortable assurance, having no money and no prospects, the pair prudently got married on the sly, and trusted to "luck."

Luck betrayed the trust and never came near them, or only luck of the worst description did; so they realized all they had, and, after one unavailing appeal to Mrs. Brandleth, determined to leave the West Indies and seek for better fortune in England.

"I should so like to see my old friends again; yes, do let us go, Hugh, dear; besides, we can make a better fight with poverty there than here," Alice said, thinking wistfully of her school-days, and a little bitterly of the manner in which her tropical acquaintance had cut her since her marriage. So, with two hundred pounds in the world, they set out for England.

"It is no use trying in London," Hugh said; "we should only be lost in the crowd, and allowed to starve quietly. We'll go to some small seaside place, or country village, and set up, and hope for the best. Unless there is some one there before us, patients must come in time"—a reasonable supposition when one considers that, in the long run, disease and death are never inconstant long together anywhere.

"Let us go by the sea, then," pleaded Alice; so they went to Drayton-on-Sea, a small seaside place where fisher-folk abounded, and where there were hills around, with here and there houses scattered about, all inhabited by the probable patients of Hugh Trevor's future.

There was no surgeon at Drayton-on-Sea before Hugh Trevor went there; but a railway came soon after they settled there, and very soon after that a surgeon—an older man, with long experience—came and practiced, more for love than fees, for he was well off, and so the bright future the Trevors were seeking was still far away.

"Oh, Hugh, what shall we do?" poor Alice said, looking up with troubled eyes at her husband. Their second child was just born, and their last bank note just changed.

"Never mind, darling," he said, bravely, "better days will come yet."

"Shall I write to mamma?" she asked.

"No," he said; but she did, only to have her letter remain unanswered.

CHAPTER II.

THE first and the most vivid memory of anything that little Frank Trevor ever had was the fishing-village of Drayton-on-Sea; of the grand hills guarding it, and the great gray sea bounding it. It always seemed to him as if there were two other worlds beside the one in which he lived, for every day—nay, two or three times a day—did not the train pass by Drayton-on-Sea, coming from some unknown land behind, and rush by to some unknown land beyond? He watched it come and go with a wondering, thoughtful face many a time, and speculated on all the strange things the whizzing engine had seen; but he was quite content when it had gone.

Then there was the sea. He and his little sister spent half their time down on the sandy beach, watching that great world of waves, with nothing beyond save the sky which lovingly touched it in the dim distance, and the white sails of the passing ships. Every morning, for many and many a long day, his mother came down to the beach with him and little May, and sat watching the tide coming in or going out.

"Mother," he often asked, "where is father?" But she always gave the same answer:

"He is on the sea, my child, attending to all the people that may be ill on a large ship in which he is, and he tries to make them well."

"And what are you saying to the sea, mother?" he asked one day.

She turned and answered him as if he had been a man rather than a child:

"I do not quite know, my darling. I am sending a prayer out with the tide, I think, to your father, to come back again. I always fancy that some of those great waves may travel far away till they touch his ship, and when the tide comes back that perhaps they will bring me an answer or some whispered message from him."

And so the months went by, and then suddenly some terrible news came, that made his mother wring her hands and rock to and fro in an agony of sorrow.

"Don't cry, mother," he said, climbing into her lap. "Come down to the shore and watch for father."

But she only sobbed the more, and cried:

"Oh, my child! my poor child! we shall never watch for him more. He is drowned, and gone for ever!"

"Did you see him?" he asked, childishly; "were you on the shore?"

"No, darling, he was far away—much further than we can see—and he was wrecked and is drowned, and lying in the great sea for ever," she wept.

Then he knew that there was a great sea-world beyond his sight, and that somewhere in it his father was lying dead; and so the child's face grew grave, and his eyes always seemed to be looking much further away than even the great hills themselves could see.

The fisher-folk, and the people scattered in the houses on the hills around, were very good to Alice in her sorrow, but they could not provide for her and her children; and when a letter came from her mother, kind enough now, begging her to come back to the West Indian island, they tried to persuade her to go. But she refused; she could not accept what had been denied to her husband, and, though money was inclosed, it was long before she could bring herself to spend a shilling of it. She preferred even the charity of the fisher-folk. So letter after letter came; but at last there was one she could not resist.

"Remember it is your own mother you are steeling your heart against," Mrs. Brandleth wrote, "and I feel for your sorrow as if it were my own, for your father died before you can even remember. I am getting old to travel alone, but I must go to you if you will not come to me."

Then she broke up the little home—the home in which, in spite of poverty, she had been very happy in days gone by, and in which her children had been born—and went to her mother. But she could not stay there; and so, after a few years, Mrs. Brandleth put the sugar plantations under the care of an agent, and once more Alice Trevor came to England, to live in a small country town.

CHAPTER III.

TEN years from the time when Alice left Drayton-on-Sea, and the sun shone no longer down on a little fishing village, but on a growing place of fashionable resort. The houses which dotted the hills were closer together, and at their feet there stretched terraces and streets, and on the

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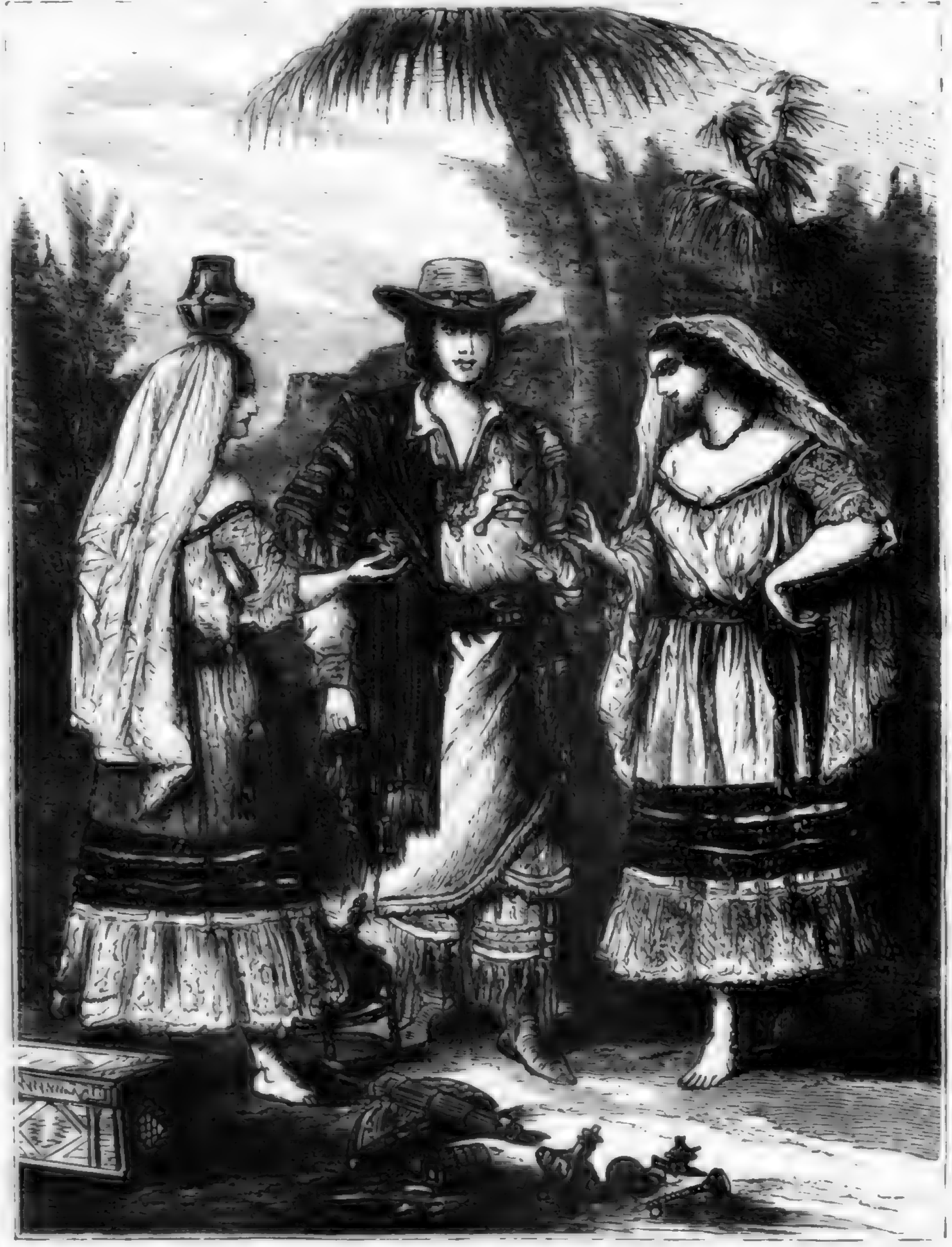
once lonely shore were the marks of many footsteps on the sand, and rows of boats for hire, and sailors hanging about seeking for idlers who would sail beneath the Summer sun, or listen to their yarns.

"A glorious day, ma'am," Tom Hardy said to an old lady who, feeble and tired, sat down on one of the few seats scattered about. "Ah! a glorious day, ma'am. Would the young lady like a sail? I've a neat little craft yonder."

"No, thank you," she answered, quietly. "May, dear, give me my knitting;" and the old woman and the young girl sat down, shaded from the fierce rays of the setting sun by the life-boat that was drawn up on the sand behind them.

"Is the paint wet?" the old lady asked.

"No, 'tain't wet, ma'am," the sailor said; "It's the one behind I've been touching up. We are proud of our life-boat, ma'am. It isn't long we've had her, you see. They say it was a Mr. Greathead who invented her, but it's great heart that gives it, I think. A lady gave that to Drayton-on-Sea, just a year ago this August. It's saved a good number of lives already, too."



PARAGUAYAN COSTUMES.

There was no reply from the old lady, but the bright face of May Trevor looked up at him (for it was she and her grandmother, Mrs. Brandleth. They had come to see and stay a month at the place in which Alice's married life had been spent, and had left her now at the lodgings, too tired to come out; besides, the sea was always a dreary book with a terrible past history to her).

"Yes, miss," he went on, encouraged by the look, "I owe my life to a life-boat—not this one, but to a life-boat many a year ago—that is, nine this last Spring. We were took up by one, me and two others, just as we had given up all hope and were clinging to almost the last bit of spar left. She was the boat of an American that took us up, and belonged to a ship that was bound outward. There were only us three saved from the wreck, and one of us died."

"And did the other live?" May asked.

"Yes, miss, but he kept it secret. He was poor, you see, and his wife's mother had behaved badly, and let him and his wife and children almost starve, though she had plenty. So, when he'd made enough to come back, without a penny in his pocket, and came here and found that he was counted dead, and that his wife had gone to her mother with the little ones, he thought it no use to take them back to starve again, so he determined not to let her know he was alive till he'd money enough to keep them. So he went back to America. He wanted me to go with him, but I says 'No, sir, 'tisn't money I want, but just the seafaring life I've been used to, to make me happy.' However, he went, and he's made a lot of money; 'twas he sent me the money to get yonder little craft with, now that I felt inclined to settle down a bit; he wished me to come here because it is where he lived before he set sail."

Mrs. Brandleth looked up at him with startled eyes, and lips that would scarcely move.

"Where is he now?" she asked, while the color died from May's face, and her hands nervously clasped themselves together.

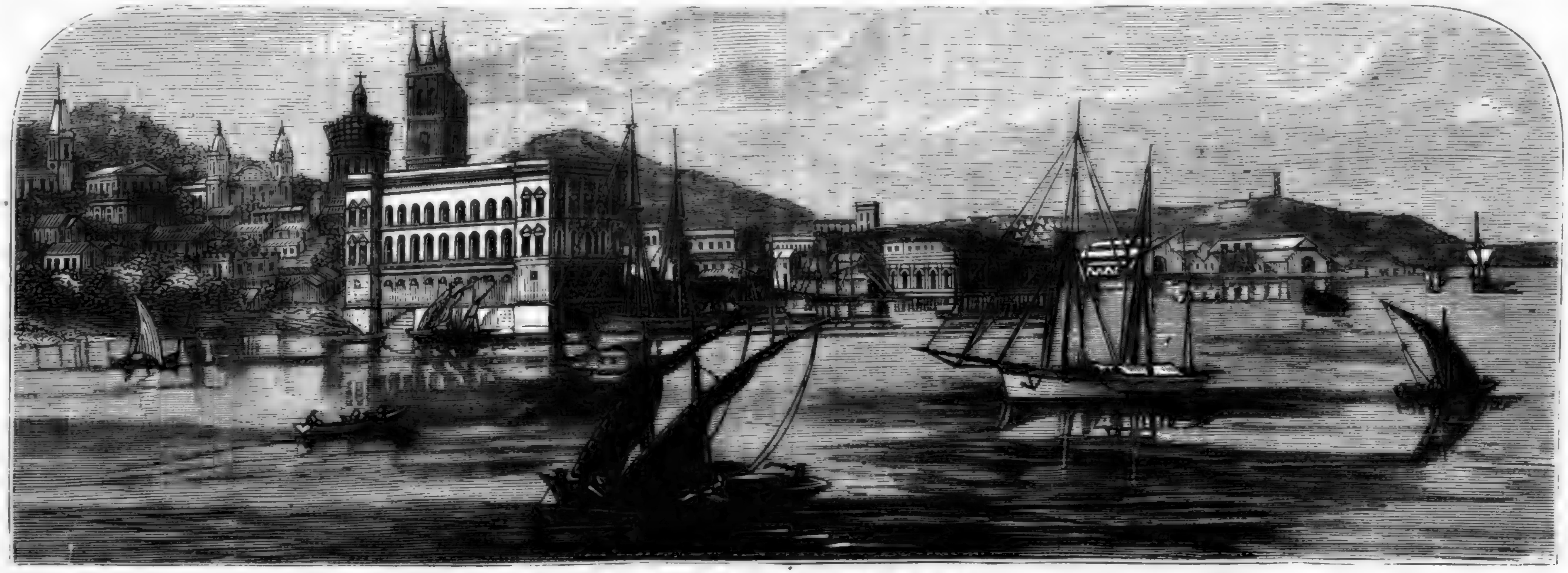
"He's gone to seek his wife and tell her he's not dead. She'd had her sorrow over mourning for him when he first got back, you see, so he never let her know. He'll be over there by to-morrow or next day, I expect."

Mrs. Brandleth rose, piteously clasping the sailor's hand.

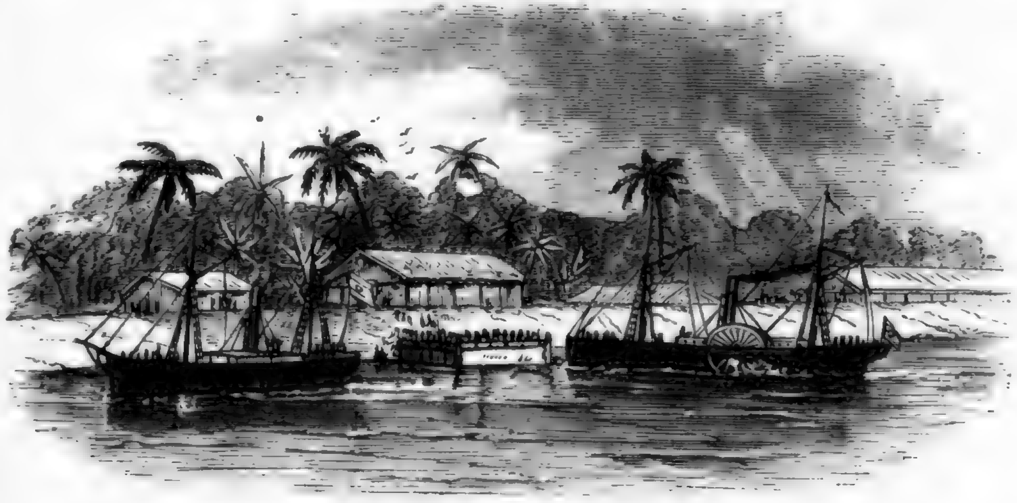
"Tell me his name," she said, feebly.

"Mr. Trevor, ma'am; he's a doctor——"

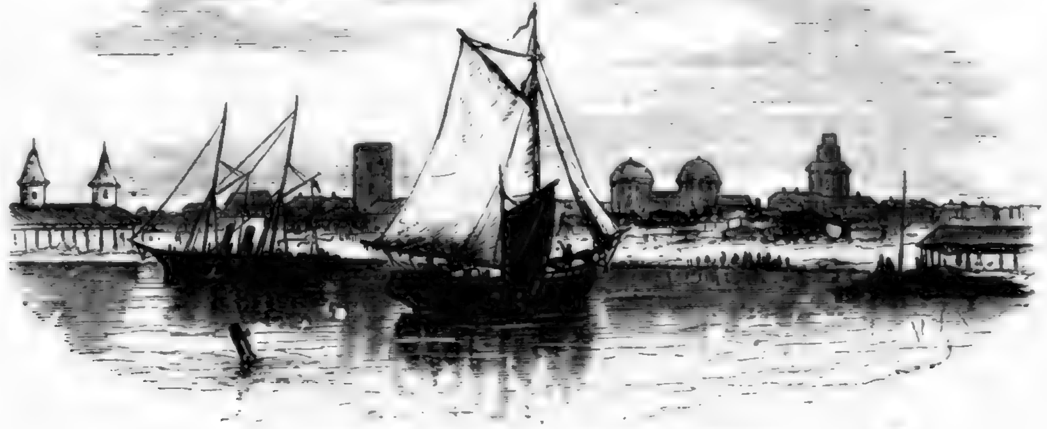
She heard no more, but sank fainting at May's feet.



ASUNCION, CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY.



PASO LAGUNA.



CORRIENTES, THE CITY OF THE SEVEN CURRENTS.

"I always felt that Alice laid his death at my door," she said, when she opened her eyes; "she'll forgive me now, and he will, too, for I've taken care of you both for him."

A telegram was sent off that afternoon to tell Hugh Trevor that he would find his wife and child where years before he had left them. And then they waited with an impatience and happiness that seemed almost too much to bear, till that happy day should come when the train, which years before had seemed to little Frank to come from some unknown world, should bring the lost one back again.

"If I had only known it all these years," Alice said. "It would have been better to have told me."

"It was my fault, dear," Mrs. Brandleth said. "He thought you would have refused my help, perhaps, if he lived, and he could not do much for you. Tom Hardy says he has been working all these years to endow you with his earnings at last." And thus the one unkind thought vanished.

"I think I will go and meet him," Alice had said at first, meaning to go to Southampton and bring him back to Drayton; but she gave up the idea long before she received the telegram from him to say he had reached England, for Mrs. Brandleth had broken down beneath the excitement and the long years of her busy life, and was ill and failing.

So when the day came at last, Alice left May—May who was almost a woman now—to take care of her grandmother, and went down through the Summer fields to the little station to meet her husband.

It was late when his train came in, almost evening time, and the sun was setting when the husband and wife went hand in hand toward the house where Mrs. Brandleth and May were awaiting them. Mrs. Brandleth was watching them from the window.

"The day is nearly done," she said, and a moment later she tottered forward to meet her son-in-law. "I am so thankful," she said, as she affectionately kissed his bronzed cheek.

She never saw the sun rise again; but she died knowing that when it looked next upon them she best loved, it would be to see that their only sorrow was that which her parting gave them.

AQUILEIA.

By Ella Wheeler.

"On the election of the Roman Emperor Maximus by the Senate, A.D. 238, a powerful array, headed by the Thracian giant Maximin, laid siege to Aquileia. Though poorly prepared for war, the constancy of the citizens rendered her impregnable. *The women of Aquileia cut off their hair* to make ropes for the military engines! The small body of troops was directed by Crispinus, a lieutenant of the Senate. Apollo was the deity supposed to protect them."—*Gibbon's Roman History.*

"The ropes, the ropes! Apollo, send us ropes!"
Crispinus cried, "or death attends our hopes!"
Then panic reigned, and many a mournful sound
Hurt the cleft air, for where could ropes be found?

Up rose a Roman mother; tall was she
As her own son, a youth of noble height;
A little child was clinging to her knee;
She loosed his twining arms, and put him down,
And her dark eyes flashed with a sudden light.

And like a queen she stood, her royal crown,
The rich, dark masses of her splendid hair,
Just flecked with spots of sunshine here and there;
Twined round her brow, 'twas like a coronet,
Where gems of gold lie bedded deep in jet.
She loosed the comb that held the shining strands,
And threaded out the meshes with her hands:
The purple mass fell to her garment's hem.
A queen new clothed, without her diadem,
She stood before her subjects.
"Now!" she cried,
"Give me thy sword, Julanius." And her son
Unsheathed the blade (that had not left his side
Save when it sought a foeman's blood to shed),
Awed by her regal bearing, and obeyed.

With the white beauty of her firm, fair hand,
She clasped the hilt. Then severed, one by one
Her gold-flecked, purple tresses. Strand on strand
Fell e'en as foes had fallen by that blade.
Robbed of its massive wealth of curl and coil,
Yet like some antique model rose her head
In all its classic beauty.
"See," she said,
And pointed to the shining mound of hair,
"Apollo makes swift answer to thy prayer,
Crispinus. Quick! now, soldiers, to your toil!"

Forth from a thousand throats, what seem'd one voice
Rose shrilly, filling all the air with cheer.
"Lo!" quoth the foe, "our enemies rejoice."

Well might the Thracian Giant quake with fear,
For, while skill'd hands caught up the gleaming threads
And bound them into cords, a hundred heads
Yielded their beauteous tresses to the sword,
And cast them down to swell the precious hoard.

Nor was their noble sacrifice in vain;
Another day beheld the giant slain.

THE COLONY'S GODDAUGHTER.

Chapter I.

A STATELY mansion of old stone, partly overgrown with ivy and creepers, stood in the midst of spacious grounds, laid out in the English style, and ornamented with the luxuriant shrubbery of Virginia. The place was within a mile of Williamsburg, the colonial capital of the Old Dominion, when the country yet owed allegiance to the monarch of Great Britain.

In different parts of the grounds the servants were passing to and fro, and a light open carriage was coming down the avenue. The sable driver wore a modest livery, as did the footman behind; and all who lifted their caps to salute the gentleman seated in the carriage knew him for the governor's family physician. When the lodge-keeper came to open the gates, he asked the doctor, respectfully, how he had found the lady, his mistress.

The doctor answered cheerfully—said his medical attendance was over, bowed, and drove on through the gates. His report gave joy to a group of listeners; and from their talk one might easily have gathered that a child had lately been born to the governor, and that both child and mother were doing well.

Lord Dunmore, the Colonial Governor, had no lack of heirs to the honors of his house. Four beautiful sons had his wife presented to him, who were living and in robust health. One sickly child had died shortly after he came to reside in America.

In the years that passed, his boys had grown beyond childhood, and the two elder were in one of the English universities; the younger at school. None of them had been brought to the colony.

After the lapse of years, another little one had come to bless the house of her noble parents—a delicate flower, most fair and sweet, promising to engross the largest share of affection.

Her father was thinking of her as he sat in his library, wainscoted with dark oak, and lined with massive volumes and rare old paintings, while the dusk was slowly gathering, and the smoldering logs in the large fireplace began to send a ruddy glow into the richly-furnished room.

The door was softly opened as the man-servant brought in the tall silver candlesticks, and lighted the wax candles in them. Then Lord Dunmore rose, closed the book over which he had been leaning, went into the hall, and up the broad staircase of polished oak, uncarpeted, and bright as a mirror.

Passing through two anterooms, he entered a chamber luxuriously appointed—the furniture of dark, carven oak; the carpet soft as velvet; the curtains of crimson damask, lined with white satin; the lofty bedstead curtained with drapery to match, but lighter; and a table, rich with marqueterie, covered with costly appliances of the toilet.

In an easy chair, supported by pillows of snowy linen, reclined Lady Dunmore, pale as a lily, but lovely in her pallor and delicacy. She looked up and smiled as her husband drew near.

Lord Dunmore was of ripe middle age; a handsome man, with heavy features, and a swarthy complexion, lighted by a pair of piercing dark eyes, under bushy black eyebrows. His hair was worn long, in the fashion of the period; his dress was scrupulously plain.

He took his wife's hand, and, bending over her, touched her brow with his lips. Then they conversed in low tones.

Presently the mother turned, and called, "Alice," and a young white woman, very English in aspect, came forward from the corner, where she had been shrouded by the drapery that served as a door to an adjoining room. She carried the infant in her arms.

There she lay, the small, pink wonder, her tiny head covered with a cap of costly lace, her snowy dress profusely decorated with the same—fair, innocent, unconscious; her blue eyes unclosed to the light, her little fist, like a rolled-up rose-leaf, vainly essaying to reach her mouth.

How like to the child of a peasant, this daughter of an ancient line? and how like an honest pair of the yeoman order, the parents who gazed so fondly on their treasure; touching her dimpled cheek and arms tenderly, and cooing at her in the approved style of fathers and mothers all over the world.

"We must have her christened," said the lady, when they had sufficiently praised the little creature. "I have chosen her name," she went on.

"Not yet. We must wait," said the father, significantly.

"Why wait? I am strong now. I would rather have it over. She shall have your mother's name, my lord."

"No—Adelaide——"

Even as he spoke there was a vigorous pull at the house-bell, which rang loudly in response, and, presently, the great door was opened and shut. Visitors had come.

The porter summoned the maid, who came noiselessly into Lady Dunmore's apartment, and announced the names of several gentlemen who waited in the library to see the governor.

He descended to the library. Four gentlemen came forward to meet him, and one of them, in a set speech, declared himself and his companions a delegation from the Assembly. Their errand was to announce the joint resolution concluded that day: that the Assembly entreated the governor's permission to claim his infant daughter as the goddaughter of the colony. They would give her the Colony's name—Virginia; they would provide for her a fortune suitable to the responsibility assumed in the name of the State and to her exalted rank. A resolution had been already passed appropriating a sum of money which should be allowed to accumulate during the girl's minority, and settle on her upon the girl's coming of age. By that time the fortune would amount to £100,000.

Lord Dunmore listened to the respectful address setting forth the wishes and sympathies of his people, as represented in their legislative Assembly. He promised to send an early answer to the kind and flattering proposition of that body. He tendered his own thanks and those of Lady Dunmore, who, he said, would be gratified by the expression of good feeling, unprecedented in any country or any age.

He then rang the bell and ordered refreshments set out in the dining-room, to which the delegation did full justice before they took their departure.

Then his lordship conveyed to Lady Dunmore the message of the Assembly, and there was no further talk of giving the babe his mother's name.

CHAPTER II.

It was an august scene—that solemn christening of the little maiden adopted by the colony. The old church was decorated with evergreens and flowers as for a bridal occasion. The chancel was brilliant with floral offerings, and in the centre of an arch of green appeared the crest and device of Lord Dunmore, mounted by the arms of Virginia, wrought on white satin in blue and gold.

The Assembly had adjourned in honor of the occasion, and the gentry of the country for many miles around were seen, with their legislators, among the crowded assemblage. The space around the church was filled with carriages of the gorgeous fashion of that day, attended by a throng of slaves dressed in liveries, and anxious to maintain the dignity of their masters by their own deportment.

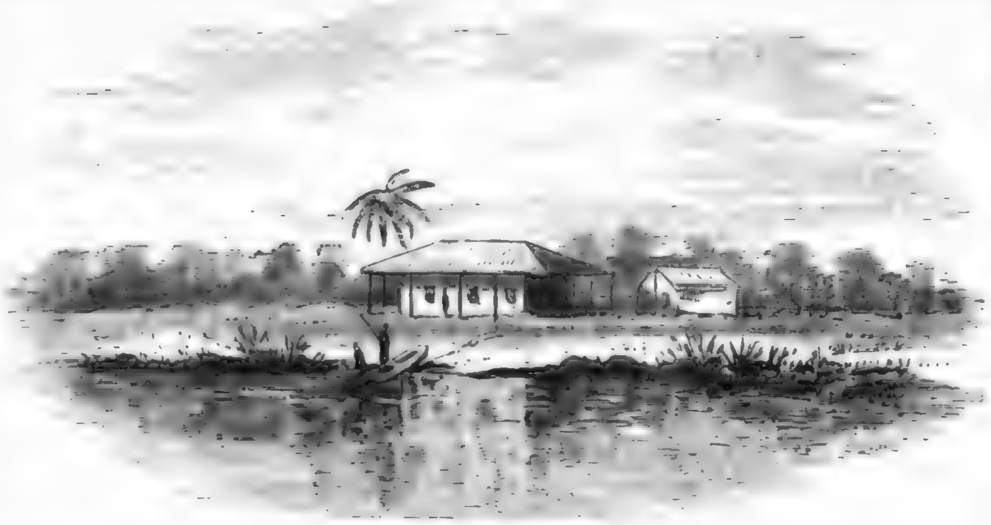
The procession that escorted the governor and his family was a splendid one, composed of the highest of the aristocracy of the land. The dress of the gentlemen of that time was such as to indicate their rank, and the materials were usually very costly. The grace and bravery of the old English cavaliers had not yet gone out of fashion, and the colonial subjects of King George cherished, with their allegiance, the picturesque features of court attire. The difference between the landed proprietors and the laboring class was very marked, and made prominent on every public occasion by dress and bearing.

A dense crowd surrounded the governor's carriage as it drew up in front of the church, but all stood back respectfully to leave a space clear up to the open doors of the sacred edifice. Lord Dunmore alighted, and assisted his lady from the carriage; then came the nurse holding the infant. There was a deep silence as they entered the church, followed by the highest officials of the State, elaborately attired.

All eyes were upon Lady Dunmore and her child. Her sweeping robe of dark velvet and lace mantle, clasped at the throat by a single ruby, with a simple coiffure, were plain but rich, and her dignity of mien impressed every beholder.

The family proceeded to the governor's pew, and took their seats quietly. When their followers had also taken their places, though the doors could not be closed by reason of the pressure of spectators who could not obtain admission, the swell of sacred music filled the church; and in a few moments the bishop and assistant clergyman stood before the altar, commencing the services.

XUM



GUARD HOUSE, OLIVA.

When the proper time came for the baptism of the child, and Lord Dunmore alone left the pew, his wife leaned forward, her hands clasped rigidly, her face pale with excitement, her large eyes fixed intently on the group in front of the altar, and the ivory font, with its delicate wreath of flowers. Two gentlemen of rank, deputed by the Assembly to represent the State, stood on either side of the governor, who received from the hands of the nurse the little girl about to be dedicated to the Lord under such strange auspices. Her mantle was of white satin, the border ornamented with a light wreath of green, wrought in silk. Her dress was white cambric, covered with delicate embroidery and trimmed with lace of the finest texture.

The child lay awake, calmly regarding her father, as if familiar with his features. But when he gave her into the charge of her sponsors, she uttered a feeble cry, as if protesting against the transfer; and some of the spectators noted the incident, remembering it in after years.

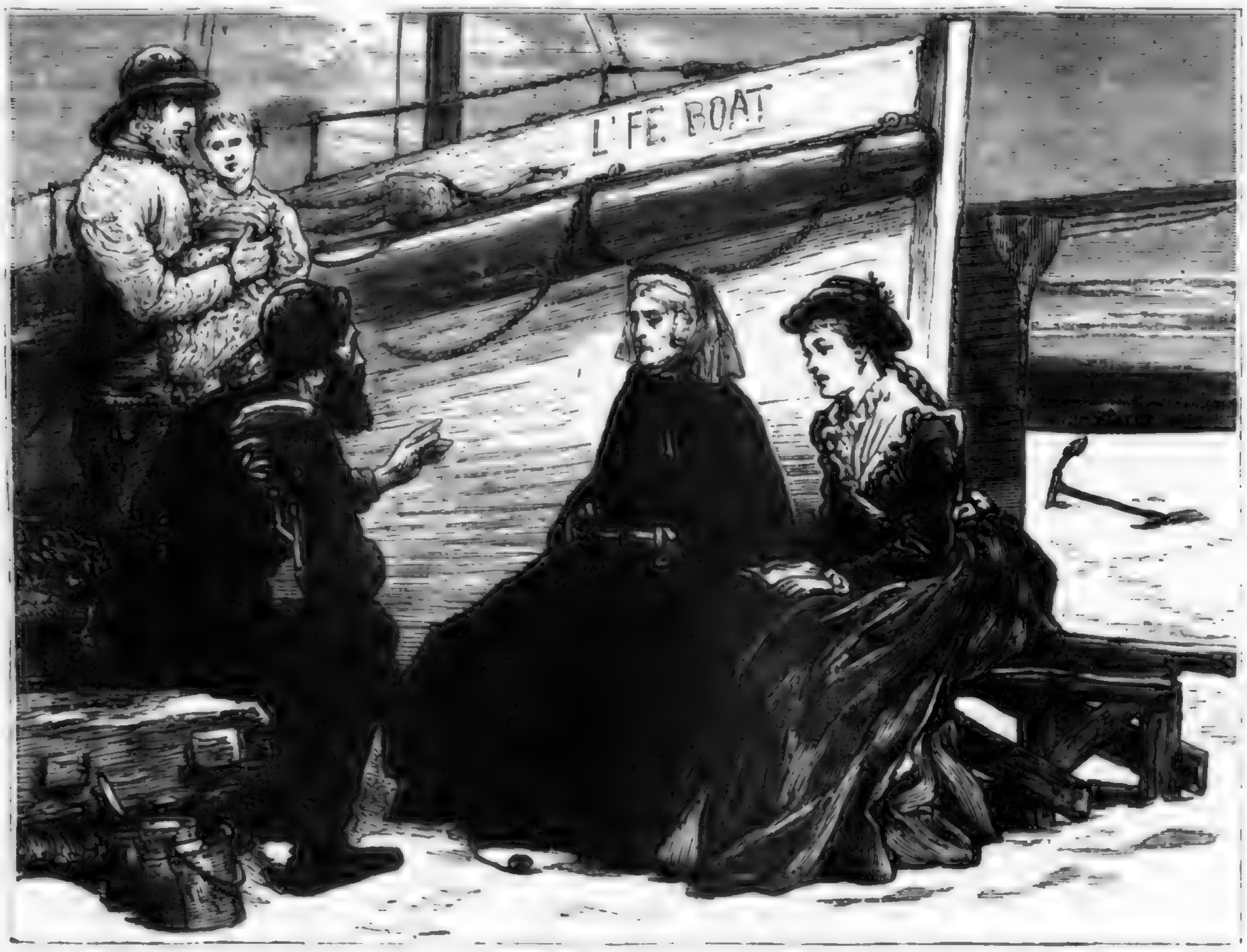
The governor stood back, while the sponsors advanced a few steps. The bishop came forward, offered the prayers, and administered the sacrament of baptism.

The low swell of the organ sounded as the august party returned to their places, and while, after the benediction, the congregation dispersed.

In the registry the name of the infant was inscribed—"Virginia Murray"—with those of her sponsors, representatives delegated from the Assembly.

Thus solemnly was the responsibility assumed, and the young girl formally made the goddaughter of an American colony.

There were feasting and revelry in the good old town of Williamsburg that evening, among all classes. The governor's mansion was lighted up, and a drawing-room held, which was graced by the fairest and noblest. Tradition does not mention the presence of the young military leader, Washington, nor hers who had been the peerless belle of the court circle. That illustrious couple were living on their plantation; but they would have been present had they been in Williamsburg, and there is no reason to doubt that they sympathized in the scene that had been enacted.

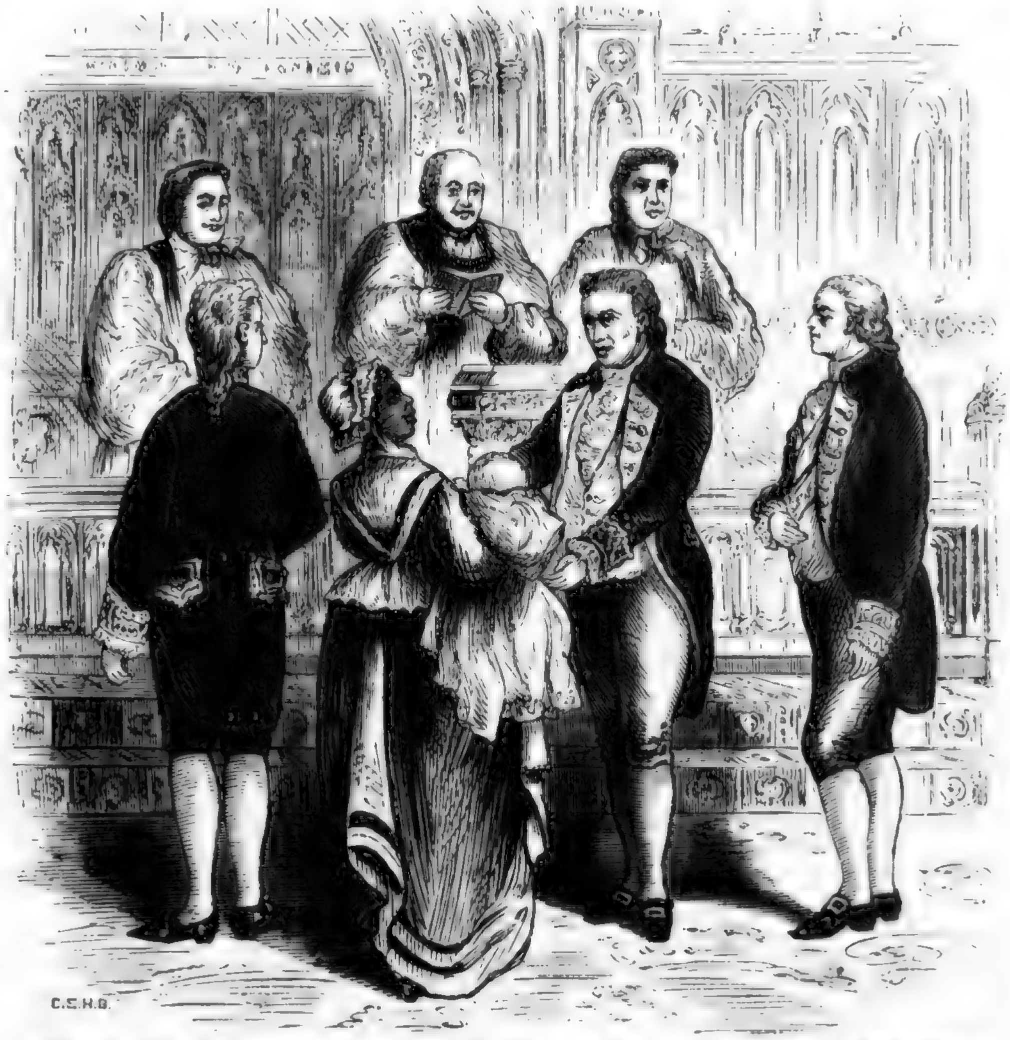


PROUD MRS. BRANDLETH.—"I OWE MY LIFE TO A LIFE-BOAT."—SEE PAGE 282.

CHAPTER III.

YEARS passed, and the monarch of Great Britain and his ministers, in their folly and blindness, were laboring hard to tear from its socket and cast away for ever the brightest jewel of the imperial crown—American colonial power. While their exactions and injustice, in the happy phrase of the day, "teased America into resistance," Lord Dunmore became extremely unpopular with the Virginians. His obstinate loyalty had no sympathy with the new ideas of independence that began to spread and bear fruit. He returned to England with his family, leaving few friends among those who had, in former days, been his intimates and supporters, and charged by the people with hostility to their interests, which he had been bound to consider and protect.

Then came the struggle, out of which emerged a new nation, ready to take a proud place among its peers, and strong in the promise of future greatness. Virginia was no longer a colony, but a State, venerated among her sisters, and linked with them in an equal bond. She had given the country its first President, and the third, the great Jefferson, hailed as the leader of the mighty Democracy which was to reign in the national councils under so many able successors.



THE COLONY'S GODDAUGHTER.—"TWO GENTLEMEN OF RANK, TO REPRESENT THE STATE, STOOD ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GOVERNOR, WHO RECEIVED FROM THE HANDS OF THE NURSE THE LITTLE GIRL."—SEE PAGE 286.

A sad domestic scene, meanwhile, was taking place in England. In his stately ancestral mansion, situated in one of the most beautiful districts of England, Lord Dunmore was dying. His wife had departed many years before, and his sons were married and living at a distance—two in London. Virginia had remained with him. She had preferred her father's society to the allurements of the gay world, and had looked coldly on all the suitors attracted by her rank, accomplishments and virtues. In "the fatal gift of beauty" she had but a moderate share, yet she was by no means plain in person. Of medium height, and slender, her every movement was grace; and her shapely arms and hands showed the purity of her aristocratic blood. Her eyes were of that soft blue poets like to dream of. Her complexion was fair and colorless, and her hair light brown, wavy and abundant.

She had been the intelligent companion of her father, and his faithful nurse through months of infirm health. The alarming symptoms of his malady had come on very suddenly, and there was no time to summon his four sons by messengers, dispatched in the utmost haste, before the sick man had lost the power of recognition.

Virginia refused to leave her father's chamber, except when, exhausted by watching, she retired to an adjoining room for a short and troubled sleep. She sat beside his bed, and gave him the medicines prescribed—alas! with no hope of his restoration.

Her brothers, who had arrived, one after another, that day, were seated in the library. Now and then one of them came up to look at his father, or to speak a few words to one of the physicians, or to urge his sister to go to her own room, or take refreshment. It was the waiting for the end, so mournful, so terrible, when the departing friend is already as one dead to the survivors, having passed beyond the reach of love to comfort or to soothe.

Lord Dunmore expired that night. His corpse lay in state while preparations for a magnificent funeral were going on. When the funeral was over, and the body consigned to the resting-place of his ancestors, there was a meeting of the family and relatives, with the solicitors and retainers, to hear—what surprised most of them—that no will had been found amongst the papers of the deceased.

The heir, of course, became master of the estates. The younger sons had their own incomes, derived from different sources. The sister—the youngest, the most helpless—was left totally unprovided for.

The fortune of Lord Dunmore had been small. He was poor, in fact, for a peer, and he had saved nothing for Virginia. She had no claim to anything in the house that had been her home for many years.

The same evening her eldest brother visited her in her chamber. He expatiated on the improvidence of their father, and the improbability that his brothers could spare anything from the wants of their large and increasing families. For himself, he said Virginia could have a home

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with his family, if she would accept it; or, he would settle on her sufficient for a moderate support till her marriage. More he could not do.

The poor girl thanked him, but coldly; for she knew he grudged the pitiful provision, which she accepted only because she could do nothing better.

For the present she remained in the home which had passed into the possession of others. But night after night, as the lonely and desolate girl sat by her window, gazing out upon the park and its lake, came visions to her fancy of the bright land that was her birthplace; of the warm-hearted people who had claimed her in her unconscious infancy—who had pledged themselves at the altar of God to maintain and take care of her; who had put aside what must now be a noble fortune for her.

Yes, she would leave her cold-hearted kindred. She would go to America—to her mother-land; she would claim what a generous people had given her; she would reign as a queen among them!

Encouraged by these remembrances, and thinking of what her father had often told her—that she would need no fortune from him, for hers was saved for her in America—she resolved to address the President of the United States. Perhaps she supposed that the pledge of the colony would be held sacred by the whole nation, and a feeling of pride swelled her heart as she thought of her own good fortune, recognized by the young Republic as its daughter!

Thus she penned the following letter:*

> "Sir: I am at a loss how to begin a letter in the which I am desirous of stating claims that may long have been forgotten, but which I think no time can really annihilate until fulfillment has followed the promise. I imagine that you must have heard that during my father's—the late Earl of Dunmore's—residence in America, I was born, and that the Assembly, then sitting at Williamsburg, requested I might be their goddaughter, and christened by the name of Virginia, which request being complied with, they proposed providing for me in a manner suitable to the honor they conferred upon me, and to the responsibility they had taken on themselves. I was accordingly christened as the goddaughter of that Assembly, and named after the State. Events have since occurred which, in some measure, may have altered the intentions thus expressed in my favor. These were (so I have understood), that a sum of money should be settled upon me, which, by accumulating during my minority, would make up the sum of £100,000 when I became of age. It is true, many changes may have taken place in America, but *that fact* still remains the same. I am still the goddaughter of the Virginians. By being that, may I not flatter myself I have some claims upon their benevolence, if not upon their justice? May I not ask the gentlemen of that State, especially you, sir, their Governor, to fulfill in such respects the engagements entered into by their predecessors? Your fathers promised me that I should become their charge. I am totally unprovided for. My father died without making a will. My brothers are married, having families of their own, and not being bound to do anything for me, they regard with indifference my unprotected and neglected situation. Perhaps I ought not to mention this circumstance as a proper inducement for you to act upon; nor would I, were it not my excuse for wishing to remind you of the claims I now advance. I hope you will feel my right to your favor of protection to be founded on the promises made by your own fathers, and in the situation in which I stand with regard to the State of Virginia.
>
> "You will ask, sir, why my appeal to your generosity and justice has been so tardy?
>
> "While my father lived, I lived under his protection and guidance He had incurred the displeasure of the Virginians, and he feared an application for me *then*, would have seemed like one from him. . . . At his death I became a free agent. I had taken no part which could displease my godfathers. and myself remained what the Assembly had made me—their goddaughter—consequently their charge.
>
> "I wish particularly to enforce my dependence on your bounty, for I feel hopes revive which owe their birth to your honor and generosity, and to that of the State whose representative I now address. Now that my father is no more, I am certain that they and you will remember what merited your esteem in his character and conduct, and forget that which estranged your hearts from so honorable a man. But should you not, you are too just to visit what you may deem the sins of the father upon his luckless daughter.
>
> "I am, sir, your obedient, etc.,
>
> "Virginia Murray.
>
> "Trafalgar Place, opposite Cumberland Gate, Oxford Road, London."

This touching letter was sent by Jefferson to Mr. James Monroe, then Governor of Virginia. It is not known whether he ever brought it to the notice of the State Legislature. If he did, no action resulted. They did not offer to redeem the pledges given by the colony.

No one knew what became of the money appropriated to dower the girl so solemnly adopted. It is certain, however, that she never received any of it. Her gentle appeal was disregarded.

Some one, anxious in family traditions, who would take the trouble to inquire into those of Lord Dunmore, may ascertain what became of Virginia Murray. We know not. We can only conjecture the heart-sickness of hope deferred suffered by her, before she became convinced that the State of Virginia would not listen to her orphaned cry for succor and maternal sympathy. She, at least, must have had little faith in the memories or promises of popular assemblies.

THE ANT-LION (MYRMELEON FORMICARIUS), AND ITS PITFALL.

An insect, rather beautiful in form and color, when in its perfect shape, affords, in its larva condition, a curious study. This larva would seem destined to a wretched existence. It is clumsy, swollen, triangular in shape, with an immense belly and insignificant legs. It cannot run, and can scarcely creep; its usual course is a backing out. Yet nature has given it a cunning and skill that make it a very lion to ants. It makes a conical hole in loose sand, and, at the bottom, half buried in the sand, awaits its prey. If an unfortunate insect, spider or ant, walk on the edge of this hole, the sand gives way, and it is carried within reach of the terrible mandibles of the ant-lion, which are keen and sharp, and, at the same time, hollow, enabling it to suck out the substance of its victim, after which it casts the shell out of its hole.

The hole itself is made by this same jerking operation. It selects a proper soil, and begins by half burying its body, then jerking the sand over its head, and thus proceeds spirally till its work is done.

Previous to assuming the pupa state, the larva forms a globular cocoon of fine sand, glued with silken threads spun from its body. The pupa is small and inactive, but, in due time, gnaws its way out, and expands into the insect.

Our illustrations show, 1, a larva magnified; 2, making its pitfall; 3, lying in wait; 4, about to form a cocoon; 5, the perfect insect.

Death of Caricaturists.—The great caricaturists of the latter days of the Georges all came to gloomy ends. They, who knew so well how to make all the rest of the world laugh, were themselves the victims of distress and trouble. Rowlandson died in poverty, Hogarth of a broken heart, caused by attacks upon him by Wilkes and Churchill, and Gilray, the most genial of humorists, committed suicide in a fit of melancholy.

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* This MS. letter is in the possession of the grandson and literary executor of President Monroe.

THE CHANCE SHOT; OR, A NIGHT-FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

THE wind swept tempestuously, with teeth of frost biting into the very marrow, from the northern summits of the Sierra Nevada—from the glistening peaks of Shasta, over the unsheltered plain. Below us, far away, could be seen the sheen of the stars and that of the crescent moon playing and dancing upon its ruffled surface—the spreading waters of the Sacramento. Westward were the bare, sombre tops of the Contra Costa range, that looked not, in the uncertain light, unlike lofty pyramids of brown stone. To the eastward, the solemn hills in whose mighty bosoms were laid away, in that unnumbered age of nature, the golden stores which the need and the greed of the Nineteenth Century were with pick and spade dragging to the light.

In the day, when the sun poured down his fervent rays, the scenery was not attractive. It was rugged, wild, and the near hills, into which had been furrowed by hundreds of storms deep channels, were precipitous. And, when the spirit of darkness threw her sombre mantle over the plain and the uncouthly-cut mountains, one longed for a nearer abiding-place to his more civilized fellow.

And yet, even in this weird place—where the storm raged wildly, the soughing wind driving past you, and then, as it was drawn into the deep gulches that indented the mountain's side, whistling loudly and shrilly, as if it were exulting in its untried power—there were strange attractions for the eyes and ears of him who was accustomed to the uncertain life of the plain and the hill. In the near distance—in the midst of which a fire was crackling and blazing; the flames, however, leaping fitfully upward, or spreading out fan-like upon the ground as the gale permitted—was an Indian village.

At this fire could be heard at times from dusky and stalwart figures—a strange sound in an Indian encampment—loud peals of laughter, such as one might hear in a white settlement, but not so deep-toned. And this was not all. Upon the ridge—a bluff verging closely in places upon the rock-encumbered stream—near a stunted oak, that had vainly sent its roots for soil and moisture down the declivitous side, was a group of savages. In their midst a chief—you could tell that by the bearing of the man—tied to a stake with raw antelope thongs, and whom these were scourging, and into whose body at times they would thrust lighted splinters.

When, as sometimes happened, the victim gave out a groan—for even the Indian feels pain—the shrieks of the laughers would break out with redoubled vigor. There were times when another voice would be heard, and when it came very near, the men on the cliff and in the village would suddenly cease their cries; for they dreaded the grizzly bear much more than they did any other wild creature of the hills, or even man himself armed with the deadly weapon of the paleface.

"A fearful night indeed, Captain Bragg," whispered a boyish-looking person, as, wrapped in a large cloak, and seated on a small but shapely pony, he or she turned toward the gray-bearded, iron-built man, who stood by the animal, holding his rifle near the hammer under the tail of his hunting-shirt—"a fearful, terrible night! Dear me! will we ever get back to civilization again?"

"I hope so," returned the old man, looking quietly up to the speaker. "For me, this storm isn't much. I'm used to all sorts o' weathers; and I know, were the rain to come down in torrents to-day, the sun'll shine with a blessin' on the fair, beautiful earth to-morrow!"

"Those dreadful groans, those deep roars of the wild beasts, and the laughter that comes from yonder—what do they mean?" the boyish-looking personage asked.

"Simply——" answered the hunter. "But here is a nice shelter under this rock for us all, that is, if rains do not set in in the hills, and the waters do not come tumbling down the ravine, an' wash us all out ag'in—simply, as I was about to say, in reply to your questions, on the bluff there, they're torturin' a Trinity Indian, because he stole one o' the Klamath squaws an' insisted on her doin' his cookin' for him; an' them at the fire, they're laughin' because he groans when they put lighted sticks into his hide, and—hark!"

The speaker stepped from the shelter of the rock, and, advancing to the mouth of the gulch, put a hand to his left ear—he need not have done that, any one who had seen the movement would have said—and, bending forward, listened patiently to the roaring—which drowned the voice of the storm—of the grizzlies.

"There be more'n one up there," muttered the man, as he stood erect—"there's a colony o' them; an' if they notion to come down here—an' I should be surprised if they didn't, the wind rages so—we'll have our hands full. That boy or woman—I suspicion the latter—will give us trouble. There's no real grit in a squaw, whether white or yaller; for onct they get caught, they lose all presence of mind, an' there's trouble right away."

As he spoke, the persons he had placed within the shelter of the rock suddenly stepped out into the face of the driving gale, and one of them said, in a deep voice:

"Bragg, we cannot stand this much longer. We're human, and it is equal torture to us to be compelled to remain here and see, and make no effort for the rescue of a fellow-creature, who is being slowly whipped and burned to death, simply, as you say, because he stole a woman, whom I presume he loves."

"You are right, Henry," said the soft voice of the person seated on the pony, but the tones were low. "Put an end to the horror."

"Major," said the latter, looking cautiously toward the village, "there are at least a hundred warriors, every one on 'em capable o' sendin' a arrer as straight to its mark as you or I a bullet from a gun. Now, to fight 'em, an' drive 'em from the torturin' o' the Trinity Injin, who, I kind o' suspect, is used to bein' tortured, as they used ter say eels were, when I was a boy, an' rather likes it—we're just four, an' one on us I more'n suspicion's a woman."

"Well, Bragg, putting her out of the count, I believe we're good for even a hundred redskins. I have been on the plains on the easterly side of the Rockies, and have had my share of Indian fighting. Now, I dare say, there's not a rifle in all that crowd."

"There would be," returned the old hunter, grimly; "not only a rifle or two, but some scalps, if those redskin fellows at the fire should smell our presence."

"They must stop torturing that poor devil of a redskin," said the person addressed as major. "I can't stand it! What say you, George?" And he turned, as he asked the question, to a tall and sparely-built man, evidently as resolute as a lion, and lithe as a grayhound.

The person addressed looked quietly up, and answered, in an indirect way:

"Well, Major Roberts, all I've got to say in answer is, that if it weren't for this confounded tempest—I hope it won't rain before morning, for I've got my best clothes on—I'd just like to see how near I could send a bullet to that tree standing on the bluff there. It isn't a rifle-shot from here, but the wind would twist the ball every way before it had got half the distance. Let's see !"

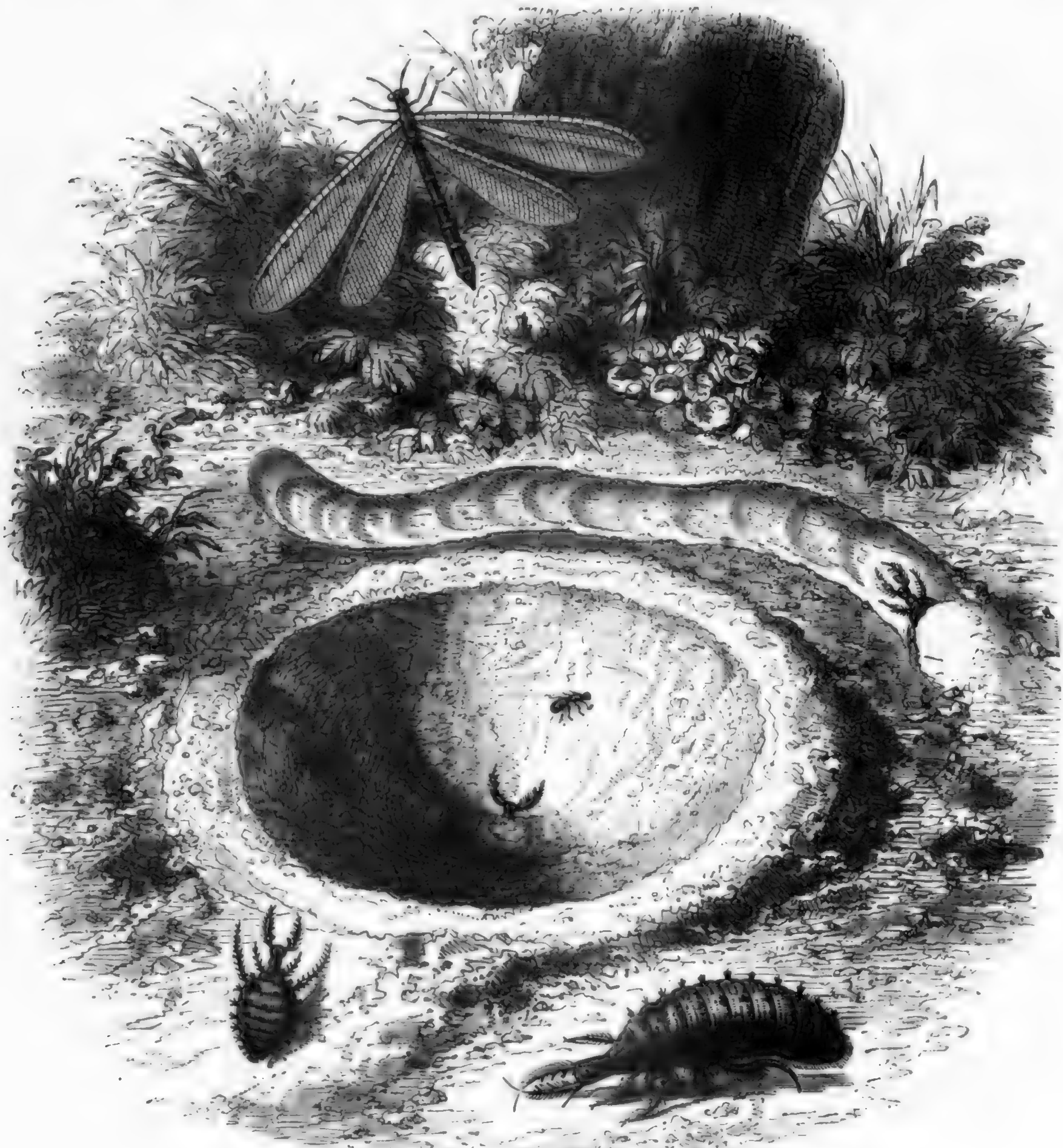
And suddenly raising his gun to his shoulder, he would have made a savage, who was particularly prominent as a torturer, his target, but for a quick cry of the hunter, which preceded but by a single pulsation, the terrific roars of two or more grizzlies, which could not now be a hundred paces away, between the wind-bound party and the village.

The savages at the fire, and they who were on the bluff, heard the thunder-roars, and, while the former started to their feet, the latter, in their terror forgetting their victim, ran hastily down a narrow path, difficult of ascent or descent, plunged madly into the boiling waters of the stone-choked creek, and, with cries of terror, rushed for protection to their fellows in the rude encampment.

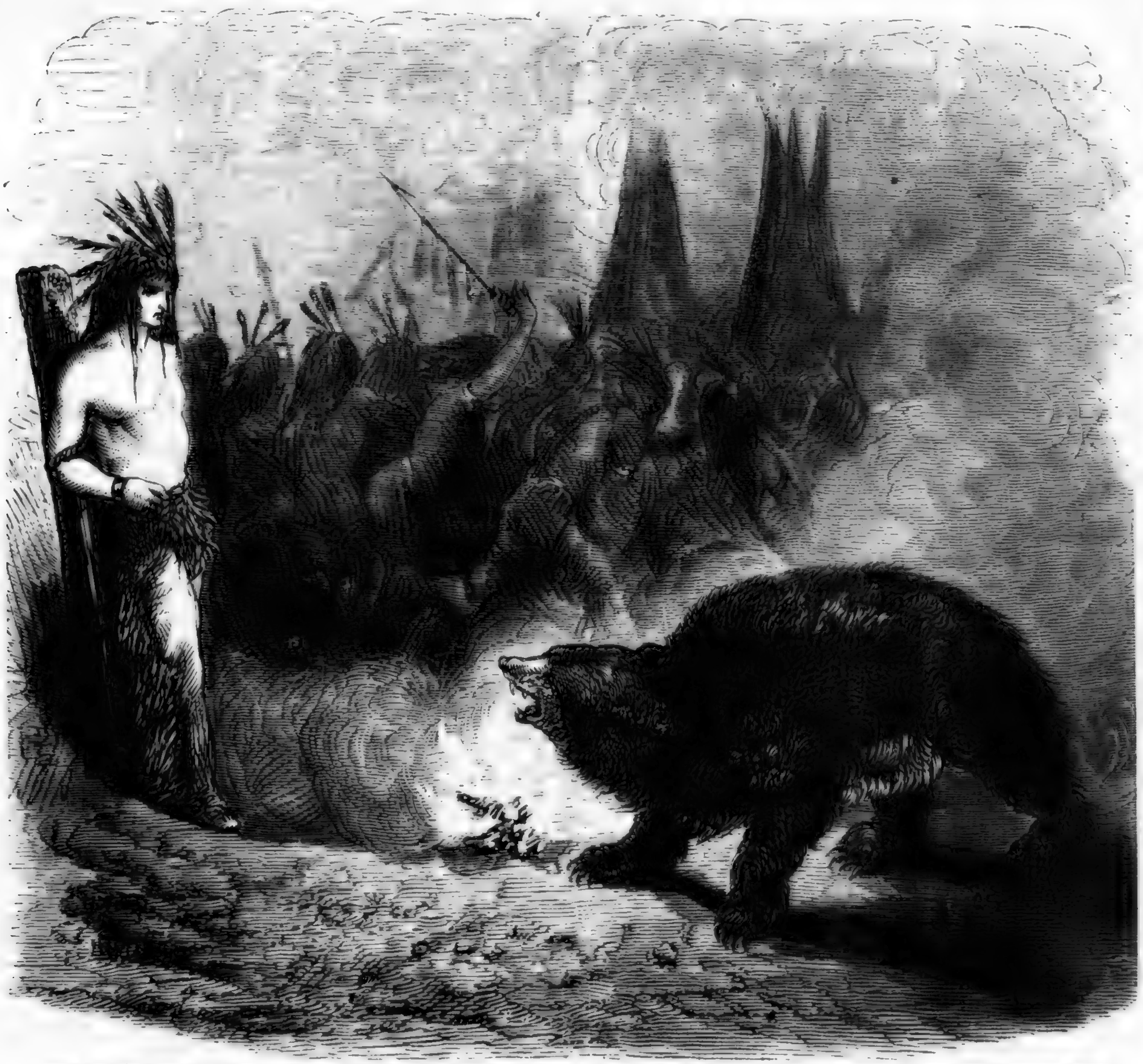
"Now, Major," cried the old trapper, forgetting his caution—"now is our chance! Them grizzlies air goin' straight to the bluff, an' if they don't make mince-meat outen the Injin, it won't be thar fault. The critter's tied to the stake now, an' all the bar'll hev to do'll be to go up to him, smell, hug an' eat him. It's cur'ous, major, how fond o' Injin grizzly be. But that's neither here nor thar, now. Hist! I hear thar tramp over the dry twigs, as the wind's blown down, when it lulls. They're monsters, I'll bet !"

And as he spoke, he threw himself prone on the ground, his right ear pressed upon it.

"Mary," said the major, in a whisper, as he leaned against the side of the animal, which had worked itself well to the lee-side of the rock, so as to shield its body as much as possible from the cold currents that intermittently whistled past it and up the gulch—"Mary, I can't stand this much longer. To see a fellow-mortal scourged, and pierced, and burnt, as yonder poor devil has been, even if a savage, is intolerable; and if there were a thousand



THE ANT LION (MYRMELEON FORMICARIUS) AND ITS PITFALL.—SEE PAGE 290.



THE CHANCE SHOT.—"THE LARGE BEAR ON THE BLUFF GAVE OUT A QUICK, ANGRY GROWL, AND STAGGERED. INSTANTLY THERE WERE THE WILDEST SCENES OF EXCITEMENT WITHIN THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE."—SEE PAGE 291.

Indians, instead of a hundred, in yonder miserable collection of lodges, I would make the effort to rescue him. George, there, I see, is impatient to fire into their midst."

"My brother is right, major," said the woman attired in the garments of the boy, softly, yet firmly. "Give me the opportunity, major, and I'll second him. I'm cold here, and I shiver; but not with fear."

"I know you are brave and noble, Mary," whispered the man, in low, searching tones—"noble, and worthy of other love besides that of a brother. Oh, Mary——"

"Thar! thar!" cried the hunter, in a quick voice. "Thar are three bars, and all o' 'em grizzlies! They're on the bluff, an' they'll soon be a-dinin' off that poor Injin. Well, he'll be outen his misery."

"Here goes for the foremost of them," muttered George. "He is just on the edge of the cliff, and in the full light of the fire. I suppose there will be the old scratch to pay over there among the redskins, when they hear the report of my gun—that is, if the wind will let them. That fellow at the stake looks from here as if he were really brave—he's quite indifferent."

As he closed the sentence, the rifle was swung quickly to the right shoulder, and instantly fired. The large bear on the bluff—a perfect monster he seemed, doubtless greatly magnified by the reflected light of the fire—gave out a quick, angry growl, and staggered for a moment, as if struggling to keep on its broad feet, and then tumbled over the precipice to the creek.

At the moment the rifle was fired, the wind suddenly—as it sometimes will, in a storm—lulled, and the report was distinctly heard in the Indian encampment. Instantly there were the wildest scenes of excitement within the light of the fire. A hundred warriors were observed rapidly hastening toward the largest of the cave-shaped lodges; and, what had not been noticed before by the travelers, was the presence in it of many women and children. The bolder of the men hastened to the creek, and there finding, as they could not fail to do, the dead animal, they examined it quickly and discovered, just behind the left fore-shoulder, a large spot of blood, and near it a small hole. The cause of the bear's death was thus ascertained, and they at once returned to report to their chief.

The investigation certainly did not occupy a minute; and they had but just opened their mouths to speak, when a second report was heard, and a second bear checked in his march on the bound prisoner.

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"We're in for it now," growled the trapper. "A hundred or so to three on us, an' a boy or a woman, ain't much, is't? I guess not. But how'll we get rid o' that animal? He's a yearlin' cub, I reckon, an' even with a year-old bar it ain't pleasant to be fighting in a wind-storm. I must measure that brute."

It was the hunter's turn to lighten his rifle. But, instead of doing as the brother of the woman in disguise and Major Roberts had done, he stole away from the rock, and then pushed up the hill in the deep shadows to the higher plateau, where, within one hundred feet of the tortured man, was the body of the creature that by the second shot had been laid low.

"These people don't know what trouble they've brought on themselves," growled the hunter, as he moved cautiously, and without being observed by the excited redskins in the village beyond, toward the trees. "Here I'm on an errand o' mercy, to relieve a varmint that'd take pleasure in removing my scalp if he had the opportunity—an' all to please a youngster, boy or gal—blamed if I know which—what don't know the vally o' life!"

While yet grumbling, the old man reached the stake, and, whipping out his hunting-knife, quickly sundered the thongs that held securely the limbs of the prisoner.

"Thar!" said the trapper, again falling back into the shadow, unobserved by those around the bonfire, but fully and anxiously watched by the little group standing within the shelter of the rock near the mouth of the gulch. "It's for you to skedaddle now. Show your heels, old boy; and if you get safe back over these cursed ribs o' hills to the Trinity River, please inform old Cochrane, o' the tradin'-post at the forts, that it was Capin Bragg what saved you from total annihilation."

To the surprise of his rescuer, and those who had observed the hunter in his daring effort, the prisoner did not immediately avail himself of his unlooked-for liberty. Most persons not acquainted with the subtlety—and who has ever measured it thoroughly?—of the Indian mind, would have, on the instant, and particularly with so fair a start in their favor, darted with a yell up the barren hills, nor stopped to draw breath until safety was assured. Even the cub bear, which came upon the arena—old enough, however, to struggle with a strong man—in search of its parents, did not appear to affect the released.

"Is the fellow dead or asleep, or is he so weak that he cannot move?" demanded the lion-like George, whose tawny beard and mustache, many inches long, swept by the wind across his breast, and then over his shoulders, as he stood against the face of the granite.

"Perhaps, George," said the woman, as she leaned over, still, however, seated on her steed, "the trapper has not wholly released him. And see! look at those people in the village. I fear danger, brother. Pray let us hasten from here."

"That is not possible, Mary," was the reply. "Unless this biting wind from the frozen snow-tops goes down, or a warm breeze comes up the valley to modify it, we had better, for safety's sake, remain where we are. As for these redskins, I do not fear them—that is, as long as I have a compliment in the form of a bullet to send them."

"Shall I take a shot at the cub?" demanded the major, lifting his gun to his shoulder. "The old man is safe now, and it may awaken the Indian at the stake."

Another report rang out upon the soughing wind; but this time, while it evidently added to the intense excitement of those in the encampment, whose proximity to them Captain Bragg was correct in considering dangerous, the bullet was not wholly true to its mark. The ball, instead of entering the body in the region of the heart, where the major had aimed it, struck the creature in the nose, cutting it severely, and so blinding and annoying it that it pushed headlong down the bluff, thence it struck for and crossed the noisy, rock-bound stream. A moment later it rushed, in its pain and anger, into the midst of the savages, and seizing one of them, endeavored to hug him to death.

While the Indians, now wholly forgetting their prisoner, were engaged in a united effort, with bow and arrow, and burning brands, to drive away, and, if possible, kill the young bear, the stake on the bluff was deserted; but no one, not even the clear-eyed trapper, saw the unleashed Indian leave it. The chief had simply sunk by degrees to the ground by its side, and then, serpent-like, had crawled away. When he had reached the western side of the plateau, he moved quickly to where the group of whites were standing, and, to the surprise of even Captain Bragg, said:

"Thanks! By George, I've had a hard pull on it. Didn't you know me, old man? Them pesky Injins came near finishin' me, and all because I went in among 'em to-day, and told 'em I'd like to swap off a few odd notions for a woman of theirs to come up in the hills and keep house for me!"

Captain Bragg, who had been utterly confounded at this address, suddenly burst into a low, crackling laugh, and said:

"Now I know you, McKinstry! Why, how did ye go to dress up in that style for? You look all over like an Injin, an' I thought sure you was one o' the Trinity redskins what had been stealin' Klamath women, an' that they were a-roastin' you for the sake o' warnin' others off o' their premises."

"I dressed Injin to deceive 'em, cap'in. You see, I'm as near like one, in face, an' build, an' har, as one can be; an' as my business lies where they live, I've got to play possum with them sometimes. I say, you spoiled the vally o' the second bar, whichever er yer shot him. He warn't hit in the right place, and so his skin is spoiled. As for the first one, that was a mighty pretty shot, but it's a goner. It got torn on the rocks in the creek. My, how those devils over there pinched an' tore an' singed my hide! I played Injin pretty good; but that was because I seed you a-comin' in the midst of it to whar you now are, an' I did expect you to help me, right off."

"But, sir," said the disguised woman, "when you were released, why did you not come to us?"

"I knew a trick worth two o' that," said the rescued man, looking dubiously in the face of the questioner. He had never before heard a boy speak in so rich and womanly a voice. "Ye see, I was a-lookin' round for what, to me, is next to life itself—my weepon! Blast their picters! they had not forgotten to take with them my gun an' traps, my powder an' lead an' whisky-flask! They're welcome to the liquor; but it's dangerous for 'em to have that gun o' mine, for there's some among 'em know exactly all about it. I guess they have an idea where those shots came from; an' see, they've found out that I've traveled!"

At this moment, from some concealed place, a shot was fired in the direction in which the white party were, and, strange to relate, the disguised woman, with a quick, sharp cry of pain, fell from her horse.

"Mary, my darling!" exclaimed the major, in his excitement forgetting the presence of the trappers and the brother, raising the fallen woman in his arms—"my darling! My God! does this mean death?"

"My sister!" and the lion-featured man threw himself by the side of the stricken woman. "Great heavens! is she dead? Give her to me!" And the speaker took the girl in his own enfolding arms, and passionately kissed the pale lips and the closed eyes. "Oh, Mary, my sister! speak to me—speak to me, my beloved! Is she dead? My God, dead! Why—but now—— It—it is terrible!"

Kneeling on the hard ground, he opened the cloak in which she had wrapped herself, and from her side he felt a small current of blood flow over his hand. With a great sob, he placed the body on the ground, and turning to the major and clasping his hands, said:

"You loved my sister—my poor Mary?"

"With all my heart and soul, George!" he answered. "Yes, with my life!"

"It is a horrible dream, this!" murmured the stricken brother. "Let me awake! Get me from this fearful nightmare! My soul is thirsting for vengeance!"

His rifle, already loaded, was mechanically raised to his shoulder, and, before any one could interfere, he had sent a bullet on its deadly errand.

Ere the report had died away, a stalwart warrior, standing in the midst of a group, was seen to stagger and fall. This was immediately followed by demoniac yells, and soon, in all its terrible fervor, was heard the war-cry of the savages.

"Here, this way!" cried McKinstry, now looking quickly around him. "There's goin' to be desperate work. Ye have three guns to one. I hope you have plenty of ammunition. I know this country right well. There's not a foot of it but what I've been over. Now, follow me for a few steps;" and stooping and taking up the body of the young woman, he carried it tenderly a few rods down the valley, where, at the foot of a hill, he found a deep recess, sufficiently large to enable the small party to move in without hindrance. In front of this recess was a natural barricade of stones, while beyond it, keeping in full view the village and its fire, there were no obstructions.

"Here," resumed the hunter, in his strange garb, "we can stand a siege, an' if we are hot pressed, we can get, by another path I know, away into the gulches beyond. Take courage. Don't be afraid. And as for this person—the young lady—I thought 'twas a boy when I first spoke to her—she's just wounded. Let her rest. I felt her heart, and it beats reg'lar. She's fainted now; but that's the best thing that could have happened to her. When this scrimmage is over, you'll have time enough to take care of her. Now," he added, drawing a long breath, "I'm goin' for my weepon, an' I'm bound to have it;" and the disguised trapper retired hastily from the place to which he had brought the travelers.

"This is dreadful, George," said the major, to the brother of the woman he loved. "But"—as he stooped, and listened to the short and not irregular breathings of the senseless woman—"thank God, she is not dead. Perhaps, as that man just now said, it is as well to make no present effort to restore her."

"I will take a life," replied the tawny-bearded brother, "for every drop of blood she has lost. I have sworn it, and——'

"By the Lord, they are comin'!" here interrupted the old trapper and guide. "Hark! here's work for us!"

A yell, prolonged and devilish, filled the valley. The whites were attracted to the barricade, and from between its open spaces—concealed themselves—they could distinctly observe a large and turbulent crowd moving toward them.

"I wish that woman, or boy-girl, or whatever she is," muttered the old man, as he looked back into the darkness of the recess, "were away from here altogether. Poor critter! if these devils should finish us, what'd become of her? But," he added, addressing his companions in a louder key, "it's for us to keep these redskins back. A shot at a time—one, two, three! I'll be number three; major, you take number one; and your friend, Mr. Hammond, two. While two and three are a-firin', one can be loadin', and so on. Now then, major, fire, to keep the thieves back; for, if they get too near us, there'll be no savin' o' us. That wild chap, McKinstry, has gone after his gun, an' I'll reckon he'll leave 'em his scalp. He don't know how to keep outen their clutches. Fire, and knock over a redskin."

The major took deliberate aim, and a moment later a warrior bit the dust.

"Number two, now!" cried the trapper, in a low but concentrated voice. "And you, sir," he added, turning to the major, "load. Never mind the girl just now, if you'd save her life and your own."

The lion-featured George raised his weapon; a smile of fierce satisfaction swept over his face and filled his eyes as, in quick answer to his leaden message, the soul of a redskin was dispatched to the spirit-world.

"It is my turn now," and Captain Bragg laid his gun on a ledge, that he might take the more deliberate aim.

These men felt that they had no powder to waste, or lead to throw away. His shot brought down a leader, and checked the progress of the savages. The fire was too regular and too certain to please them. They had not taken this resolution, however, before a fourth one of their number lay motionless on the earth.—Then, as they hurried back from whence they came, they were met with a rifle-shot near their own village. Were they surrounded?

McKinstry, at the close of a struggle with a warrior even more powerful than himself, and over whom he gained life and victory by accidentally driving the hunting-knife he had borrowed from Captain Bragg—the only weapon he had wherewith to attack or defend himself—through an eye, deep into his brain. He had slunk in, unnoticed by the excited Indians, and thus, seizing his opportunity, had succeeded in again getting into his possession his unfailing rifle. So rejoiced was he at his success, that he impulsively pointed it at the savages, and one of them leaped high in the air as the bullet struck him. A moment later, the hunter whizzed the scalp-lock from his crown, as he had from the warrior who had his gun.

McKinstry succeeded in crossing the creek, and was up the bluff before his presence was discovered; but he refused to seek safety in flight until he had fired the encampment.

The Indians, believing themselves in danger, ran from the valley and the village—warriors, chiefs, hunters, women, and children—in the direst disorder. It was many days before they could persuade themselves they were far away from the reach of the death-dealing rifle.

When, early on the following morning, it was ascertained that the Indians had retired over the Coast Range of hills, thus leaving the path open northward for the small cavalcade, it resumed its journey to the Willamette, where, a few months later, Mary Hammond, now fully restored to health, her gunshot wound having been neither deep nor dangerous, changed her name, with the full consent of her tawny-whiskered brother, to that of Roberts.

Perhaps, but for the chance shot of the Klamath savage, those two would never have known how deeply they loved each other.

THE PERSIMMON.

The persimmon, or date-plum, as it is also called, is a native of the United States. It belongs to the ebony family, of which there are over one hundred species. Only about a dozen, however, are found on this continent; the rest being natives of Asia, Mauritius and Africa. The tropics seem to be their favorite climate, as there are upward

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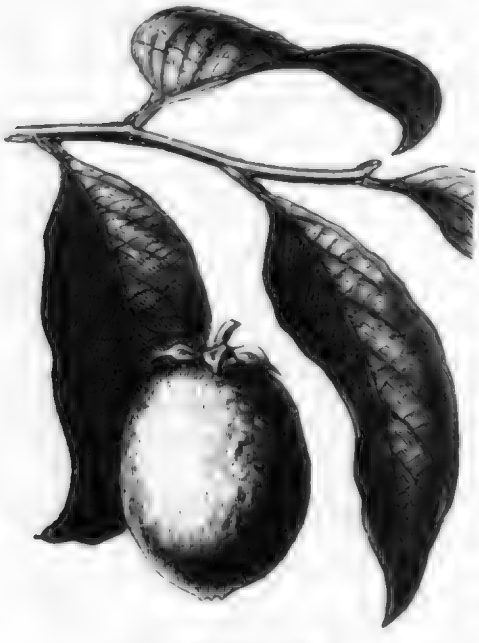


THE PERSIMMON.

of fifty species abounding therein; very few extending further north than latitude forty-four.

The flowers are mostly borne in little clusters at the bases of the leaves, and are of separate sexes, on different trees.

The persimmon is one of our finest native trees, from its stately and graceful form. It is a very tall, and generally straight, tree, with symmetrical branches; often, when fully grown, attaining the height of sixty or seventy feet. The trunk is not, however, of remarkable size; seldom exceeding eighteen inches in diameter.

Although frequently met with in the Eastern States, it is by no means a common tree further north than Virginia, although it thrives well when planted. In the South and West it is mostly found, and it is here generally esteemed as a delicious fruit.

The fruit itself is an inch or more in length, plum-shaped, and of a yellowish-orange color. It is very sour and astringent, even when quite ripe; and it is not until acted upon and softened by frost that it becomes at all eatable.

In the Southern States, persimmons are much used in the manufacture of a kind of beer. The fruits are crushed, the pulp mixed with bran, and afterward made into cakes. An infusion of the cakes is then prepared, and by the addition of hops and yeast a liquor is brewed, which is, by the natives, considered a delicious and healthful beverage. Another stronger spirituous liquor is also produced by distillation.

The bark of the persimmon tree is very bitter, and possesses febrifugal properties. It has been successfully employed by American physicians in cases of cholera infantum and other like complaints.

Botanically, the persimmon is known under the name of *Diospyros Virginiana.* There are a few other species which are worthy of mention:

Diospyros Reticulata is imported from Mauritius. This species yields the blackest, finest and most costly kind of ebony. Ebony is also produced from several other species.

The Calamander wood of Ceylon is produced by *Diospyros Quæsita.*

Diospyros Embryopteris yields a fruit which is powerfully astringent, and much used for tanning purposes. The juice of this fruit is also used for coating fishing-nets, etc., to render them more durable.

The *Diospyros Kaki*, or Chinese date, is the largest of the genus; often attaining the size of an ordinary apple. It is of a bright red color, and possesses the flavor of the plum. This fruit is dried and used as a sweetmeat by the Chinese. The tree is also cultivated in India.

This genus is mostly represented by large trees, but there are a few shrubs.

THE SILVER GARTER.

This singular fish is a dweller and a darter in the waters which surround the sea-coast of Florida, and derives its name from its singular resemblance to silver, which, with its spiral motion, gives it the appearance of a lady's garter—a ligature which has always been the symbol of beauty and chivalry since the Third Edward of England picked up the fallen garter of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, at a royal ball, and founded the Order of the Garter to commemorate the event, with the suggestive inscription of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

OVER THE QUICKSANDS.

CHAPTER I.

DEAD.

The sun, a great, red disk, was sinking slowly into the ocean. The gray little pony-carriage rolled briskly along over the hard, white sand, the silver-bitted, high-stepping thoroughbreds dexterously managed by the fairest amazon that ever drew the reins, Idyl Lee, the reigning belle of the season.

Fair indeed, most gloriously fair, was the blonde beauty; fair to the exclusion of all other fair ones; utterly, entirely, terribly so, with regard to her companion.

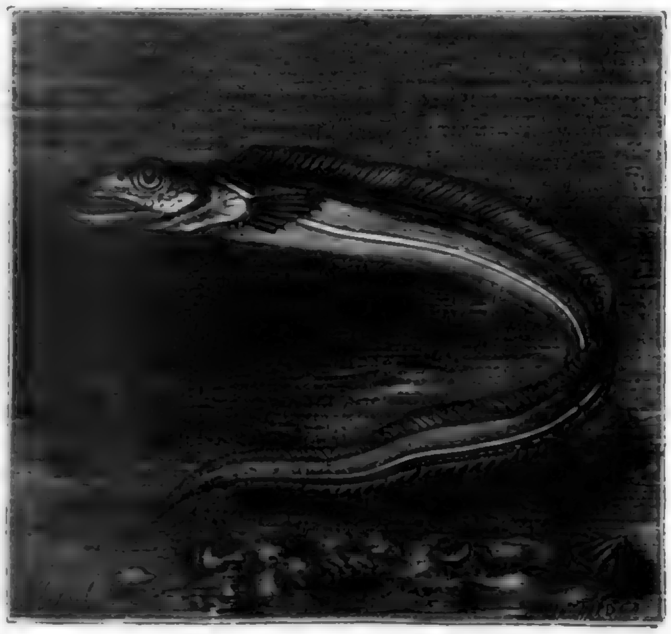
What could she have been thinking of—this other one—low-browed, heavy-eyed, white-lipped, a look as expressionless as the dead, leaning listlessly back in the corner of the carriage, utterly indifferent to all the excitement and bustle of the brilliant, pleasure-seeking crowd, passing, repassing, shifting, changing before her like the glittering colors in a kaleidoscope.

A milk-white steed and a coal-black one. How they arched their shining, full-veined necks, as they came prancing, mincing, daintily pacing up the promenade! Down to the saddle-bows bent the uncovered heads of the riders as the elegant equipage of "la belle Lee" dashed past them.

Guy Rivers's cheek flushed hotly; he looked as though he were breathing in an inspiration.

Thorndike Marston smiled at his rapt look.

"Come now, confess that in all your travels you never met with anything half so fair. There will be no need of



THE SILVER GARTER.

hunting the world over again. Behold the rarest of all earth's jewels here at home's portals. Isn't she magnificent, though?"

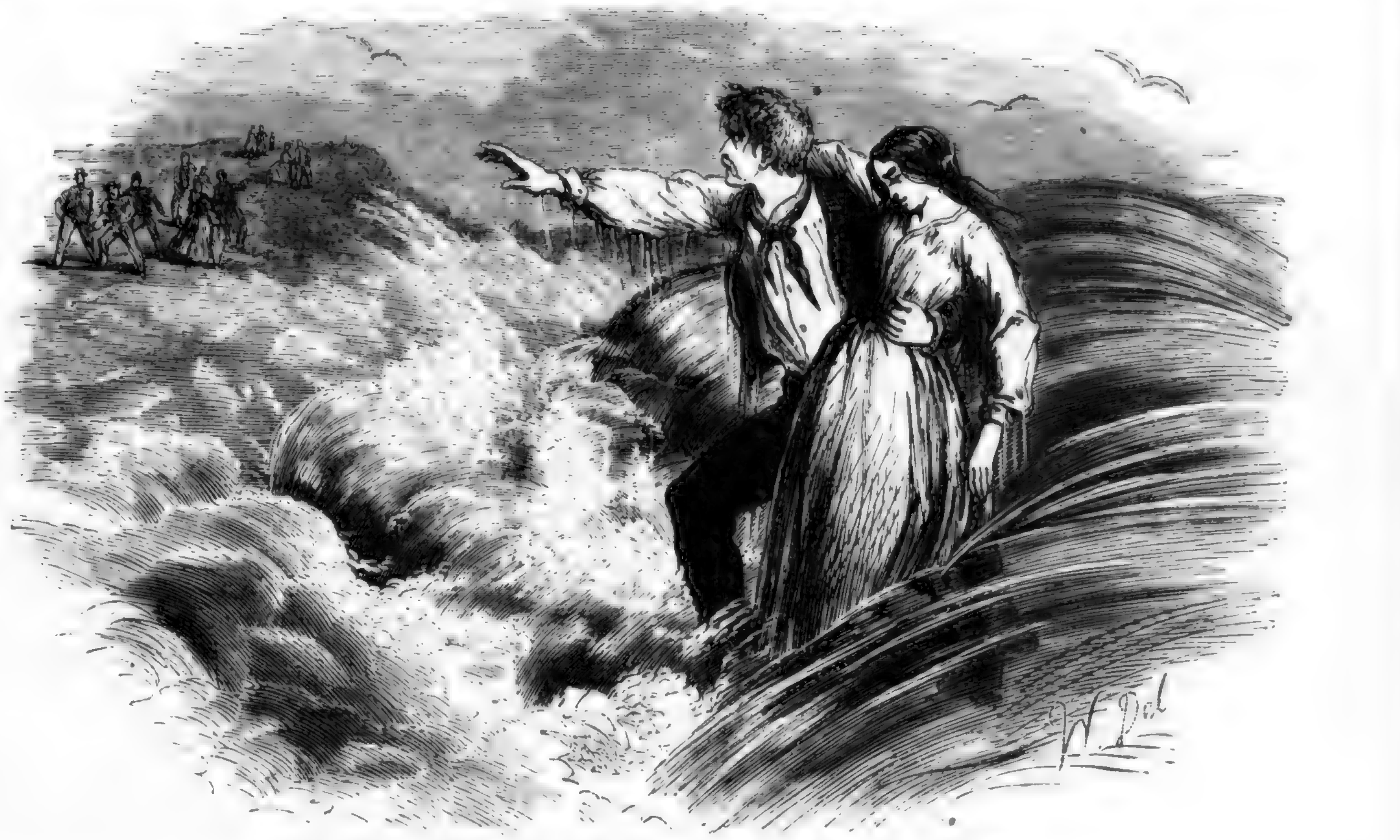
"But that's not the word."

"What then?"

"Exquisitely frail, divinely sensitive, touchingly mournful," he answered, breathlessly.

"Well, you always see things differently from anybody else. But how you can bring all these apostrophes to bear upon this great, white, creamy creature, with all that blonde hair tumbling into blinding, wind-blown masses about her face, is beyond my ken. All I can think of, when I look at her, is just full-blown water-lilies, softly swaying with the slow ripple of the waves. On my faith, nothing but magnificent can suit!"

"But can't you understand? I don't mean the blonde—the other one, who is she?"



OVER THE QUICKSANDS.—"GUY FELT WITHIN HIM THE POWER OF A GIANT."

"Not the blonde? Why, she's the reigning belle, my dear boy. It isn't possible you've had the bad taste to pass her by, to have eyes only for—that's too rich!"

The slight, sarcastic laugh grated upon Guy's nerves. He spoke impatiently:

"Your mirth is ill-timed. I am in earnest."

"What! Can I believe my senses? The elegant, the fastidious, the unapproachable Guy Rivers, going down without an effort before the—indeed, I cannot go on."

"Softly, Thorn, or the jest will turn into something more. Will you tell me who she is?"

"There, there, here you have it. The one adored—now I'll watch you wince—is handkerchief-carrier, waiter-in-general, an humble satellite and——"

"Thorndike Marston, have done, at your peril. Another word, and you shall answer for it as for a deadly insult!"

It came hoarsely through Guy's shut teeth. Thorndike Marston looked at him in amazement, and dropping his bantering tone, said, slowly:

"And am I, then, to believe that you are really and truly so interested in Miss Mabel Rogère? Why, she is considered as more dead than alive."

Guy Rivers flung back his tawny locks. They hung low on his neck like a lion's mane.

"I feel it; she is my fate—what I have been looking for all these years. I love her. I will have her, so help me Heaven!"

And he bent his head reverently, and no word more concerning her passed his lips.

A world of deep, unswerving resolve shone out of the steady, steel-blue eyes. Thorndike Marston noted it, bitterly. How should he work against that iron will?

Quick as lightning it flashed through him.

It was with all his accustomed easy suavity that he spoke.

"They say I am the favored suitor of the peerless Idyl. As I have the *entrée* there at all hours, I may be of assistance to you."

Lounging on the piazza that night, Thorndike Marston planned it all out. If he stretched out his hand he could touch Guy, and there he sat so near to him, his friend, plotting evil against him.

Why should he? Mabel Rogère, Idyl Lee's paid companion, held over him a subtle charm.

Her cold indifference but fanned the flame. The world thought him a follower in Idyl's train; he encouraged the rumor. It kept him near the true and unconscious object of his worship, and prevented the derisive laugh that would be sure to attack him. The "Marston pride" had passed into a proverb. In the world's opinion this would be a *mésalliance*. Such a thought he knew would never enter Guy's head, and he felt that in him was a formidable rival; and so he plotted against him.

Guy was the soul of honor; one word would have been sufficient; but Thorndike Marston was not man enough to say it. No, he had rather trail the venom of his hate over every fair blossom that Guy's love could foster.

This was what he chose.

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CHAPTER II.

THE AWAKENING.

It was a perfect crush at the Lees' that night. The spacious, airy rooms, opening one into another, throughout the entire length of the house, were thrown open to the guests.

The long, dazzling vista was ablaze with light, radiant with gorgeous toilets, alive with beauty's smile.

The rapturous waltz-music rose and fell in unison with flying feet and the hum of many voices, and in between came the sough of the restless sea, rolling the surf up against the shore.

Mabel liked to hear it, the ocean's grand, half-sobbing monotone. She stood leaning half way out of the low French window, listening intently, her hands clasped and drooping, as usual, but her eyes were dreamy and full of a delicious languor to-night. The old, weary, frozen hopelessness had died out of them, for a time at least.

"Mabel!"

She did not start nor turn, only half smiled, as though the voice fitted into her dream.

"Mabel!"

Guy Rivers stepped out upon the turf and daisies in front of her.

"Yes, Guy," answered she, still dreamily.

"Queen Mab, will you come to the shore with me?"

"Beware!"

The whisper sounded in Mabel's ear like a serpent's hiss. She shuddered and stood still; then hurried through the thick shadows, impatient to reach the moonlight.

It was a perfect face she looked up into; every feature of it stood out, in the silvery light, in bold relief; a face to believe in.

"Do you know you always put me in mind of some timid bird, for ever dreading the fowler's snare? Why is it?"

"Guy, I think I never told you of my early life. Listen! I will tell you now."

Mabel stood as rigid and motionless as the rock she leaned against. Her white dress glistened coldly in the moonbeams, and the silvery spray, as it dashed up among the rocks at her feet, seemed to wrap her in a ghostly winding-sheet. Her words came short and quick; she spoke in French.

"I am a Parisienne. My father was a banker, and very rich, so they said. We had carriages and servants; we lived in the fashionable world. But my father died suddenly. He left nothing, we found, but debts. We sold the furniture, the plate, our own jewels. You see we could not bear to have anything cast against the dead. And we were destitute, my poor mother and I. It was sad, was it not, monsieur? But then such things are natural. Money takes to itself wings, and children should bury their parents. Then my mother died. This grieved me very sore. But still I had something to live for. I was so young then, monsieur, and I believed in Alphonse. He was away when all this trouble came, but I had written him. He had been my betrothed from infancy. Every morning I said, 'He will surely come to-day,' and every night, 'I know he will be here to-morrow.' Finally, I had spent my last shilling. Hunger made me restless. I went out. Do you know I saw him in the street? I went up to him, although he was not alone. Joy had made me bold. He looked at me, and went on talking. I grasped his arm. 'Alphonse, it is I.' He paid no attention. 'Alphonse, do you not know me?' He shook off my hand. I was paralyzed. He laughed scornfully. He said: 'Let me pass, my pretty beggar.'

"Oh, *mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Yes, monsieur, then my heart broke. No, it turned to stone. It killed me, but I still lived. I was sixteen then. I stood there where he left me. I was very still. I felt my face settling as I had watched my mother's after she was dead. Madame la Baronne drove up the Boulevards past me. She took me home. I didn't mind. I never thanked her. Then she brought me to Madame Lee. It made no difference. It was all the same to me.

"It is five years since then. I have been like a clod, I have been dead all that time."

Guy would no longer be silenced.

"Oh, dearest, wake!—wake to happiness and me!"

"No, let me be—let me stay as I am. The old way must be the best way. Nothing can trouble me now. If I wake, what surety have I that it will not be to a short-lived happiness, to a blacker misery in the end?"

"You torture me," was wrung from Guy's lips. "Can you not feel that, with me, even the winds of heaven shall be kept from fanning your cheek too roughly?"

"Words, words! Have I not heard them before? How can I feel what is in your heart? Alphonse told me he loved me; but Alphonse was false. Strange that I ever cared. When I think of it now, it seems as though it was somebody else it happened to."

"Mabel, have pity on me, on yourself." Guy flung himself down despairingly. "Believe in me, trust in me. No danger but I will dare for you; no misery, disgrace nor ruin but I will share with you; no sacrifice that I will count too costly to lie at your feet."

"Monsieur, you compel me to it. Your words are very brave and fair; but, after all you have said, I have not faith enough to foretell how you would act if danger should come to me."

Guy's face was buried in his hands; he moaned as if in agony.

"Hush!" Mabel soothed him as she would a child. He caught her hand suddenly. It lay between his burning palms like a snowflake, as white, as cold, as frozen; and only the ocean-pulse beating time for them hoarsely.

Their eyes met. She made a motion to withdraw her hand. It fluttered and grew warm in his grasp. Snowflakes always melt when they are wooed by the sun.

All Guy's deathless love bounded into his eyes, surged over, and at last Mabel felt the resistless power of its rising tide, and once more lay engulfed in its living waters.

"You tremble and turn away. Tell me you will trust me."

"I cannot say," she cried, harshly. She could not accept, as yet, this sudden awakening. Then, a little calmer, "I must have time to think first."

"Oh, do not; there is no need."

Mabel interrupted him imperiously—"I say I will have time." Now her voice sank to its old mocking cadence. "You need the time, too. Who can tell but that by another tide your promise will be swept away? Look! We will make marks in the sand, and see which will last the longer."

"Now, hear me swear by all——"

"Monsieur, you forget yourself. We will act like children no longer. Think it over well. Remember, this is a bold venture, for you as well as me. My nature is already cold and misshapen; a second trial would goad it to desperation. Then, to-morrow, if you still care, and if you dare come to me——"

"Dare? Oh, my beloved, all things will I dare for such a boon."

The black rocks rose up frowning behind them, ledge above ledge, and at the base huge boulders threw threatening shadows to their very feet. It looked ill-omened.

It struck Mabel so, and her sight seemed to waver and grow unsteady, or else it was a shadow nighest them that moved as she gazed searchingly into its depths. The fancy clung to her all the way back to the house.

They parted at the open casement, he bowing low over her hand and murmuring, "To-morrow, remember! Oh, Queen Mab, never fear but I will dare."

CHAPTER III.

DRIFTING.

Mabel moved forward, slowly threading her way through the crowded room toward Idyl Lee. She found her, as usual, the centre of a thronging crowd, eager to pay homage to the queen of the *fête*. She sat superb in her voluptuous beauty. Diaphanous waves of pale sea-green ærophane swayed and swung about her. Her priceless *parure* of shells enhanced the mellow splendor of her neck and arms. Delicate vibrating sea-mosses, the tiny shells still clinging to them, hung from the bronze coils that crowned her transcendant beauty.

Idyl Lee, gloried, as well she might, in her intoxicating power. But could that be Mademoiselle Rogère standing by her chair? No wonder people looked at her in astonishment that night. The wildly bewitching eyes gleamed like twin stars at midnight from under the jetty blackness of her drooping lashes, and the tremulous quiver of the little mouth gave a new beauty to the delicate face, whose pure whiteness strongly contrasted with the masses of her blue-black hair, that, under the glaring lights, flashed back in purple lustre. The rosy mantle of love was spread over her; it flushed her cheek with the rare tint a child's face sometimes wears on first awakening from dewy slumbers. Thorndike Marston knew the meaning of this more than earthly beauty, and cursed his folly. The prize was slipping through his fingers, after all. Oh, the pride that had held him back! If he had only—but where was the use of thinking of that? he wouldn't give it up yet. How he watched Mabel. She fascinated him. The courtly grace and bearing she had learned long ago in the drawing-rooms of the ancient noblesse served her in good stead now. She took them all by storm. She was the idol of the hour.

Thorndike Marston could have thrown himself at her feet and worshiped her there before the whole world. But it was too late for that now.

"You are angelically beautiful to-night. Is it because you are happy?"

"Ah!"—with a sigh—"if it could only last." They were separated from the crowd. He had manœuvred to bring it about. "If it could only last. I thought you my friend; why do you seek to sadden me, and bring me back to my old self?"

"Dear Mabel! let me call you so. I can read your face so plainly. 'Tis the 'Arabian Nights' over again. The enchanted prince has come, and the sleeping beauty has awakened; and so I say, 'If it could only last.'"

"Monsieur, I do not comprehend. He is your friend, is he not."

"Poor child, and so many times, too, I have warned you. Yes, he is my friend, but, alas for the woman, be she who she may, who gives her troth to him."

"Enough; I will hear no more."

"Nay, do not look so disdainfully at me. It wrings my soul to tell you this. Can you not guess why I do it?"

"I am entirely at a loss."

"Because I love you! Why do you start? I know it is hopeless. I shall never trouble you with my love. I shall bear my cross in silence to the grave. I am content if I may but be your friend."

How mournfully subdued and heart-broken he looked.

"Will you not hear me now?"

Mabel's cheek glowed hotly, but she shuddered as she wrapped her cloak closer around her.

"I tell you he plays with women's hearts as gamblers play with cards. He measures his victim, and the harder and more difficult the game becomes, the more eager he is in pursuit, and when it is won——"

"But what if it isn't won?"

The pallor of Mabel's face was frightful as she leaned forward.

"It is his boast that no woman ever resisted him. I could tell you, so well do I know his character, almost word for word what he has said to-night. He has been wildly entreating, passionately pleading, ready to swear to his truth and honor, and brave and heroic to save you from imaginary dangers. Is it not so? Yes? Pshaw! then he has drawn you along with a thrice-told tale."

Marble-like was the form at his side.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"I think your friend will lose his game just this once. He shall be checkmated." Her words were hard and pitiless. Thorndike felt the joy of a demon. Her jealous mistrust had been easy to work upon. "But I will have revenge for this. He shall bite the dust. Through my hands shall he taste the bitterness he has meted out to me!"

She had become desperate. Now was his time. She was but a reed in his hands.

"Shall I help you to a sure way?"

"Will you? A sure way to get revenge! revenge!" She gloated over the words.

"Yes; but perhaps you will not try it."

"I will, be it what it may. Quick, what is it?"

"You will acquire at once riches and supreme power. Without these you could never touch Guy Rivers. You have only to be my wife."

He had made his last throw.

He waited with suppressed breath for the answer.

"I—will—do—it!" low and steady. But it was too much; she broke down after it. "He said he would dare everything for me. He looked so true. Can I not put him to some test?"

"Poor, storm-beaten blossom, trust it all to me."

He had won, and the world's laugh dwindled into a very nothing in view of the peril he had so successfully weathered.

CHAPTER IV.

SAVED.

Guy Rivers smoked his cigar so lazily the next morning that when he reached the beach the surf was already dotted thickly with the *bizarre* costumes of the bathers.

A merry, motley, oriental-looking crew, diving, splashing, swimming, floating. The silver-gray, with the scarlet facings—that was the only one he cared to see of them all. He looked for it amongst the crowd. He could have picked it out from a million.

"Eyes for but one, as usual, Guy." It was Thorndike Marston.

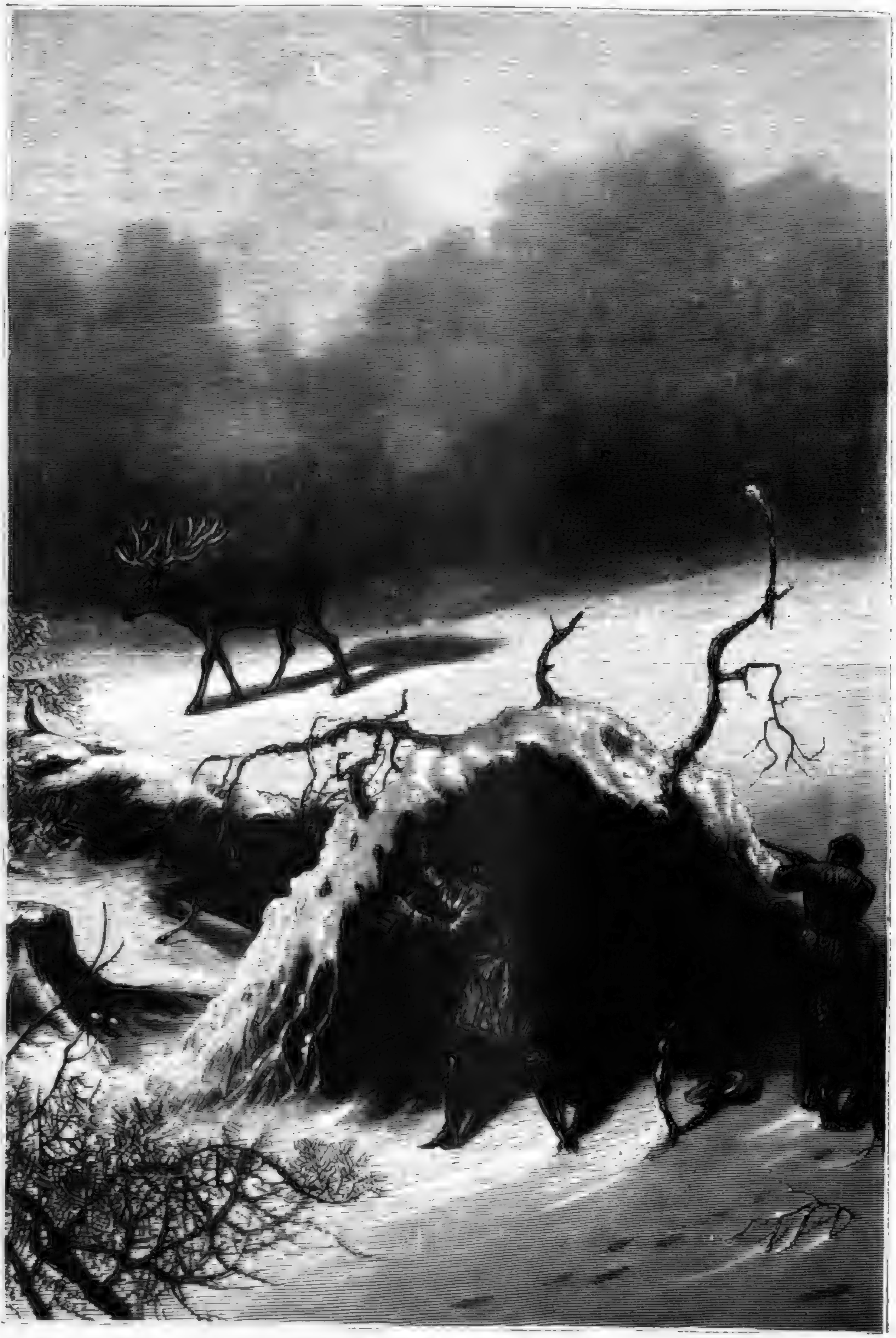
"Look, Thorn. Don't you see her off there by herself? What is she doing alone, so far away from the others?"

"Now don't be in such a hurry to get over to her. Such an adept as she is safe enough, surely," was answered, with seeming carelessness. "By-the-way, here is something she commissioned me with."

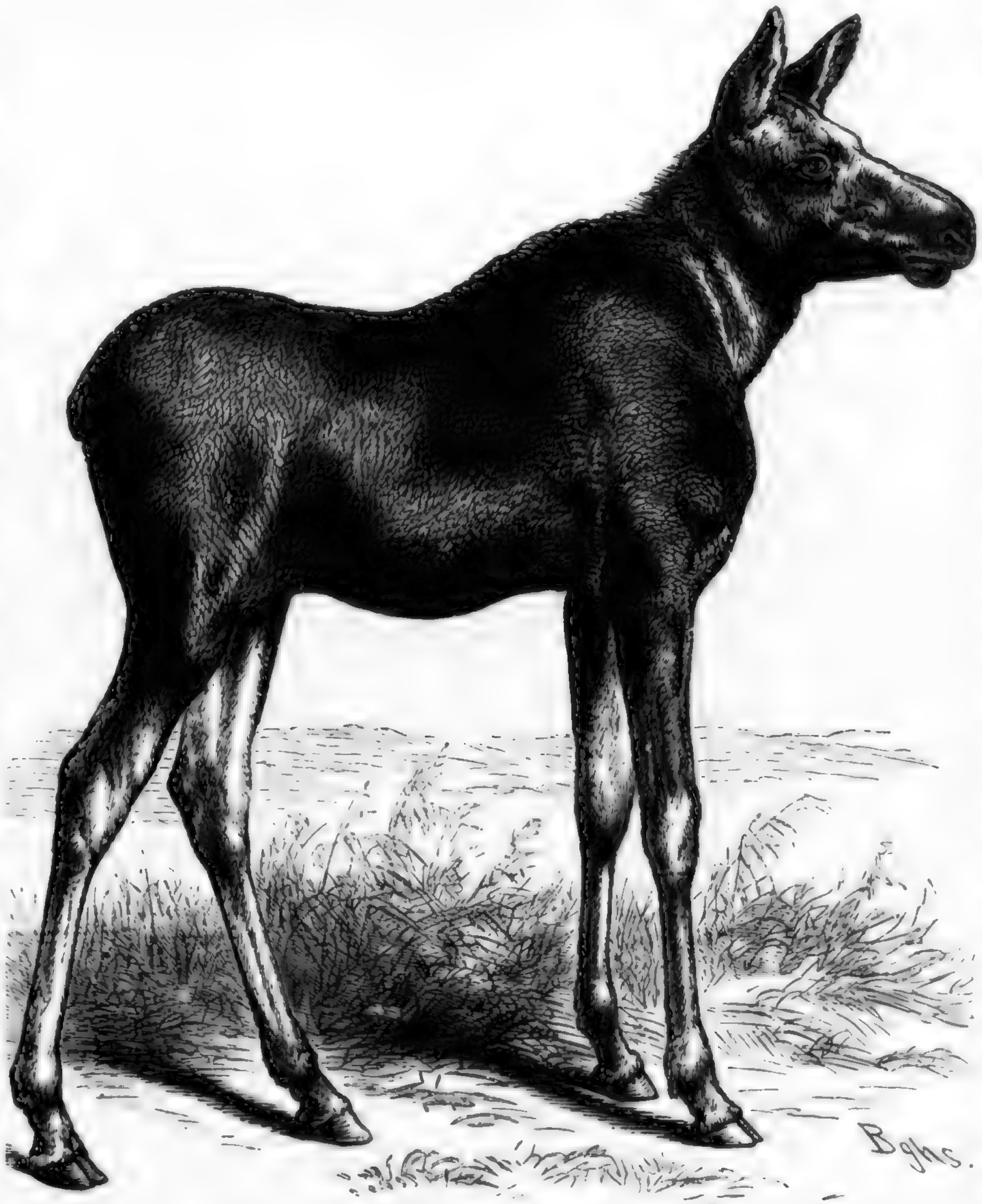
Guy Rivers opened the tiny scrap of paper.

"After bathing.—Mabel."

XUM



"CALLING" THE MOOSE.



A YOUNG BULL MOOSE.

That was all. He thought a minute.

"I will go up to the house and wait for her," he said.

Thorndike Marston's scheme was working well.

Guy gave one backward glance as he stepped from the water. Then, all at once, rose a murmur; then a universal cry of terror.

"The quicksands; the quicksands!"

Thorndike Marston looked quickly. Mabel was over the fatal spot.

"'Sdeath!" he muttered. "Has the girl outwitted me, or was it accident?"

He measured the distance with his eye, hesitated, and drew back.

"She will be lost, at any rate, and—I dare not!"

He ground his teeth in rage, and watched Guy Rivers's swift, steady strokes, as he dashed toward her. The waves parted right and left before the nervous energy of his sinewy arm like magic.

This last little scene was not exactly what Thorndike Marston had arranged that morning with Mabel. She had listened quietly to his scheme.

"You are to tell him so," he said.

"But I am not really to swim over the quicksands, then?" she had asked,

"Can you imagine it for a moment? It would be almost certain death. The test is not worthy so great a risk. Indeed, there is no use of trying it at all. I am certain of the end."

The tone might have seemed, to a close observer, somewhat over-confident. He was so near and so sure—that made Mabel think of the moving shadow just then.

"If he comes to me through the danger——"

"But there will be no danger."

"What he thinks danger?"

"I shall have been mistaken. If it is I that am false, I will yield you up to him. Are you content?"

"It might have been a suspicion of treachery that caused her to take the opposite and fatal direction, or perhaps it was accident.

"Baffled!"

He ground his teeth and his face grew distorted like a madman's.

It had been a real test for both. This was the result. Mabel's strength was well-nigh gone when Guy Rivers reached her. She would never have had strength to stem the rapid current that set in against the cliff that hemmed in, on one side, the dreaded quicksands. She clung closer to him as her strength gave way. Guy felt within him the power of a giant. He held her tightly, buffeting the waves with one hand, as he moved swiftly away from the deadly spot. Up on the sand he carried her, and sank down exhausted by her side.

"My darling," he whispered, as she gazed at him wistfully, "did you think I wouldn't dare to come to you?"

She smiled up at him.

"Saved!"

The word told volumes. Saved from death; ay, more than death. With the word on her lips she fainted.

ALL ABOUT THE MOOSE.

This magnificent deer of North America is the largest of the family; attaining, when at full growth, a height of from seventeen to eighteen hands at the shoulder, and weighing twelve hundred pounds. The graceful form, however, which so eminently distinguishes the rest of his congeners, has been denied the moose. His shape is ungainly and square-looking, his coat is hanging and coarse, his mane stiff and his antlers gigantic, and he has, altogether, an extremely antique and antediluvian appearance.

The coat of the moose is composed of long, stiff bristles of a light ash-color near the roots, and is of a dark russet brown color, which, in the bull, in Winter, changes to a glossy black. From behind the ears, down the short neck and part of the back extends a thick, harsh mane, nearly a foot in length. The hair covering the belly and the inside of the legs is of a sandy color. One of the most curious features which distinguish the moose is a hanging sort of pouch, the "bell," as it is termed, pendent from the spot where the junction of the head and neck occurs. This "bell" is covered with long, black hair, giving it the appearance of a misplaced beard.

The antlers of the bull moose often measure four feet from tip to tip, and weigh sometimes as much as sixty pounds. They are massive and palmated, and fringed with short spikes or tines. The lowest tine extends forward over the forehead and supplies the place of the brow antler. In April their horns begin to make their appearance, by September they have attained their full growth, and toward the end of January they are shed, and the head of the bull moose is as barren of decoration as that of his mate. Except, however, at the pairing season, these formidable horns are never used offensively; even when pursued and wounded, the moose uses his horns against the hunter in so awkward a manner that it is not a very difficult matter to avoid them. But in the "calling" season, when his ponderous frame trembles with jealous rage, the bloodiest battles are fought amongst themselves; indeed, hunters, having killed a moose, have found his flesh literally worthless from the tremendous gashes it has received in the course of its love-quarrels. It is said the Indians when "calling," which is effected by imitating the plaintive cry of the female upon a trumpet of birch-bark, hereafter more fully described, and not succeeding in luring the suspicious animal within range of their missiles, change their tactics, and, by imitating the note of the bull moose, induce him to forget his natural wariness and come headlong on to see the daring moose that presumes to come courting in his district.

The food of the moose consists, during the Summer months, of the leaves and tender branches of such shrubs as abound in his native forests of eastern North America; to which region he is strictly confined, as is the wapiti to the prairies of western America. In the Winter season he subsists on the tops of young shoots; pulling them into his mouth by his prehensile upper lip, or mouffle, and biting them off. When, however, the moose is hard pressed by hunger, he is not so dainty, and will pick a meal from the first green bough he meets, except it be the spruce—that he never eats. Unless the grass is very tall, or growing on a convenient bank, the moose will seldom attempt to crop it; his neck being too short to admit of his performing the operation of grazing with anything like comfort. He can graze only by straddling his legs and stooping awkwardly, which may be taken as certain evidence that green shoots and tender buds, and not grasses, are his proper food.

As soon as the Winter snow begins to fall, the moose, discontinuing their wandering habits, herd together, and form what is termed a "moose-yard"; that is, they select a great patch of forest, fruitful in brushwood of a deciduous nature, and diligently tread down the snow in a circle round about it. By-and-by there is quite an embankment of snow encircling the yard, securing them from the attacks of wild beasts; for even the gaunt wolf will pause at the icy barrier, nor dare to leap in amongst the array of mighty horns ready to receive him. But alas! the cunningly formed barricade is bane as well as antidote to the poor moose, who is presently in a worse position even than the lean mouse who crept through a tiny crevice in the meal-cask, and ate till he grew so fat that escape was impossible.

The mouse was all right in the cask—there was plenty of food and snug quarters, all perfectly satisfactory—till somebody discovered it. As with the mouse, so with the moose. *It* is all right within its snow walls, till somebody discovers it; and that somebody is the hunter. If he is alone, he will do no more than make a note of the whereabouts of the yard, and take his departure, notching a tree here and there, that he may easily find his way to it again. Then he returns to his friends, and, either for friendship's sake or some more worldly consideration, lets a select few into the secret. There is no occasion for the least hurry; the longer the cattle are allowed to live, the fatter they will become; and as for escaping, there is very little more chance of that than though they were in a meadow with a six-foot fence all around it. At last the fatal day comes, and, armed with their guns, the hunters set out; and for weeks after, moose meat, fresh and dried, is plentiful for miles around.

In the Summer months the moose frequently takes to the water, partly to ease his blistered hide, tormented by the myriads of black flies and musquitoes which swarm in the woods in the hot season, and partly for the sake of the dainty food he may crop as he bathes—the leaves and tendrils of water-lilies and other aquatic plants. He is a fast swimmer, and even when disturbed by the hunter in his light canoe will, instead of endeavoring as speedily as possible to plant his feet on terra-firma and run for his life, keep to the lake and plow along at a rate that leaves the Indian little time to put down his paddles and take to his gun.

There are five methods of hunting the moose: "creeping," "calling," "running," bringing to bay with dogs, and snaring. The first mentioned systems are orthodox, but the two latter are despised by the true sportsman, who regards both operations as simple poaching.

"Calling" is one of the most successful methods of moose chase, but can only be practiced during the sweethearting season, which lasts from the beginning of September to the end of October. The fierce love of the moose overrides his natural shyness and caution, and he will brave any danger to reply to the snorting "quoh, quoorh" of the female of his kind.

At ordinary seasons, the hunter having brought down with his rifle one moose, or even having fired the piece fruitlessly, would never dream of finding an opportunity for another shot till he has traveled many a mile from the thoroughly scared neighborhood. But at the love-making season, the Indian, with his artificial call, may lure the bull within range of his bullets, may wound him, dash after him noisily through brake and thicket, at the same time yelling, as an Indian seems by nature obliged when hunting even a four-footed enemy, fire his piece again—bang! bang! both barrels, till the woods echo again, and within five minutes he will again mount a tree with his birch-bark trumpet, to be at once answered by a blundering, intoxicated bull, who comes trotting up to see who it is "quoh quohing."

It is a curious fact that a bull moose, if he be five miles distant when he hears the first call, will, even should it not be repeated, come in a perfectly straight course, through dense forest and brooks, and over rocky barrens, to within a few yards of the very spot where the call had been made.

A ludicrous story is told of a white settler who thought he would try his hand at "calling," as moose were numerous in the woods at the back of his clearing. To his surprise, he obtained an answer to his first call, and the moose came, in broad daylight, right up to the man, who was so taken aback that he did not fire till the animal was nearly upon him. He then discharged his gun without taking aim, and of course missed the moose, who attacked him at once, charging him and knocking him over. He was badly bruised; but, by good luck, escaped having his skull fractured by a blow from the fore-leg of the powerful animal. The fore-leg is the common weapon used by the moose when attacking a man or a dog. Rearing up on his hind-legs, he strikes downward with the fore-legs with amazing force and velocity. A blow given by a full-grown moose would, if delivered on the head of a man, fracture his skull; and a dog has been thoroughly disabled by a blow from a young moose not more than a week old.

Calling is seldom attempted in windy weather, as, according to moose-hunters generally, the animals are more suspicious then than at any other time, and will generally endeavor to get to leeward of the caller.

It is customary for the European sportsman to hire the services of a professional Indian moose-caller, whose fixed charge is a dollar a day. One lures and the other shoots, the business being conducted as follows:

Setting out over-night, the hunter and his man journey till they come to what the Indian considers a favorable spot, and there, having supped, they "camp down for the night." About an hour before daybreak is the best time for calling, and by that time both are on the alert. Climbing into a tree, so as to give the sound of his call every advantage for diffusing itself through the surrounding forest, the Indian blows a blast. If an answer is obtained, and the moose seems to be approaching, the Indian either recedes or the sportsman advances a few hundred yards, the better to allay any suspicions the advancing bull may have, by the apparent distance of the cow. The bull, hearing the call repeated at a greater distance than he had expected, thinks there can be no harm in getting a little closer, and is thus betrayed into the hands of the silently-watching rifle-bearer.

"Creeping" moose is only another name for stalking, and is a sport best pursued when the snow lies thickly on the ground. Healthful and exciting though it be, so much of the "roughing" process is attached to it that this branch of moose-hunting is not nearly so much patronized as either of the other branches. November is the time to commence creeping, when the antlers flourish on the bull's head in all their glory. To any one, however, with a less robust constitution than an Indian, it is dreadful hard work, creeping through a frozen forest with a stealth that necessitates the slowest pace, till perhaps by sundown you discover moose "spoor," and it being too dark for further proceedings, you roll yourself in your blanket and make yourself comfortable (!) for the night, with the full intention of following the long-sought tracks in the morning; but, alas! you discover on opening your eyes that during the night snow has fallen, totally obliterating the footmarks, and leaving you the choice of returning disgusted to your camp, or to commence to creep again.

"Running" is a sport of a decidedly one-sided character, inasmuch as the hunter is *certain* of his game, which has not the least chance of escape. About March, when the snow lies very deep in the woods, and its surface is covered by a crust caused by the alternate influence of sun and frost, the "runner," armed with his gun, and wearing lashed to his feet a pair of snow-shoes or "rackets"—an oval frame of wood, across and across which are strung thongs and sinews, much the same, only coarser, as the ordinary racket bat is made. With these rackets he can glide over the treacherous surface with little danger of breaking through, while the unfortunate animal it is his luck to start, breaks through the crust at every step, sometimes sinking up to his belly, abrasing his ponderous legs against the knife-like edges of the broken ice, and exhausting his giant strength by frantic efforts to plough his great body through the tenacious mass. His doom is certain.

The chase may last but an hour, or, through the clumsiness of the hunter or the nimbleness of the hunted, may continue through the entire day; but the end of it is that the hunter at last, coming up with his game, finds it prostrate—quite spent and used up, and, with even less peril than belongs to the dragging from its stye and slaughtering the domestic hog, applies his murderous gun-barrel to its carcass, and spills its fevered blood upon the snow.

A hunter who has followed the moose many times among the freezing forests of Maine, tells the following story of a personal adventure with the moose:

One clear, sharp, frosty morning in November, 1844, I paid a visit to a large pine forest on the Kennebec in quest of this royal game.

I was then quite a young man, who had had considerable experience and rather prided myself upon my achievements in that line; and, as I rode forth with a brisk, elastic canter upon this same beautiful Autumn morning, it was with a thrill of rugged health pervading every part of my body, and with the resolve not to come back from the hunt empty-handed.

I was accompanied on this occasion by a splendid-looking hound, which I had purchased some time before, and whose qualities I was anxious to test.

All hunters know that a sneaking dog will not hunt well with a good one, and I had therefore tied up my own faithful, eager, "tried and true" Dasher, that I might put this new fellow to a fair and honest test.

A sharp canter of half an hour brought me to the romantic forest hills, where I slackened my rein and slowly made my way up a long ridge, thickly covered with undergrowth and vegetation. I had not yet reached the top when I observed signs of uneasiness in the hound, and, almost at the same instant, a stag plunged from some thick bushes near by and thundered at the top of his speed up the slope.

A sudden word to the hound and he crouched at my feet, while the horse, who understood what all this meant, stood with pricked ears, flashing eyes, and limbs trembling with eager excitement, as he watched the course of the affrighted animal.

When the animal reached the top of the ridge, full four hundred feet distant, he paused and looked defiantly at us. What a fine figure he made, with every limb and the exact contour of his body thrown in relief against the clear sky beyond! It was as if a gigantic figure of the animal had been stamped in ink upon the vast canopy behind it.

It was a long shot, and in those days our rifles had not the "improvements" attached by which you have a tolerable chance of knocking over a man at a thousand yards distance; but, hesitating a moment, I took a quick aim and fired.

The moose gave a bound and vanished so suddenly as to make it seem like magic, and whether my leaden messenger had touched him or not, I could not tell.

Quickly ramming down a ball, I hurried up the slope, and a thrill ran through me as I saw several bright clods of blood upon the dry leaves, evidence indisputable that the moose had been struck and badly wounded.

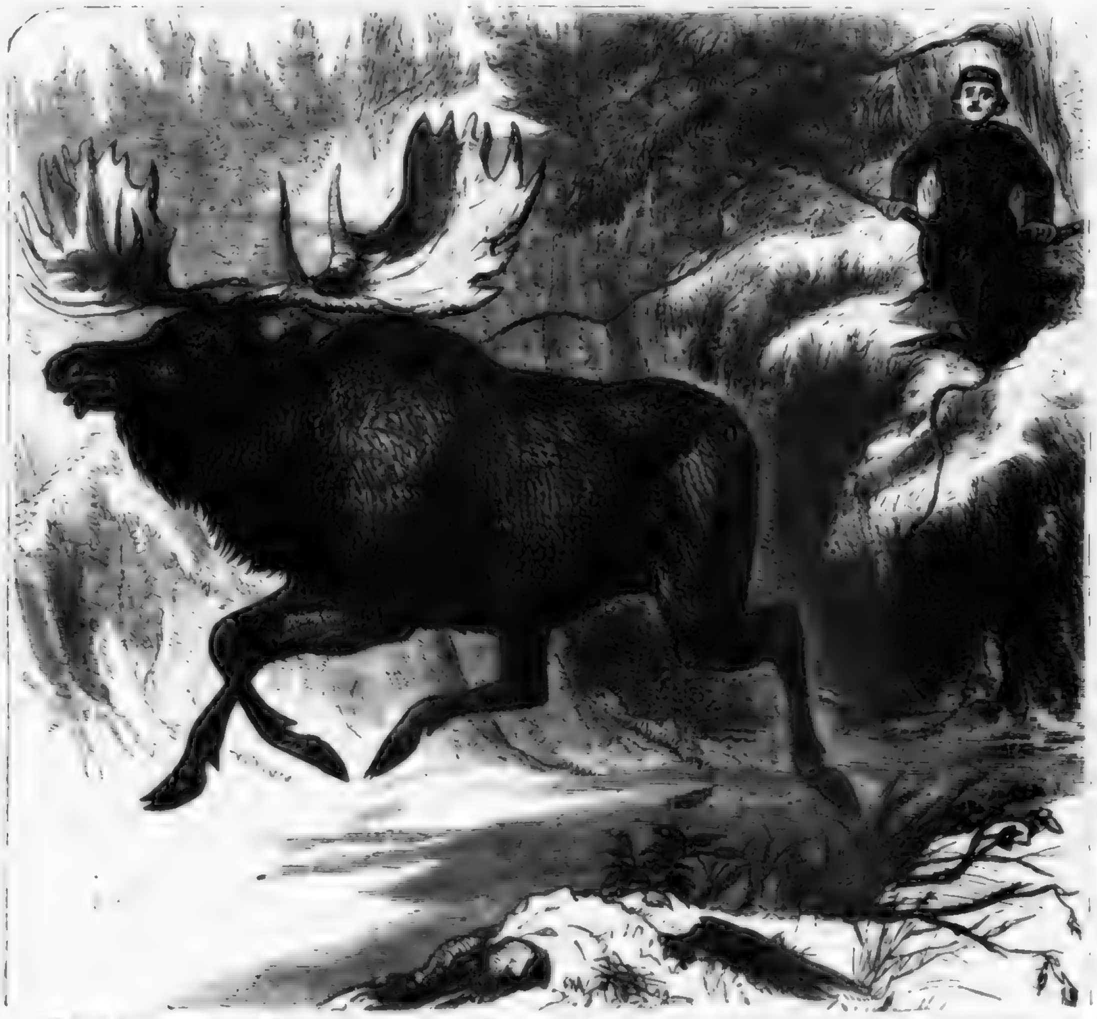
The next instant the hound had snuffed the trail and shot away like a meteor in pursuit, while my gallant horse, with the fire of excitement coursing through him, carried me in pursuit with the terrific speed of the locomotive.

All animals of the moose species seem to possess a remarkable tenacity of life, and many a time the young hunter who believes he has given the death-wound to one of them, finds it necessary to follow him mile after mile, and for hour after hour, and then, very likely, is obliged to administer another leaden dose before the brute will make up his mind to fall down and quietly give over his vain struggle for life.

I have sent a bullet through the body of a deer, and known him to run for hours after

I once shot a ball through the heart of a large buck.

XUM



"THE CORD SNAPPED WITH A REPORT LIKE A PISTOL-SHOT, AND AWAY WENT THE MOOSE PLUNGING DOWN THE RAVINE."

which ran twenty yards after, and then fell from running with full force against a large tree. I presume the animal was really dying, if not dead, within a second of being struck, and the motion of his limbs was involuntary.

After the chase had led us miles from the starting-point, I found it bearing up a creek, on one side of which rose a high, steep hill, some two miles in length. From the signs I had detected along the trail, I was certain the wounded animal would never be able to reach the top of this, although as yet I could detect nothing of him.

We had followed the moose without once hesitating or turning aside, for the trail was so plain and unmistakable that we could not go astray. Half a mile further on, another bleak and barren hill reared its head upon the opposite side of the rivulet. After once getting within the gorge, there was no means of exit, except by the upper end of the ravine. At this point I must intercept my game—a thing which I was able to accomplish by taking a shorter cut over the ridge, which saved fully a mile in distance.

Uttering a parting shout to cheer my dog, the horse bore me at the very highest speed of which he was capable toward the pass.

I had scarcely reached it when I descried the stag, covered with foamy sweat, laboring heavily up the gorge, his energy so bent upon fleeing, that, although he must have seen us, he paid no heed whatever to either my dog or me.

As he came within easy range, I raised my gun, took a careful sight, and as it flashed, the moose made a frenzied leap upward and forward, and fell headlong within twenty feet of where I stood.

Fairly crazy with excitement, I leaped from my horse and ran toward the fallen brute, too foolish to wait a few minutes to let him die quietly and without danger to me.

I forgot that—

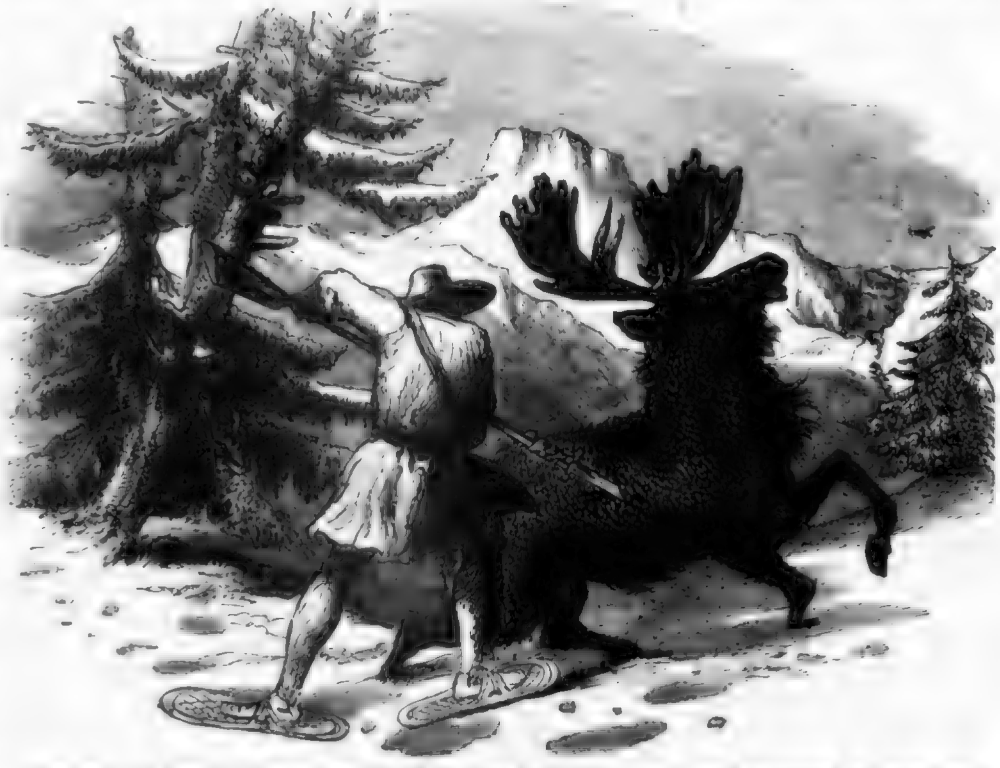
> "A stag at bay is a dangerous foe,"

even though he may be prostrate upon the ground, and apparently dead.

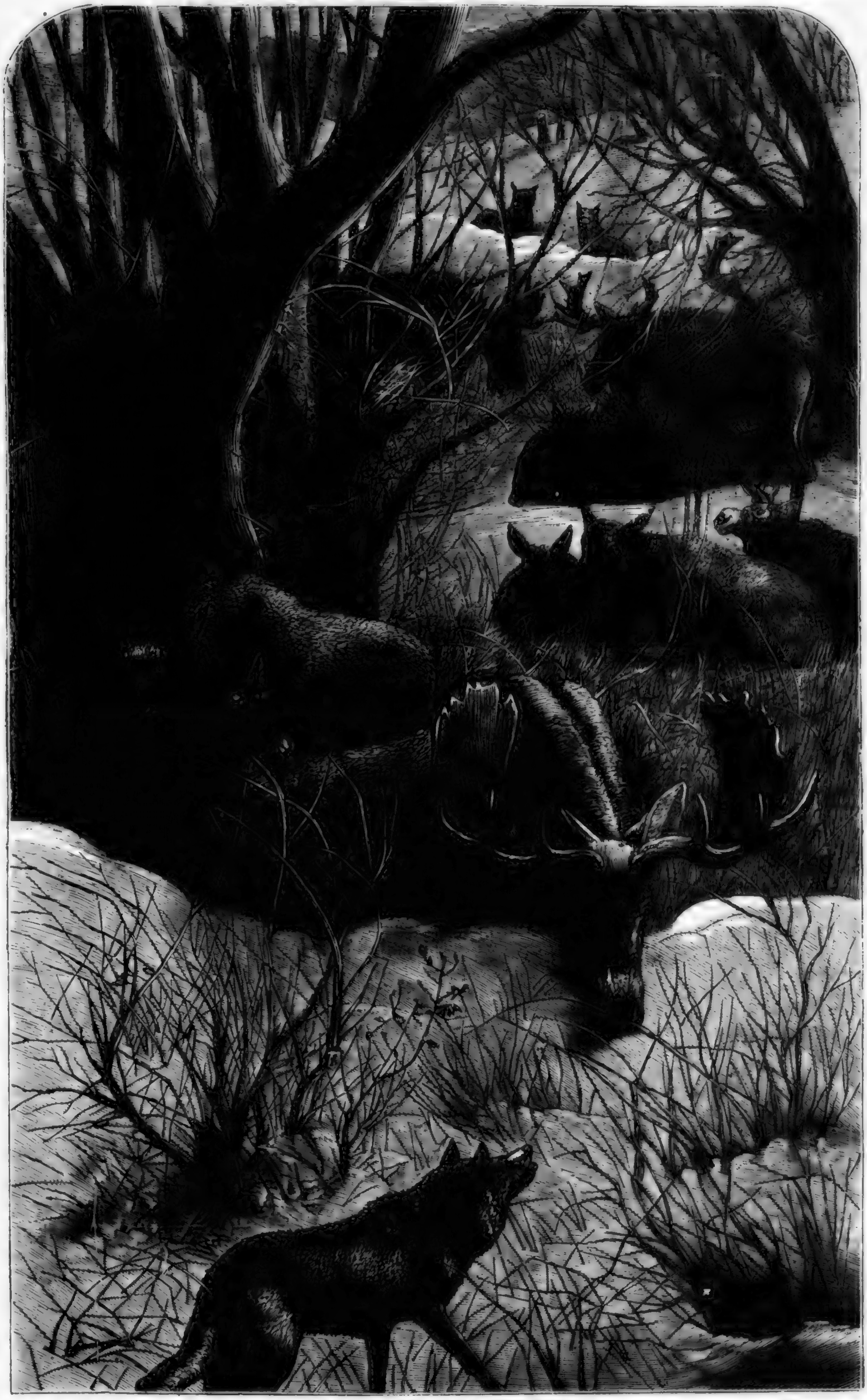
Placing one knee upon his shoulder and a hand upon his antlers, I drew my hunting-knife; but almost at the instant its keen point touched his neck, the moose made a sudden bound, threw me from his body, and hurled my knife from my hand.

I saw my danger but I did not see it soon enough to help myself.

With a single furious bound the moose was upon me,



"HE WAS AT ONCE CHARGED FURIOUSLY BY THE ENRAGED ANIMAL, BUT RECEIVED IT UPON THE POINT OF HIS KNIFE, WHICH HE PLUNGED INTO ITS SIDE."



THE ELK-YARD—A DEFENSE AGAINST WOLVES.

wounding and almost disabling me with his knife-like hoofs and metal-like horns. Feeling that I was in the most critical situation of my life, I caught him by his wide-spread antlers and made the most determined efforts to regain my knife. Without this weapon with which to end the contest, I had no hope of coming out of it alive. This desperate "flurry" of the brute would last long enough for him to put the extinguisher upon a half-dozen men, if they would only come within his reach.

But our struggles carried us further away from the knife each moment, and my horse, frightened at the strange scene, dashed frantically to the top of the ridge, where he paused and stood staring at us, every muscle quivering, and ready each second to dash away at the top of his speed and leave us to fight it out alone.

The ridge which we had taken, and the extraordinary speed with which we had come, had carried us considerably in advance of the hound, whose deep baying I could now hear, as he came furiously on the trail. My hope lay in holding out till he came in, when he could rush in and afford me the chance to get the knife, with which to end the fight.

It did seem as if the moose fully understood that it was I who had given him his death-wound, and he had resolved that he would return the favor, while the baying of the hound was so distant that I feared he would not reach me in time.

The moose was in a fit of fury, and I could feel his sharp hoofs cut into my flesh, and I was conscious that I was losing my strength; my grip upon his antlers was becoming weaker, but I still maintained my hold.

In his struggles to free himself of me the moose, unintentionally upon his own part, had gradually veered off to the right, until I observed that we were upon the edge of a deep ditch. I now bent all my energies toward forcing him into this, in the hope that I might be able to drown him; but he was too powerful.

When he reached the edge of the drain he made a leap, which carried him on the opposite side.

As he went over I let go my hold and dropped into the ditch, in the hope of thus escaping, but he was not disposed to let me off so easily; for he immediately returned to the attack, inflicting numerous and bad wounds upon my face and breast before I could again grasp him by the antlers.

Throwing my arms around these, I interlocked them, drew his head close to my breast, and thus, by the most strenuous effort, rendered him harmless for the time.

But this could not last long.

My strength was failing far faster than was that of the moose, and it looked very much as though he was going to play the hunter after all in this matter. I felt that I must give up, and uttering a faint prayer to Heaven, prepared to meet my fate.

At this critical moment the baying of the dog again reached my ears, as also the stag's, which instantly sprang over the ditch, dragging me with him. He became more furious than ever, and I expected each moment that my hands would be unclasped.

The next moment the hound shot forth from the ravine, and, with a sharp yelp, sprang toward the game. I released my hold, and the moose instantly turned upon its new enemy. To my inexpressible terror and chagrin, the cowardly dog turned and ran, while the animal, as if disgusted with such a foe, turned again upon me.

Once more I threw my arms around his antlers and shouted in the hope of cheering the dog on to attack him, sufficiently long, at least, for me to secure my own safety; but the dastard stood yelping and barking, but never a foot nearer would he come.

And now again, as despair began creeping over me, the yelp of a dog was heard, which I recognized at once as belonging to Dasher.

A moment later he burst like a tiger into the open space, and fixing his teeth upon the throat of the stag, began the contest.

I was used up, and lay almost insensible, my only consciousness being that a fierce fight was going on close at hand; then all was still; and then I felt Dasher licking my wounds.

Staggering to my feet, I saw the moose dead, while my dog looked up at me as if to inquire whether there was anything more that he could do.

A fragment of rope was around his neck, showing where he had gnawed it in two, and following our trail through all my wanderings, he had come up at the critical moment, and been the means of saving me from a terrible death.

Another hunter, having slightly wounded a large bull moose, was compelled to take refuge from the savage assault of the infuriated animal behind a large tree. In his hurry he had dropped his powder-flask, and was, consequently, unable to reload his rifle. There was nothing for it but to remain where he was until the moose should get tired of standing guard over him. After waiting patiently for two or three hours, and nearly freezing to death in the snow, he made a bold effort to escape from his predicament.

Taking his stout hunting-kife, he lashed it to the muzzle of his rifle, and thus converted that weapon into a very serviceable lance. Stepping out from behind the tree, he was at once charged furiously by the enraged animal, but received it upon the point of his knife, which he plunged into its side, and soon laid the moose dead at his feet.

A gentleman who has had much experience as a moose-hunter, tells us an amusing story of an attempt made by an Indian guide, whom he employed in one of his expeditions, to capture a moose by means of a lasso. He says: We had found a range where moose is plentiful, but for days our success was invariably bad; something always happening to injure or destroy the antlers, which are very difficult to obtain intact, owing to their unwieldy size.

Having moved our camp some miles further into the wilderness, near a small lake, which was not yet frozen over, the season being a remarkably mild and open one, we discovered one day a herd of moose, among which there were four antlered ones of great size.

A council of war was now held, and Ignace devised a plan by which he seemed quite certain that he could secure the desired prize. Cutting a quantity of long strips from the hide of a moose, he twisted them into a strong rope, looped at one end after the fashion of a lasso. His plan was to conceal himself on one of the moose-paths, while we, with the dogs, were to drive the animals from the *ravage* or yard.

Armed with the thong, Ignace ensconced himself among the branches of a huge tamarack tree, close by the trunk of which the moose were in the habit of taking their way. When this arrangement was completed, the Indian and I proceeded to move to the moose-yard, about a quarter of a mile distant, heading off the animals, so that some of them would follow the path over which Ignace lay in ambush. The largest bull-moose in the herd went off at a swinging trot in the very direction we wanted. We followed on a run, and, on coming near the tamarack tree, a singular sight was presented to us. The skillful hunter had noosed the moose by one of the antlers, and, having taken a couple of turns of the thong round a limb of the tree, held him there for a moment. Unluckily, however, in doing this he had dropped his rifle to the ground. The animal was making frantic efforts to break his bond; and just as I had raised my rifle to fire at him, the cord snapped with a report like a pistol-shot, and away the moose went, plunging down the ravine, with half of the lasso flying wildly from his antlers. We did not see that moose again; and, feeling discouraged at our want of success, I broke up the camp next day, and returned to the bounds of civilization.

Although so extremely shy, and averse to the company even of the ordinary animals of the forest, when taken young the moose may be easily and thoroughly domesticated. While residing at Halifax, Mr. Hardy had brought to him a little animal of this species, about eight days old. The little prisoner was fed, by means of a sucking-bottle, on cow's milk diluted with water, and thickened with Indian meal. As it grew older, more substantial fare was offered it—"the young shoots of maples, moosewood, dogwood and witherod, of the leaves and berries of which last two shrubs moose are especially fond, on account of their extreme bitterness. A lump of rock salt appeared to afford him great satisfaction, and might have been conducive to health."

Never was moose more tenderly cared for. "In the very hot days of Summer, when he appeared to miss the cool plunge in the lake in which these animals in a wild condition always indulge in hot weather, I continually caused buckets of water to be thrown over him."

Whether or no the last-mentioned process afforded the little moose "great satisfaction," its humane fosterer sayeth not. One would be inclined, however, to think that the substitute scarcely came up to the actual thing. One is debarred the privilege of trying the experiment on a moose, but I fancy the animal would enjoy the buckets about as well as a young donkey, used to disporting in the dust, would enjoy being pelted with mud-clods.

The adopted moose being of a singularly robust constitution, survived for eight months under the infliction of the above-mentioned and similar violent favors, till at last, "in November, he being at the time eight months old, and in perfectly excellent health and condition, I adopted by mischance an expedient which caused his untimely, and, by me, much-regretted death.

"The Winter having set in, and it being inconvenient to send into the woods for a supply of boughs, I resolved to try a substitute. I fixed upon turnips, of which a pailful was given him one evening, and which he appeared to relish greatly. Next morning, to my dismay, I found the poor creature dead! On inquiry, I discovered, too late, that turnips given to cattle in too great quantities will often cause death.

"So tame was the young moose in question that he would come into a room and jump several times over chairs for a piece of bread. He delighted, too, in a pipe of tobacco, and would rub his head with great satisfaction against the individual who would favor him by puffing a mouthful of smoke into his face. No palings could keep him from gardens, in which, when not watched, he would constantly be found reveling on the boughs of currant and lilac bushes; in fact, tasting fruit and flowers almost indiscriminately. When approached for the purpose of being turned out, the cunning little brute would immediately lie down, from which position, his hide being as callous as that of a jackass, he could be got up with difficulty."

Other instances are related of the moose becoming not only a domesticated animal, but a useful beast of burden. An innkeeper on the Truro road, Halifax, possessed one that would consent to be harnessed to a sledge, which he would draw with marvelous speed. When not wanted, this tame moose was allowed his liberty, in the enjoyment of which he would often swim across the Great Lake to the opposite shore, about two miles distant, whence he would return at the sound of the "conch," which is generally used in the interior of Nova Scotia to call laborers from the woods.

In Minnesota, and other sections on our northwestern frontier, the moose has often been tamed, and employed to draw light wagons and sledges, and, from its great speed, has sometimes been pitted against the trotting horse; but its use is confined mainly to display, since it becomes intractable at the least provocation, and is then not only unreliable for any steady work, but very dangerous.

A NIGHT'S SHARKING IN THE WEST INDIES.

The island of Trinidad lies off the northeast coast of South America, near the mouth of the great river Orinoco, forming with the mainland the Gulf of Paria, the *Gulfo Triste* of Columbus. The scenery among the small islands between Trinidad and the Spanish Main is very lovely, and has been glowingly described by Charles Kingsley in his "At Last."

On several of these islands whaling stations are established. After the huge fish have been captured, they are towed by the boats to one or another of these stations, and the blubber is stripped off and carried on shore to the boiling-house in large, white blocks, where a simple apparatus is set up for extracting the oil. It sometimes happens, however, that immediately the whale has been killed, the sharks surround it in such numbers, and devour the blubber with such rapacity, that if the distance be great, and the currents adverse, before the whale can be towed ashore the greater part has been eaten off, and the labor of the fishermen thrown away. In this case, the carcass is abandoned to the ravenous throng who have already made so free with it.

Among the various species, the tiger or spotted shark, so called from its beautifully mottled appearance, deserves a short description, differing, as it materially does, from the other varieties.

The tiger-shark, or *tintorero*, as it is called by the Spanish creoles, is a more formidable monster than others of its tribe, chiefly because of its great size and courage, and because of its power of seizing its prey without turning on its back or side. It is enabled to do this from the great size of its mouth, and from its position near the end of the snout, instead of being placed underneath, as in other varieties of the shark.

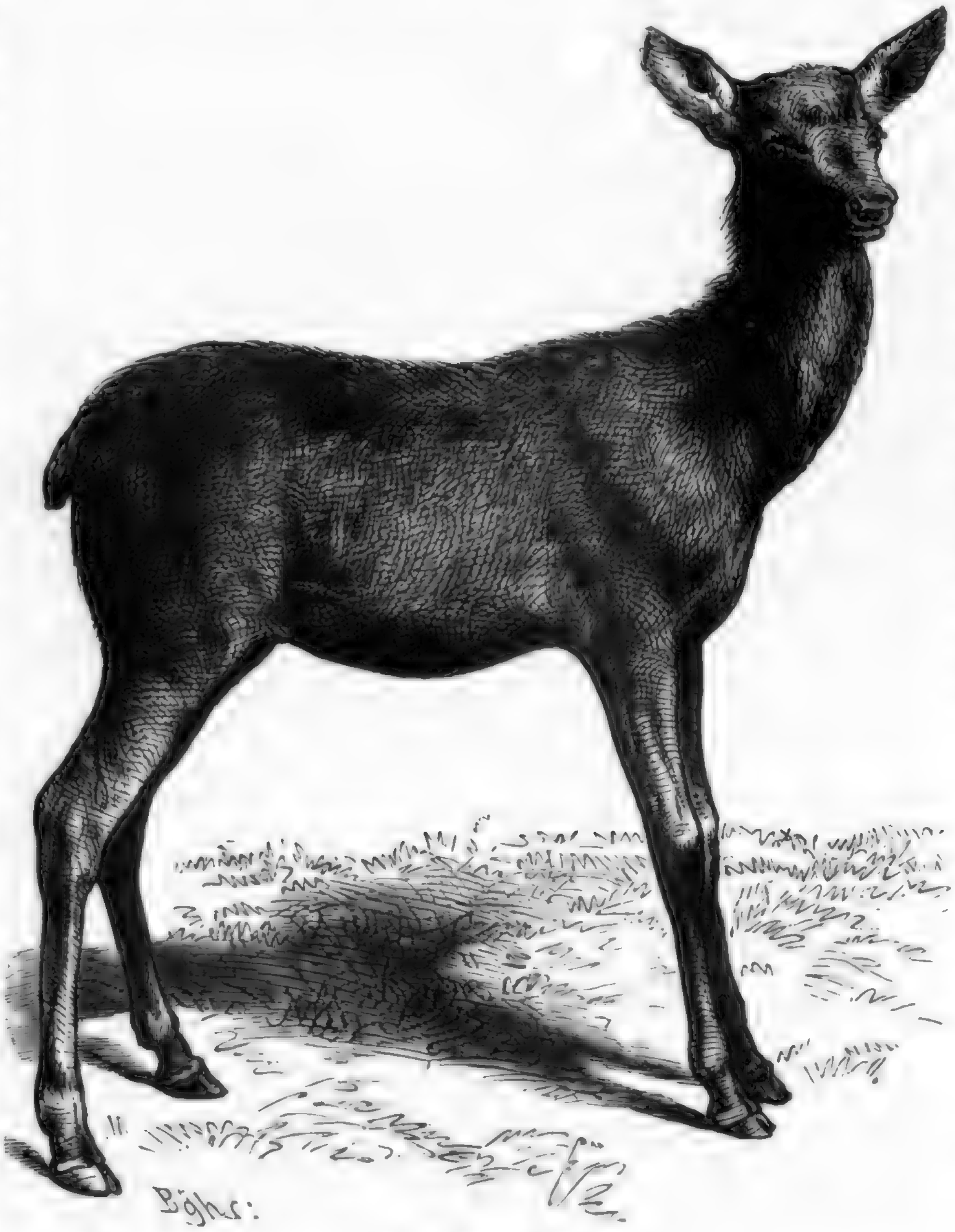
As soon as the carcass of the whale has been stripped of its blubber, it is towed out at high water to a sufficient distance from the station to insure of its being carried away by the falling tide. This is necessary, for the stench from so large a mass of putrefying flesh, exposed as it has been to the intense action of a tropical sun for three or four days, is more than unpleasant.

Now is the opportunity for the shark-hunters. They take possession of the remains, tow them to some convenient nook of the Bocas, as the channels between the islands are called, and there anchor them. All is now prepared, and nothing remains but eagerly and silently to watch for the assembly of the ravenous brutes to their midnight orgies.

The liver of the shark, equal to about a quarter of the whole fish, contains a most valuable oil, largely used in the colony as a substitute for cod-liver oil. The liver of a shark 15 feet long will yield from 12 to 16 gallons of oil, varying according to the condition of the fish.

The boats used in this sport are canoes of some twenty feet in length. In the bow a deep groove is cut, to guide the rope after the fish has been struck. A coil of fifteen fathoms of rope, carefully arranged under the thwarts, is secured at one end to a piece of strong chain, at the other end of which is the harpoon. Close at hand lies the lance, used for giving the *coup-de-grâce* after the fish has exhausted itself by ineffectual attempts to get free from the barbed harpoon.

On a calm, dark night in April, the writer and a friend, accompanied by an old shark-hunter, famous for his prowess in killing these monsters, betook themselves about dusk (six P.M.) to a small creek in the Boca de Monos, where the carcass of a whale had been placed in the morning. About eight o'clock the large sharks began to arrive. Looking over the side of the boat into the depths below, great flashes of phosphorescent light, like distant sheet-lightning, marked their backs as they came swiftly up. I remember one monster in particular, who, after causing the deep to shine in his track, slowly rose near the boat. His body was marked out by a rim of light, and his eyes glowed like lamps. I felt spellbound with awe and horror at the sight as he slowly approached obliquely from the bottom. Presently he touched the side of the boat with his great nose, just under the rowlock. I could have patted him on the head. Slowly he struck back, and, passing under the boat, made it vibrate from stem to stern.



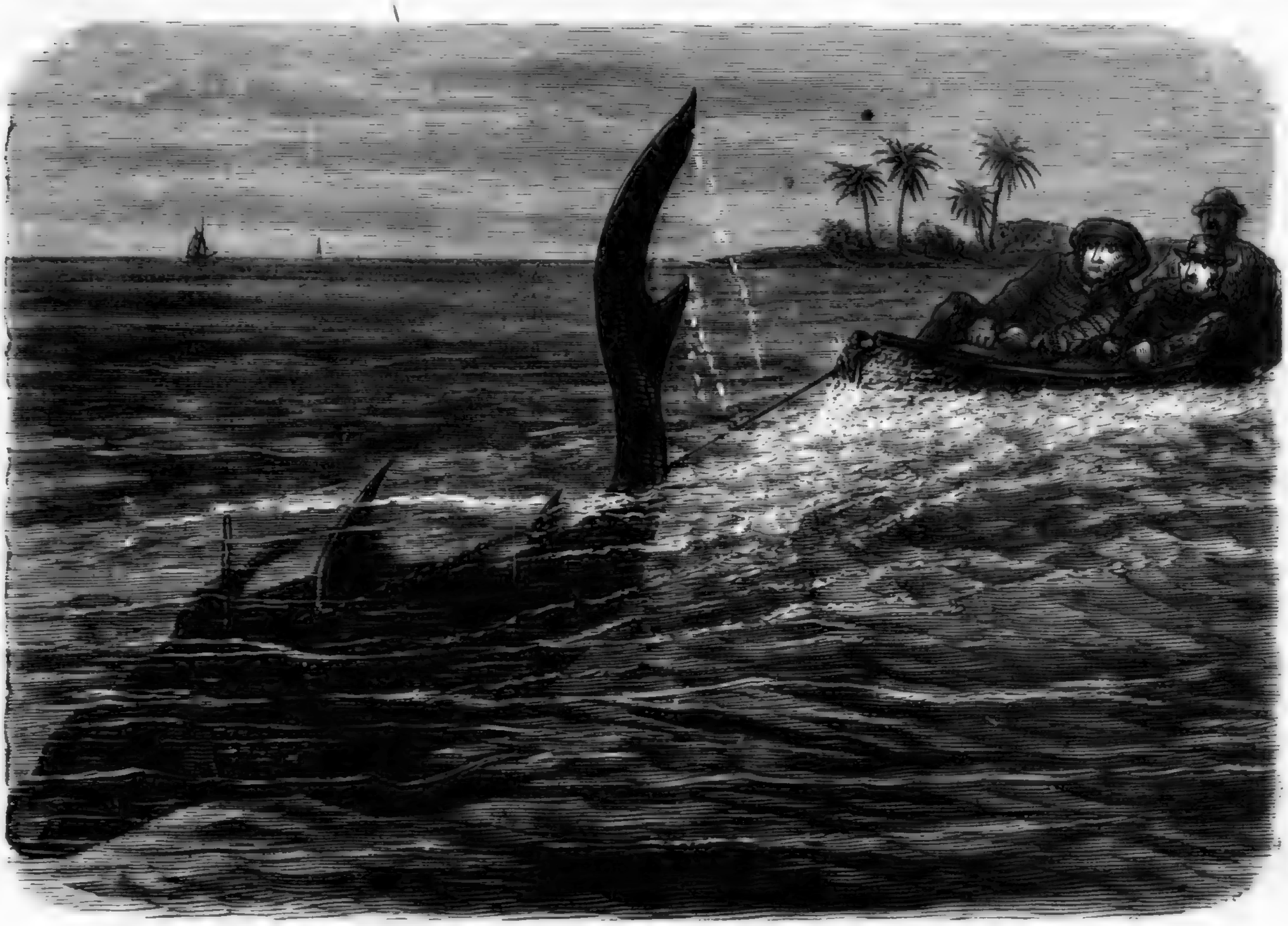
A FOUR MONTHS' OLD MOOSE.

Now was the time. William, our professional friend, rose cautiously, and, poising the heavy weapon for an instant, launched it vigorously at the shark as it appeared on the surface a few feet from the bow, and cast out two or three fathoms of line. Simultaneously we crouched on the bottom, our feet against the thwarts, and grasping the rope with all our mights. In the twentieth part of a second the line was as taut as a fiddle-string, while we felt a tremendous jerk, and the boat rushed madly through the water. Now and then an inch or two of rope slipped through our fingers, carrying with it portions of skin, only William's horny palms being proof against the friction. The bow of the canoe was sunk to within six inches of the water, and we were spinning across the calm Boca at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Suddenly the strain ceased, and we fell over backward, being within an ace of upsetting the boat. The harpoon had drawn. There was no help for it. We had to return to the carcass and try our luck again.

As we drew near, the common brown sharks rushed down to darker depths. Not so the tiger-sharks. They have little or no fear. Most of those present, however, were too small for what we wanted; so we had to await the appearance of larger prey, as it is not worth while to strike a fish under eight feet long, except for sport. We grew sleepy. William was nodding at the bow, and I began to find my thoughts wandering away to dreamland. At length our scattered fancies were recalled by a sudden jerk, for an explanation of the cause of which we looked to our professional friend. He told us that the bottom and sides of the boat had become greasy with the particles of blubber floating about, and some inquisitive tiger had tried his teeth upon the cutwater. Next morning he triumphantly proved his statement by picking out several of the points of the shark's teeth from the stern of the boat.

We were all now thoroughly awakened. The sea seemed perfectly alive, the monsters jostling one another in their eagerness to snap a mouthful. The water blazed around the carcass of the whale as it was lashed into glowing phosphorescent foam by their tails and fins, the difficulty now being which to choose from among so many.

At length the harpoon rose, and the glittering weapon sank with a thud into the neck of a large tiger. We crouched again in the canoe and clutched the rope. Away rushes the boat, a foaming wave two feet high on either side of the prow. After a few minutes the speed slackened, and we are able to haul in a few fathoms. The distance was shortened, so that we could see the luminous eddies whirling around the powerful tail of the shark, like the water at



A NIGHT'S SHARKING IN THE WEST INDIES.—"SIMULTANEOUSLY WE CROUCHED ON THE BOTTOM, AND GRASPED THE ROPE WITH ALL OUR MIGHT. WE FELT A TREMENDOUS JERK, AND THE BOAT RUSHED MADLY THROUGH THE WATER."—SEE PAGE 307.

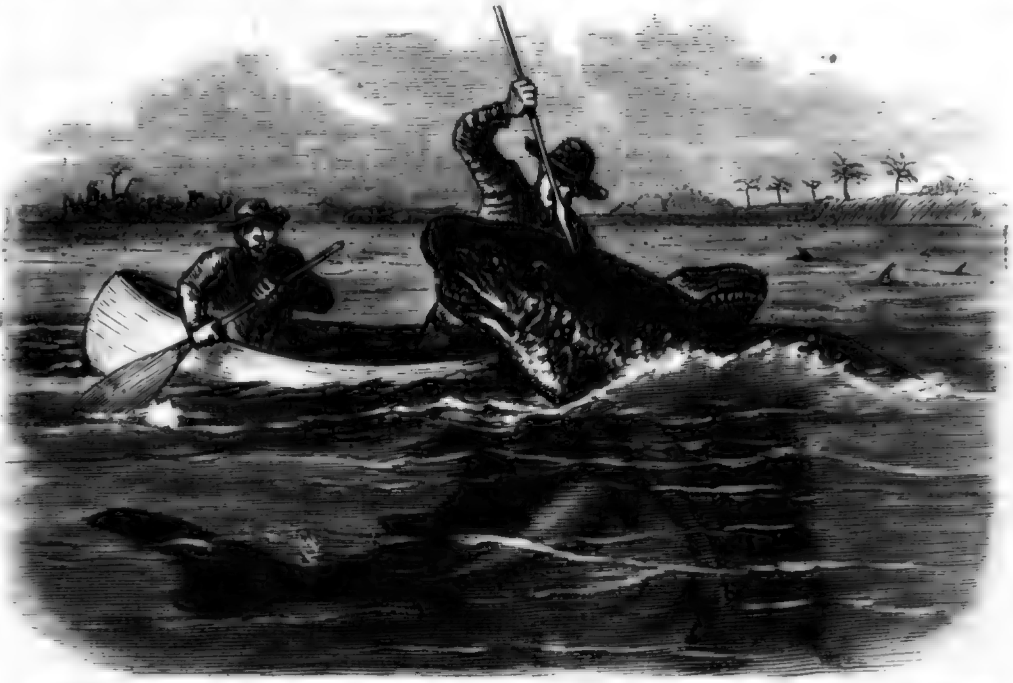
the screw of some small steamer, as he madly tore along but a few fathoms off.

At last he floated breathless on his side, and we hauled in, his silvery belly gleaming as we approached. In a moment he seemed to recover his lost energies; he floundered about and lashed the water into foam. His struggles, however, soon subsided under a few well-directed thrusts of the lance near the junction of the head and back, the most vulnerable spot, and in his mortal agony he champed the strong chain in his teeth, which stretch back, row after row, one snap of which no rope would stand.

The moment the death-struggle was over, William ripped up the belly with his knife, the canoe was canted, and one end of the huge, slippery liver being pulled over the side, gradually the oily mass glided into the boat.

While we rested and William wiped his bloody lance, he told us some of his former adventures, one or two of which I will now recount for the benefit of the reader, modifying the negro *patois* so as to make it intelligible.

"Ten years ago, Massa Bob, dem black debil was more bolder dan dem is now, and we used to strike shark as well in de day as in de night. One day I go out wid Toby Congo in a small canoe boat, fifteen feet long, and before we get long side de whale de water was black wid shark. I been hit one big monster feller; before you could say 'knife' de rope slip out of de groove, and de canoe was hove right under water, an' we left swimming 'mongst millions of sharks. Golly! dey touch me ebery now and den, but dey like whale-beef better nor man-flesh. Toby, he holler as if he been see the debil himself.



A NIGHT'S SHARKING IN THE WEST INDIES.—"AT LENGTH THE HARPOON ROSE, AND THE GLITTERING WEAPON SANK WITH A THUD INTO THE NECK OF A LARGE TIGER."

Howsomdever, in about five minute time de canoe rise 'bout hundred yards off. Blebe me, Massa Bob, Toby an' me knock fire out of de water, we swim so strong for dat ya boat. Toby he swim ober de canoe gunnel an' bale out de water, an' den I get in. Says I, 'Toby, is dat you?' Toby couldn't talk, his teeth knock togedder like a baby-rattle, and he couldn't say nuttin' but 'Oh, me hart!' We darn't go hunt shark for tree week, I 'sure you, sar."

On another occasion, William and his comrade of the lance just succeeded in killing an immense creature, after a battle of two hours, and while in the act of taking out the liver, another monster made a rush across the body of the dead one, no doubt attracted by the gleaming glimmer of the liver as the last of it slipped from the bowels of the fish into the canoe. He hung for an instant with its great, shovel-head, at least two feet broad, resting on the gunwale of the boat and the body of his defunct comrade; then Toby, with a dexterous stroke of the paddle, slewed the canoe so that his head lay obliquely, while William, with a well-directed thrust of his heavy lance in the vulnerable part, cleverly settled his account.

After killing a few more, and having now filled the shell of the canoe with slippery masses of liver, that shone in the light of the stars, our sport was over for the night, and the bow of the boat was turned homeward to William's cottage, nestling among feathery cocoa-nut palms in one of the little bays.

As the boat stole gently along the rocky shore, our attention was drawn to a curious sight. Upon striking the water with the flat of an oar, so as to cause a splash, the sea seemed to be lit up as if by magic, and at a depth of a fathom or more we could see every rock and weed at the bottom as clearly as at noonday; then gradually the light faded away, and all was dark as before.

This curious phenomenon was due to the presence of thousands of living fish of the sardine tribe, who, frightened by the sudden splash, rushed wildly about, setting in motion the phosphorescent animalculæ with which at certain seasons the tropical seas teem, and so caused the water to shine around the boat; the light gradually fading away as the little fish recover from their panic and again become all but motionless.

As the bow of the boat grated upon the beach, we leaped out, hauled up, and, as hungry as hunters should be, sat down to a smoking, savory mess of stewed fish and beautifully white bread, finishing up with a cup of coffee of such a fragrance as is known only when the berries are fresh. Midnight surprised us as we tumbled into our hammocks, weary and happy, after a good bout of most exciting sport.

THE SOUFFLEUR, AT MAURITIUS.

A CURIOUS phenomenon is exhibited on the south side of the Mauritius, at a point called "The Souffleur," or "The Blower." "A large mass of rock," says Lieutenant Taylor, "runs out into the sea from the mainland, to which it is joined by a neck of rock not two feet broad. The constant beating of the tremendous swell which rolls in has undermined it in every direction, till it has exactly the appearance of a Gothic building with a number of arches. In the centre of the rock, which is about thirty-five or forty feet above the sea, the water has forced two passages vertically upward, which are worn as smooth and cylindrical as if cut by a chisel. When a heavy sea rolls in, it of course fills in an instant the hollow caverns underneath; and, finding no other egress, and being borne in with tremendous violence, of rushes up these chimneys, and flies, roaring furiously, to a height of full sixty feet. The moment the wave recedes, the vacuum beneath causes the wind to rush into the two apertures with a loud humming noise, which is heard at a considerable distance.

"My companion and I arrived there before high water; and, having climbed across the neck of rock, we seated ourselves close to the chimneys, where I proposed making a sketch, and had just begun, when in came a thundering sea, which broke right over the rock itself, and drove us back much alarmed.

"Our negro guide now informed us that we must make haste to recross our narrow bridge, as the sea would get up as the tide rose. We lost no time, and got back dry enough; and I was obliged to make my sketches from the mainland.

In about three-quarters of an hour the sight was truly magnificent. I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that the waves rolled in, long and unbroken, full twenty-five feet high, till, meeting the headland, they broke clear over it, sending the spray flying over to the mainland; while, from the centre of this mass of foam, the Souffleur shot up with a noise which we afterward heard distinctly between two and three miles. Standing on the main cliff, more than a hundred feet above the sea, we were quite wet. All we wanted to complete the picture was a large ship going ashore."

Our illustration shows the sea beating against some hollow rocks on the coast of the Mauritius, and producing the remarkable phenomenon called "The Souffleur," or "The Blower"—water-spouts issuing from the wave-worn cavities of the cliff to a considerable height, and with a noise distinctly audible at a distance of three miles.

THE FIRE TEST.

I BELIEVE it, sir—I do, indeed! There never was an evil that some good did not spring from it. I know it is sometimes hard to believe—it was for me once—but it is truth. Shall I tell you why I changed my mind? I don't know as I ought to, for I am not much of a story-teller—I can balance an account or scale a load of lumber better—but I will try this time. Ah, how I wish I could tell it as I felt it and saw it! But I don't believe anybody ever could do *that*, so I'll make the best of it.

I am in the employ of a heavy lumbering company doing business on the lake-shore, and have been for years. Most of the time there are two of us in the office—John Richards, a son of one of the owners, and myself, Jacobed Jackson. John usually goes into the pineries in the Winter.

Well, last Winter was unfavorable for logging—there was no snow to speak of—and our supply of logs was so much less than usual that we were obliged to shut down the mill about the first of September. That left thirty or forty men idle. You know these lumbermen have to eat, sometimes, and wear clothes; and the firm decided to put a crew into the woods, if it was early. So, about the fourth or fifth of September, a lot of men started.

John Richards went up to boss them; and to be frank, as I always want to be, I was glad when John was out of my sight. There were two or three reasons why I was glad. First, John Richards was not a very agreeable person to have around. He was haughty and overbearing to the last degree, and many a wordy tilt have we had. Again, he was paying attention to a beautiful girl whom I loved. No doubt I was a little selfish, but I really couldn't help it.

There was no open rivalry between us, however, for I never had intimated, even to my dearest friend, my mother, that I cared aught for Belle Royalton. But I loved her; and the idea that John Richards—or anybody else, for that matter—would bear off the prize, even before I had entered the lists as a competitor, was repugnant to my feelings, to say the least. Lastly, John Richards was my enemy. Wherefore, I could not fathom; unless, indeed, some look or act of mine had betrayed my love. But he was my enemy, and I *was* glad when he was out of my sight.

John had been gone nearly a month, when the firm received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had found a large tract of pine land for sale. The owner had just been burned out, and John advised that I should come up with a few thousand dollars, for a splendid bargain could be made.

The partners held a consultation, and finally decided that I should go up. I was to start immediately after dinner, on horseback.

I knew the road well, and was somewhat acquainted with the few people who had ventured to settle in that wilderness through which I had to pass; therefore I apprehended no trouble. Not so with my mother, however. She took alarm at the first mention of the journey.

"I wish you were not going, Joc," she said, with a show of much anxiety.

"Why, mother?"

"The fires, Joc. They are burning all over the woods, and you have to camp out one night."

I laughed at her fears, for I thought them groundless; and she did not press the subject further. The look of anxiety remained on her face, however, and I promised to be very careful.

I chose to use my own horse; so, after dinner, I went out to the stable and saddled Jim, and rode down to the office. They were not quite ready, and Mr. Richards said I had better take a turn around, and see if there were any letters to send to the men. It was only by some such transient method that we had any communication with the pineries, and I found many letters already written.

After I had visited all who had husbands in the woods, I headed toward the office again; but I happened to think that perhaps Belle had some word to send to John Richards. It was not pleasant to think of, and I selfishly decided that I would not be the bearer of communications between them. But my better nature prevailed, as I hope it always may.

I rode over to Squire Royalton's, and asked for Belle. She was at home; and I think I trembled a little, while the servant was calling her, for I never had spoken with her except in the presence of others, much less visited her in her own home. I was even more agitated when she entered the room, and the touch of her hand thrilled me through and through. It was only by a mighty effort that I controlled my feelings. Ah, how lovely she was! I dared not dwell upon such thoughts, so I stammered out the business that brought me there.

She smiled when I told her—a mischievous smile, I thought.

"Thank you, very much, Mr. Jackson; but I have no word to send to Mr. Richards, that I know of."

I was surprised, and she saw it.

"You have been led into an error," she said, more seriously, "but I thank you all the same. I hope you will see no trouble on the journey. You must be very careful, however, for fires are burning through all that region."

You don't know how these words cheered me. Notwithstanding my embarrassing position, I could not feel sorry that I went; and, apologizing for my mistake, I took my leave, very much happier, yet, withal, feeling a sort of pity for John.

The first part of my journey was performed without serious trouble. It is true, I had some narrow escapes from the fires which I found everywhere; thus proving my mother's fears not without foundation. But on Saturday night, the night for camping out, I met with the first of a series of mishaps that promised a very unfortunate ending to my trip.

The camping out, however, was not so disagreeable as I anticipated; for our men, on the way up, had erected a cabin for themselves, and a sort of stable for the horses. In the latter I tied Jim, finding hay and grain enough for a feed, and then betook myself to the other cabin, where I made preparations for passing a comfortable night.

But I could not sleep at first. Ten thousand dollars in one's pocket is not a remarkable narcotic, especially when one is in a lonely cedar swamp, with fires lighting the heavens above, the suffocating smoke retarding respiration, and you do not know how many desperate men prowling about for prey. But sleep came to me after a while, and money, fire, smoke and robbers were forgotten.

I do not know how long I slept, but I do know that I was awakened very suddenly. I sprang from the heap of straw which had been my bed, and, by the light of the fires, which had burned nearer, I saw a man standing in the door. His face was toward me—a black face it was, too, but whether artificially colored or natural, I could not say.

"If you don't want to get burned up, you'd better get out of here!" he said, gruffly. "Ten minutes more, and the hut will be all ablaze."

I needed no second bidding. I found that his words were true, his warning timely. On three sides of the cabin the hungry flames were greedily licking up everything combustible, and at one point were only a few rods from where I stood.

The smoke was stifling, the heat was scorching. I had no time to waste. The stranger was already on the move, as I knew by the sound of his horse's footfalls. I was not far behind, I assure you; for my faithful horse seemed to realize that we were in peril.

The smoke was so dense that I could not see a rod ahead, but I struck out boldly, and a ride of half an hour took me out of immediate danger. Then, for the first time since my awakening, I thought of the money. I quickly clapped my hand to my breast-pocket.

It was empty!

Can you guess my first wish? It was that I had been left to my fate in that rude hut; for death seemed preferable to dishonor. These thoughts did not remain with me any length of time, however; for somewhere in advance of me, fleeing from his victim, and from the devouring element, was the robber. My only desire, then, was to overtake him and wreak out my vengeance on his worthless carcass.

Putting the whip to my horse, I dashed on; making but little progress, however, for the way had never been traveled before, unless by some footman. Toward daylight the way improved, and soon after sunrise I struck a road. I now moved on more rapidly. By frequent inquiries I learned that I was on the track of the villain, but some hours behind him. I was gaining on him, however. As the day waned I heard of him nearer and nearer. I hoped to overtake him before dark, but failed.

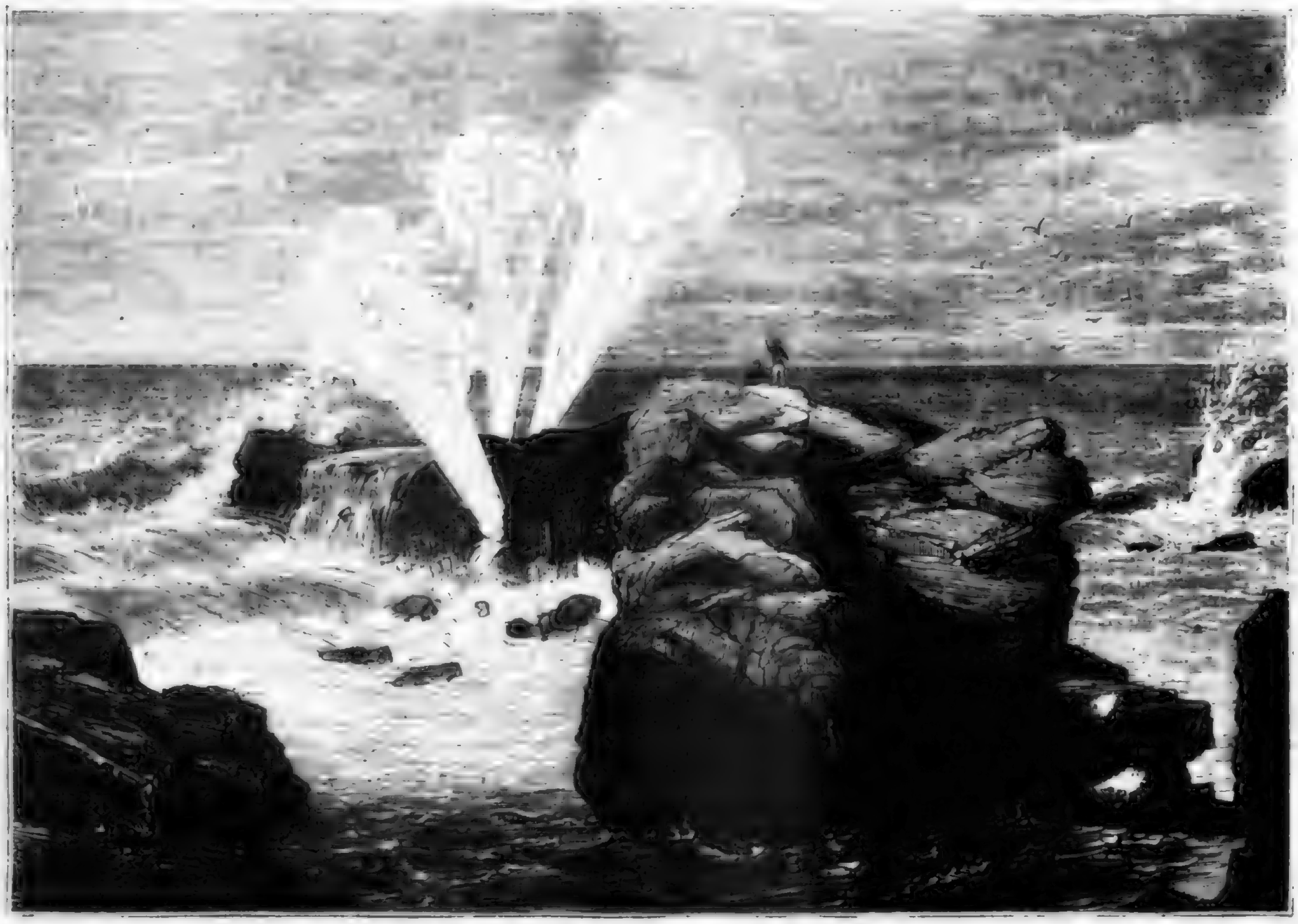
I did not despair. I kept on, and, somewhere between eight and nine o'clock, reached a village situated on the border of a bay, or the lake itself, I could not tell which. I rode down to the bay to give my thirsty horse a drink;

but he had only touched his lips to the water, when he lifted up his head, turned square round, and, with dilated eyes, swelling nostrils and elevated ears, gazed toward the woods which nearly surrounded the village. And I, too, turned in the same direction; for a low, rumbling sound, inexplicable to me, broke the Sabbath stillness. Louder and louder it grew as we gazed, until it was like the noise of mighty, irresistible waters sweeping toward us.

The inhabitants of the village were aroused. Though conscious of some terrible danger, they were yet ignorant of their awful doom. Even the domestic animals took the alarm, and fled, helter-skelter, trampling many a poor unfortunate under foot in their mad flight.

But the worst was yet to come.

Dumb with awe, rather than fear, I stood facing the mysterious roar—stood alone, for my frightened horse had broken away and fled—while fiercer and more terrible became the horrid mystery.



THE SOUFFLEUR, AT MAURITIUS.—SEE PAGE 310.

But the worst was not yet.

Suddenly, swift as the lightning's flash, burst upon us a deafening crash, like the uprooting and downfalling of ten thousand forest giants, and with it a sheet of flame—one wide, lurid sheet of scorching, merciless, devouring fire, enveloping the village and everything therein—a sickening holocaust.

Peshtigo was doomed!

Only when the tornado of wind and flame struck the village did I realize my danger. Fortunately I was close by the water's edge, else I never should have told you the story. With a few others as fortunate as myself, I rushed into the cooling element, waist-deep.

"Joe! Joe! save me! For God's sake, don't leave me here!"

Those were the words that smote my ear, above the shrill roar of the devastating fire. I turned in my flight. It was as light as noonday—a hot, sickening light, if I may so term it; and lying on the bank, but a step from the water, I saw John Richards, begging of me to come to him.

"Oh, Joe! just try *once* to save me—only once, Joe! I'll ask no more!"

Could you have refused, even though it seemed like certain death to venture back into that burning heat? No more could I.

One noble man—God prosper him and his in this life and hereafter!—returned with me, and together we dragged poor John through the water into comparative safety.

"God bless you!" murmured John, as he felt the cool water enveloping him. "You have saved me from a horrible death, and I will repay you. Bend your head down, Joe. *The money is all right, Joe!*"

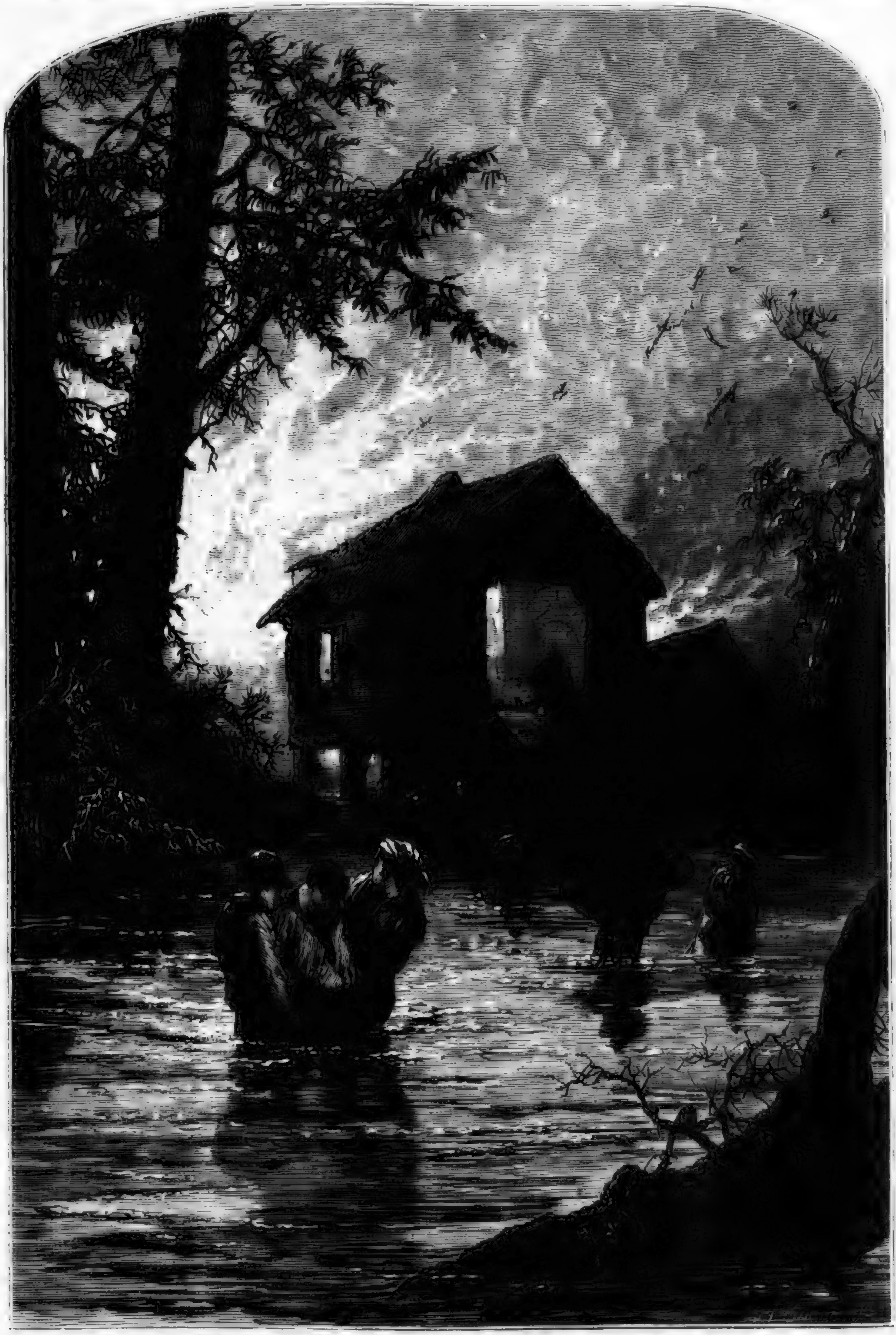
"What! tell me that again!" I demanded, forgetting everything but the hope of saving my honor unstained.

"I took it, Joe. I knew Belle loved you, and I couldn't bear it. That letter I sent was to get you where I could carry out my plan. I might have left you in the hut, but Belle would always remember you then, while a shadow of suspicion upon you would have ended it all. But I give her up to you, Joe. I'm not good enough for her, even if she wanted me; but if I live, I'll do better. You'll not tell Belle, or father?"

"No, John," I said.

By this time the heat was so intense that we were forced to wade deeper into the water, and keep our heads wet to save our skins from blistering. Ah, sir, it was terrible! Many a poor being fled down into the water that night, and never returned—fled from one death to find another, and, perhaps, an easier one.

Well, I scarcely know how we lived through that awful



THE FIRE TEST.—"THE HEAT WAS SO INTENSE THAT WE WERE FORCED TO WADE DEEP INTO THE WATER, AND KEEP OUR HEADS WET TO SAVE OUR SKINS FROM BLISTERING."—SEE PAGE 310.

XUM

night; but here I am, as you see, considerably scorched, and somewhat stiff and sore, but quite a man, after all. There is John, too—John Richards, in that bed in the corner. He will get over it, I guess. I shouldn't be telling you this now, only he said I might. He has turned over a new leaf, and does not want any secrets weighing him down.

There is Belle, too, just coming up the walk. They put my bed here, so that I should be the first to see her when she came, and the last when she went away. Isn't she beautiful? Ah, but that is nothing to her goodness! She has saved John and me, they say; and she is—*my promised wife.* Do you blame me now for saying there never was an evil that good did not spring out of it?

ONCE UPON A TIME.

By Mortimer Collins.

Was it a thousand years ago
A little girl I used to know,
Whose hair (the papers did it, though)
Was very curly?
A jolly little chap was she,
And full of laughing, childish glee;
But now she shows that she can be
A trifle surly.

And she approaches middle age
(Vile phrase!), and grows extremely sage,
And sometimes flies into a rage
With old relations;
Yet I remember well when she
Was tossed to the ceiling, wild with glee,
Or sat upon a certain knee
Without impatience.

Well, life is long and love is brief
(Though love alone is life's relief),
And Time's a very cruel thief,
All joys deranging;
Yet, 'twere a pleasant deed of his,
And one I should not take amiss,
To bring me now a child-like kiss
From lips unchanging.

A DIMINUTIVE DEPENDENCY.

In the year 1506 a well-furnished fleet of sixteen sail, commissioned to strengthen the dominion of Portugal in Asia and Africa, came upon a group of three islands some fifteen hundred miles west of the Cape, to which, by way of registering his discovery, the Portuguese admiral gave his own name of Tristan d'Acunha. A hundred and thirty-seven years later the islands were explored by the Dutch, an example followed by the French in 1767; but neither were tempted to take possession. The principal island of the group afterward became a rendezvous for American whalers, and was occupied by them down to 1810, when they appear to have abandoned it; for in 1811 the population of Tristan d'Acunha, all told, consisted of an American, a half-caste Portuguese, and a native of Minorca. The American, Jonathan Lambert, invested himself with the sovereignty of what had hitherto been No-man's Land, by the style and title of Prince of Tristan d'Acunha, and Lord of Nightingale and Inaccessible Islands. By the formal instrument proclaiming the commencement of his reign, the self-made prince gave himself and his heirs the right to give or sell his dominions to whomsoever they thought fit, and bound his subjects to receive all comers upon the principles of hospitality and good-fellowship, and supply them, for due consideration, with anything within the resources of his territories.

These were limited enough. The native productions of the three islands were of no marketable value; but Lambert and his two subjects managed to raise fair crops of cabbages, turnips, carrots, parsnips, beets, onions, lettuces, radishes, parsley and potatoes. They were not so fortunate in the way of live-stock, losing most of their turkeys and all their ducks; but their pigs throve tolerably, and their goats catered for themselves with good results.

Prince Jonathan's reign was not of long duration. He disappeared in May, 1812, and was never heard of more. Whether he took French leave of his dominions, was drowned in crossing to one of the smaller islands, or was put out of the way by his subjects, is matter for speculation.

Those he left behind him suffered much from the depredations of American privateers, and things generally went ill with them; and when, in consequence of Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena, the British Government deemed it advisable to dispatch a small force from the Cape to take formal possession of Tristan d'Acunha, the Portuguese slipped away, and the newcomers found no one to dispute their right of occupation save Thomas, the Minorcan. He was soon hail-fellow with the soldiers, and a constant customer at the canteen. Where he got the money he spent so freely was a mystery. In his drunken moments—and he rarely had sober ones—Thomas talked about hidden treasure, and promised that the man who pleased him most should learn where it lay. He died too suddenly to keep his promise; and, although many sought for the golden hoard, nothing was found except an old wooden-bottomed kettle full of rags.

Upon the death of Napoleon, and the withdrawal of the garrison from Tristan d'Acunha, Corporal Glass, an old soldier with a young wife, obtained permission to remain on the island; and, that he might start comfortably, his officers gave him a bull, a cow, and a few sheep, and made over to him such of their belongings as they did not care to carry away. Not long afterward, two sailors belonging to the St. Helena squadron, taken with the ex-corporal's mode of life, determined, when paid off, to lay in a stock of useful articles and join the "governor." In due time they reached England, and received their pay; but, unable to resist temptation, the tars went on the spree, and forgot all about Tristan d'Acunha until their pockets were empty. They then set off for the Admiralty to ask "my lords" to give them a free passage to the island. Luckily for the old salts, Admiral Cockburn recognized one of them—Taylor—as a shipmate, and they soon found themselves on board a man-of-war bound for the Cape. Glass received them cordially, and, building themselves a house, which they dubbed Bachelors' Hall, the pair jogged on happily together in their strangely selected home.

In 1824, Mr. Earle, a passenger on board a South American schooner, landed on the island for a day or two's sketching, and, being left in the lurch by the treacherous skipper, had to wait six months for a chance of getting away again, and so passed one half-year of his life without seeing a sad look on a human face. Certainly there were not many faces about. Half-a-dozen houses, built of wreck-timber, and thatched with grass, sufficed to shelter the entire population. Taylor, the man-of-war's man, was still to the fore at Bachelors' Hall, but his partner had departed—not this life, but the island—and he had found a new messmate in Old Dick, a dapper little Londoner washed ashore from a wreck, who had been waterman, fisherman, seaman and dragoon. Two more ocean waifs saved from an Indiaman—a young sailor named White, and a half-caste Portuguese girl from Bombay—had made a match of it, and, with Mr. and Mrs. Glass, made up the tale of adult settlers.

The so-called governor was a fine, good-humored Roxburgh man, who, Scot-like, cherished in his heart the land he had left for ever. Undertaking to convert Earle's cloak into a complete suit, he was such an unconscionable time about the job that that gentleman feared he should be reduced to Adamite garb. At last the governor said:

"It's no use holding out any longer. I have had your bonnie cloak out several times, and the scissors in my hand; but it's the first tartan that ever came to Tristan d'Acunha, and I cannot find it in my heart to cut it to pieces."

He was comforted by being presented with the tartan, on condition that he furnished its owner with a pair of trousers of some sort; and a few days later, Mr. Earle's lower limbs were decorously clad in a pair of inexpressibles with fronts of sail-cloth and backs of goatskin.

The island ladies did not give the visitor much chance of cultivating an acquaintance; they were too busy in the cook-house, and tending their large families of healthy, robust youngsters. Sometimes they joined the gentlemen round the fire at Government-house, when the evening hours sped swiftly by, as song and yarn went merrily round without the aid of the cheering glass. That was not the only thing debarred them, or that they debarred themselves. Bread they never saw; and, although they owned a fair stock of cattle and sheep, were content to live upon milk and potatoes, with a bit of celery-flavored goat-flesh, seaweed-flavored pork, or a little fish by way of a change. They had no difficulty in raising poultry; the difficulty lay in keeping the birds, after they were raised, out of the clutches of the wild descendants of some cats that had taken to bush life—bold, cunning, fierce creatures, so well able to hold their own that one withstood four stout dogs for nearly an hour ere it yielded them the victory.

When the bishopric of Cape Town was constituted, Tristan d'Acunha was included in the new diocese, and, in 866, Bishop Gray went there to strengthen the hands of the Rev. W. F. Taylor, who had devoted himself to supplying the spiritual and educational wants of the little community. Glass had died two or three years before, and Peter Green, a native of Rotterdam, wrecked on the island in 1836, filled his place.

A few months prior to the bishop's arrival, one-fourth of the inhabitants had left for the United States, reducing the population to seventy-five persons; owning among them two hundred head of cattle, three hundred sheep, a hundred or so pigs, and some five hundred head of poultry. Many of these were also inclined to try their fortune elsewhere, and, upon the transference of the island in the following year to the bishopric of St. Helena, bringing about the withdrawal of Mr. Taylor to Cape Town, more than half of the people went with their beloved pastor.

Nominally part and parcel of the British Empire, the existence of Tristan d'Acunha was until very lately ignored by the Colonial Office, and its people left to manage their affairs without any regularly-appointed authority. Lord Carnarvon, thinking this condition of things undesirable, bestirred himself in the matter, and, in October, 1875, H.M.S. *Diamond* was dispatched on a mission of inquiry, and to Captain Bosanquet's official report we owe the latest intelligence respecting this odd little dependency.

Distance by no means lends enchantment to the view in the case of Tristan d'Acunha, for its outward aspect is anything but inviting, even to the eyes of the land-hungry mariners. The island rises precipitously from the sea in a continuous chain of lava heights, between two and three thousand feet high, furrowed by water-courses and ravines, and clothed with scrub and dwarf pine, while above this rocky, surf-beaten barrier frowns a black peak seven thousand feet in height. On the northwestern extremity is a fine tract of undulating land sloping to the cliffs, and at the northern end of this tract, hard by the anchorage, is the settlement.

The soil here is rich, and a floating belt of kelp seaweed supplies all that is wanting to keep it in good condition; but it cannot be turned to much agricultural account, owing to the cruel winds that sweep across it with such extraordinary violence, that the inhabitants have been compelled to replace their timber dwellings by cottages built of stone blocks four or five feet square, dove-tailed into each other, mortar being unobtainable.

Sir W. Thomson says it was curious to see the people building their cottages. They got two or three large spars —salvage from unlucky ships—and, "laying them up against the wall at a low angle, had them carefully greased, and, by a method known to have been used in Assyria, and even in Egypt, they gradually moved on rollers and slid up the blocks to the top of the wall, where they were fixed in their places."

Within two miles of the settlement is a sloping grass plain, several thousand acres in extent, serving as grazing ground for some 400 head of cattle, and more sheep. Small plots of this tract are fenced off for the cultivation of vegetables, and sheltered spots, formed by depressions in the ground, are planted with fruit-trees. Wheat cannot be grown, the island being infested with mice—thanks probably, to the crusade against the cats having ended in their extermination. Seals and goats, formerly superabundant, are now rare; indeed, the latter have disappeared altogether, although some are still to be caught upon Nightingale Island, which might much more appropriately be called Penguin Island.

Covered with tussock grass, forming a dense jungle, Nightingale Island affords anything but easy traveling. Long avenues run between the "tussocks," along which it is impossible to pass for a single yard without crushing penguin's nests hidden under the long grass, or trampling young birds to death; while the old ones, having no fear of man, draw blood from an intruder's legs with their long, sharp beaks. When the *Challenger* visited the island, the penguins occupied from one to eight acres of it. "At certain times perhaps a thousand would come out from the various lanes, and walk down to the sea and squattle in it. The moment they were in the water, they acted just as if they were fishes. The gray groove in their backs was occasionally seen above the surface, but it was scarcely possible to imagine they were birds; they looked like gray mullets. Having fished for a while, they returned to their nests by a regular path, which was beaten as flat as a sheep-walk. The whole was carried out by a regular system, the birds going to the sea by one path and returning by another. Sometimes they would stand and have a talk; then all of a sudden they would stand at attention, and each proceed to its particular nest."

In the old time of fifty years ago, the islanders raised their live-stock and vegetables principally for trading purposes; but vessels of any sort so seldom visit the place now, that they have no means of disposing of surplus produce, and are hard put to it to obtain such necessaries as blankets, clothes and flour, and such luxuries as tea, coffee and tobacco; so, while there is land enough and stock enough for a much larger number of people, the limited population find it difficult to live comfortably, and enjoy nothing like so pleasant a life as did the original settlers.

Captain Bosanquet took a census of the inhabitants on the 12th of October, 1875, when there were on the island 14

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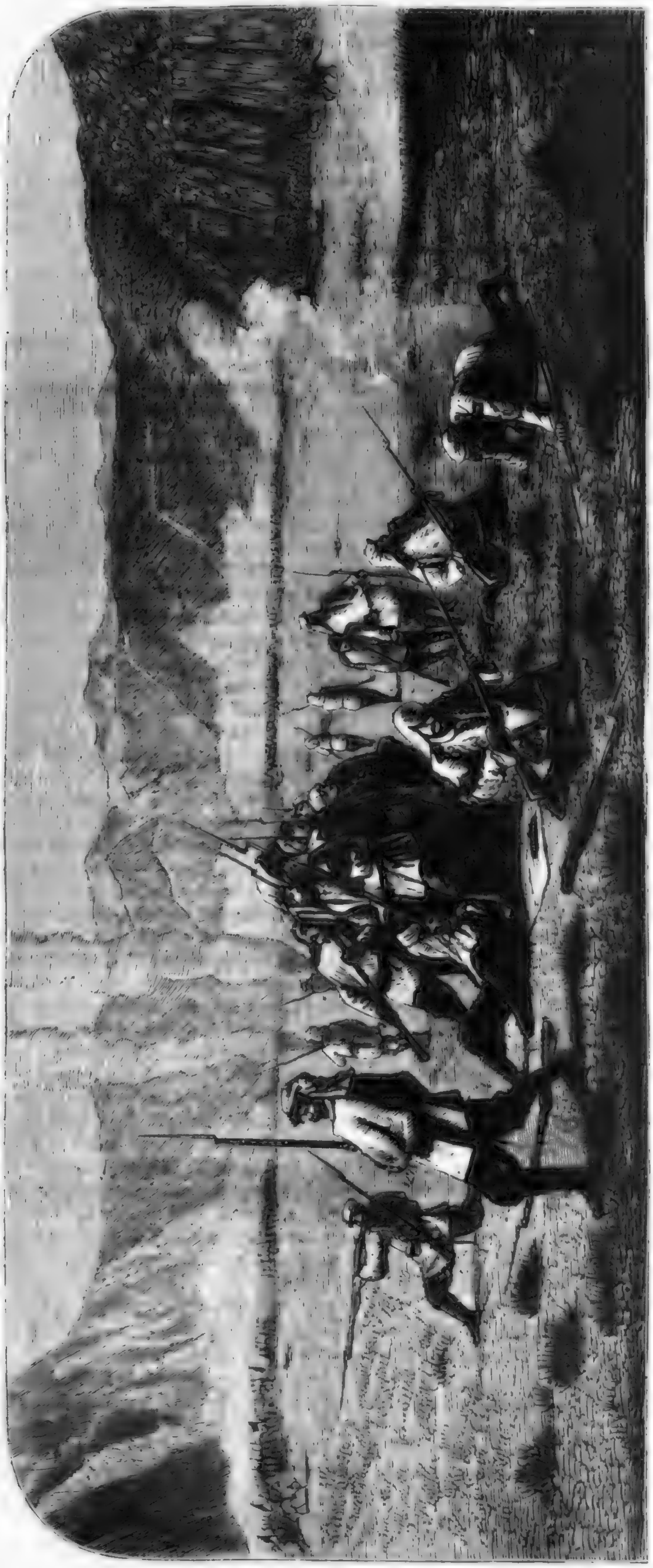


THE TERRIBLE NINE DAYS.—RUSSIANS SURROUNDED.

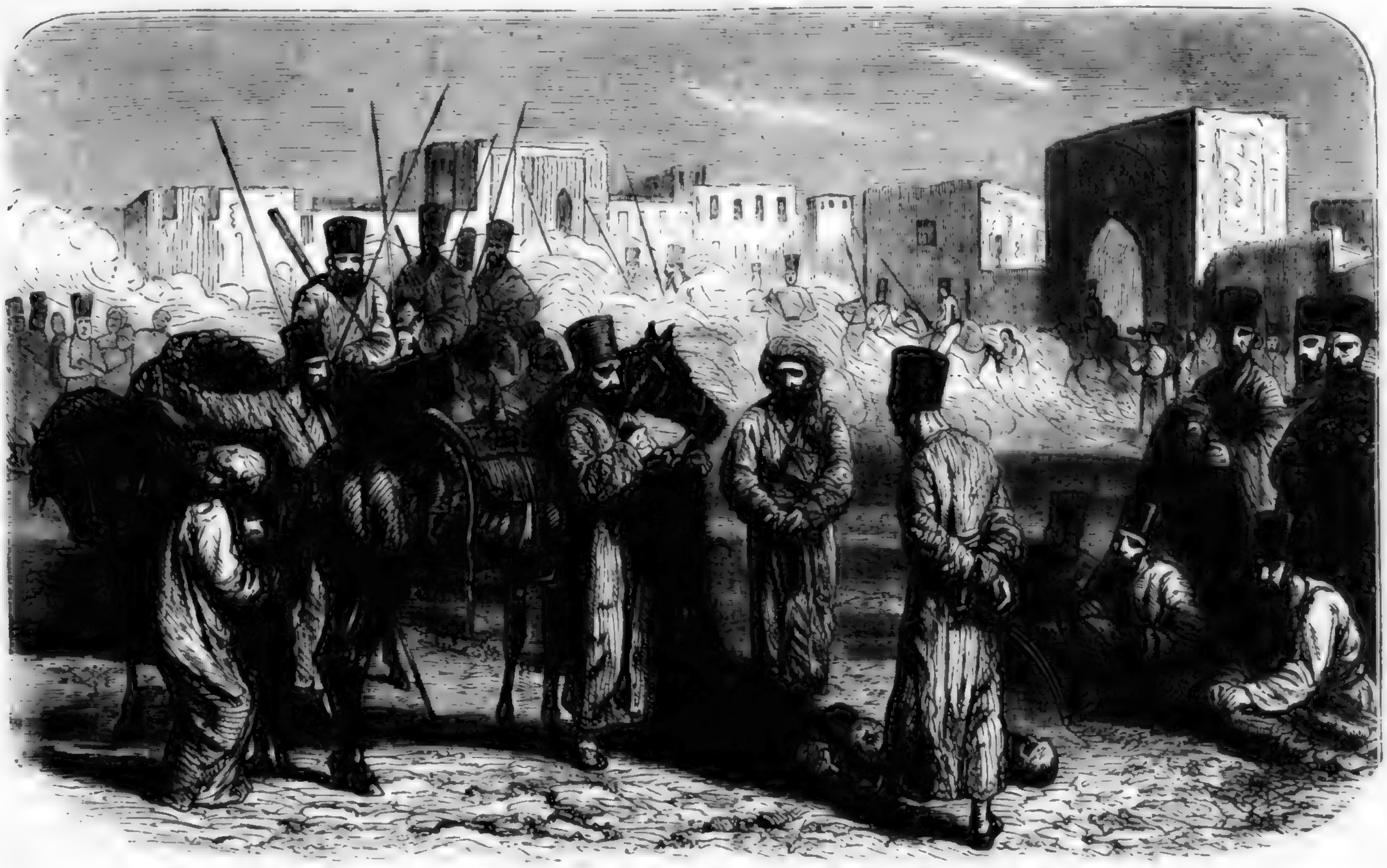
families, consisting of 49 males and 31 females, of whom 71 were native-born. The oldest inhabitants were Thomas Glass, a son of Governor Glass; Mary Green, who came from St. Helena in 1827, and a couple of old widows, the relicts of old man-of-war's men—Maria Cotton's husband having served as a guard over Napoleon, and Sarah Swain's husband being a Trafalgar man, who died but lately at the age of a hundred and three.

The arrival of the *Diamond* was the signal for a general holiday, and the visitors were charmed by the cleanliness and neat appearance, the quiet and unaffected good manners, of their welcomers. There had been an addition to the population the night before, and the little lady and twenty-four other children were baptized by the ship's chaplain; who also had the pleasant task of uniting the only girl of marriageable age to a smart young fellow of seventeen. The bride's father entertained the officers of the *Diamond* at a wedding-feast, in which the entire community took part; astonishing his guests by the abundance of good things he put on the table, and the excellent fashion in which everything was served.

The captain, on taking counsel with the older members of the community, found them agreed as to the desirability of having an officially appointed head, if only to prevent the island being made a receptacle for prisoners of war, as happened during the American Civil War; but what they wanted more was a resident clergyman.

Among the things that would be especially acceptable they set down Bibles, prayer-books and school-books, blankets, serge for clothing, plows, spades, pickaxes, cords, axles for cart-wheels, blasting-powder, a signal-staff and two ensigns, and one or two whale-boats, with material for repairing them. Upon receipt of Captain Bosanquet's report, Lord Carnarvon put matters in train for carrying out that officer's suggestions as to the future government of Tristan d'Acunha; and determined, the Treasury permitting, to spend two hundred pounds in supplying the islanders' needs. In default of any evidence to the contrary, we suppose the minister got the money, and hope the interesting community is now reaping the benefit.

THE New York *Herald* estimates that Mr. Stanley's expedition brought to light 15,000,000 heathens, and as his expenses amounted to $115,000, "he thus discovered savages at the rate of six for five cents—a very reasonable rate for heathens."



THE TERRIBLE NINE DAYS.—"TWO OR THREE TURKOMAN HORSEMEN ARE SHAKING SOMETHING OUT OF A SACK."

THE TERRIBLE NINE DAYS.

AN EPISODE OF THE RUSSIAN CONQUEST OF CENTRAL ASIA

By David Ker.

"Well," my dear fellow, these Bokhariotes are pretty creatures to fight with, aren't they?"

"I should think so! Don't you remember when they surrounded us on the 'Hungry Steppe,' and we formed square and sent them flying, with a couple of volleys?"

"Ay, they're masterly in *retreat*, there's no denying it. Why, their whole tactics seem to consist in running out at the back of a fort just as we run in at the front of it!"

So speak the young officers of the Russian garrison in the citadel of Samarcand, on a fine Summer evening in 1868. Samarcand has fallen without a blow; Gen. Kaufmann is on his way back to Tashkent with the main army; and the little handful of men left behind to hold the place, flushed with recent victory, are laughing at the very thought of their beaten enemy ever daring to show fight again.

"Don't be too confident, lads," interposes the warning voice of a veteran major, with the scar of a Turkoman sabre across his brown cheek. "They're not likely to venture an attack, it's true; but remember, if they did, we should have barely six hundred men to hold a mile and a half of wall, with five breaches in it big enough to drive a wagon through!"

"Bah, Pavel Petrovitch!" (Paul son of Peter) laughs a fresh-faced young ensign, "it's something new to hear *you* talking of danger! Take my word for it, the unbelievers will never have the courage for another fight!"

But the morrow's sunrise shows these over-confident jesters a strange and terrible sight. Far as the eye can reach, the surrounding hill-tops are one surging sea of gay turbans, and embroidered robes, and dark, fierce faces, and gleaming steel, rolling downward from every side upon the doomed city. The unbelievers *have* the courage for another fight; and here they are!

But the veteran commandant is not the man to be appalled by any danger, however sudden and terrific, and he is prompt as ever to meet the emergency. Eight native messengers are instantly sent off by various routes to recall the army, and a working party is hastily organized to demolish the houses around the citadel-wall, which may cover the advance of an enemy.* But the officer in command of this detachment soon returns with evil tidings. The enemy have already entered the city in force, and he and his men, before their task was half completed, have been compelled to fall back before the rapid advance of the besiegers, who are already almost within sight of the fortress-gate.

Whatever the commandant may think of this news, his granite-hewn face never changes one whit; and the compressed lips utter but one sentence:

"Shut the gates!"

With the utterance of that order the siege of Samarcand begins.

By afternoon, the whole front of the town facing the citadel is like a ripe clover-field with the glittering arms and gay dresses of the enemy, and the doomed band, whom they are about to overwhelm, can recognize the very features and garb of the various races in the great host arrayed against them. The short, ungainly figures and little pointed caps of the Sarts; the vulture-like faces and black sheep-skins of the Turkomans; the scarlet jackets and leather trousers of the Bokhariote *Sarbazi* (guardsmen); the tall, bony figures and silken tunics of the Persians, and, most formidable of all, the white frocks, and broad, yellow girdles, and fierce, black eyes of the Shekhri-Sebzian mountaineers—the Highlanders of Central Asia.

Meanwhile the Russians have not been backward in preparing for the crisis, desperate as it is. Two guns have

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* In consequence of this terrible lesson, a space several hundred yards wide has since been cleared all round the citadel.

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been withdrawn from the ramparts, and planted in the "Bukharski Prolomm" (Bokhariote breach), which is evidently to be the first point attacked on that side; and a body of picked men stand ranked behind them, ready to meet the assault.

As yet, however, not a shot is fired, despite the splendid mark offered by the dense masses of the enemy; for the defenders' scanty ammunition must be carefully husbanded, and the huge, gray wall is still grimly silent.

And, all this time, the slanting sunlight pours its golden glow over hill and valley, and the tiny river dances and sparkles between its clustering thickets, and the green leaves whisper in the evening breeze, and the birds carol joyously from the surrounding woods, as if there were neither sin nor sorrow in the world. But amid all this peace, and brightness, and beauty, the carnival of hell is about to begin.

It is about six o'clock in the evening, when a sudden movement of the ranked thousands that stand facing the Bokhariote breach tells that the time has come. Horsemen are seen riding to and fro—fierce cries go up from the heaving mass—and a spattering fire of musketry begins to blaze and crackle along the line of the sheltering houses. Then up into the quiet evening air goes the Mussulman war-shout, "Allah ackbar!" (God is victorious), and the horde of human tigers, breaking loose at once, rush raging to the slaughter.

"Fire!"

Why are the Russian guns silent? Gracious Heaven! they have been ill-loaded, and will not explode!

"Never mind, lads!" shouts the old commandant, with a ring of stern gladness in his deep voice; "we'll give them the cold steel like Russians!"

But the firm, manly tones are drowned by a crash of musketry, and the roar of a thousand voices; and now it is hand to hand, and all is one whirl of stabbing bayonets, and slashing sabres, and pounding musket-butts; blood spurting up like rain, and death coming blindly, no man knows whence or how.

And now, from the second breach likewise, comes an answering roar of battle, and the conflict rises to a height. Six hundred men against 20,000! How long can such a struggle last? One hour, perhaps two, they may hold out; and then— But what may happen *then*, is all one to these men of iron. To hold his ground, to die at his post, striking hard and deep to the last—this is what the Russian soldier can do, and he does it.

But it is the misfortune of the Asiatic leaders never to learn that war is a science. Had they assaulted the place on all sides at once, they must have carried it by sheer weight of numbers; but their scattered attacks give time for the defenders to shift their force from point to point, and beat off the assault in detail. Little by little the fury of the attack begins to abate, the din of battle dies away, the besieging hosts ebb sullenly back to the shelter of the town. The cold moon rises over the mountains, lighting up the stern, white faces of the dead—and Russian Samarcand has one day longer to live.

The whole of the following day is one long assault, fiercely pressed and as fiercely repelled; while the wounded officers, lying untended in the great court where the Bokhariote warriors once offered to their Amir the heads of their slaughtered enemies, grasp their revolvers as the roar of the fray waxes louder, intending, as one of them savagely mutters, "to keep five shots for the enemy and the sixth for themselves."*

The ranks of the defenders are now sorely thinned, and, from the commandant downward, there is not a man but has his wound to show. But, worn and wearied as they are, parched with thirst, black with gunpowder, and reeling from fatigue and loss of blood, they still fight stubbornly on—hopeless of life, but none the less resolute to die as men should do.

But, desperate as they hold their case to be, there are influences at work in the enemy's camp, if they but knew it, which may save them yet. An Asiatic army which has made *one* attack without gaining the day, is already half beaten; and dissensions follow as a matter of course.

On the third morning of the siege, the haggard watchers upon the ramparts hear an angry tumult in the beleaguering host, and see the sun glancing upon the bristling spears of a great body of armed men marching away to the southward. What does all this mean?

It means that this undisciplined mass of Sarts, Shekhri-Sebzians, Persians and Turkomans is falling asunder like an unbound fagot. A furious quarrel has arisen among the chiefs, and the hill-men of Shekhri-Sebz, the life and marrow of the besieging army, have gone home in disgust. Thus weakened, the assailants begin to lose heart, and substitute for the attacks which have already cost them so dear the slower but safer method of blockade.

But, all this while, what has become of the eight messengers sent to recall the main army? Have they succeeded, or have they been taken and slain? Such are the questions present night and day to the thoughts of the hard-pressed defenders—questions fated to be speedily and terribly answered. Toward noon, on the fifth day, the sentinels on the walls see a group of the enemy's principal chiefs gathered around two or three Turkoman horsemen, who are shaking something out of a sack; and presently a great body of the assailants come leaping and yelling around the fortress-wall, bearing in their midst seven human heads fixed upon spears, and a hundred voices ask, tauntingly, "whether the Russians know their messengers?"

This is a terrible blow; but with the horror mingles something yet harder to bear—the dawn of a possible *hope*. Eight men have been sent forth, and here are but *seven* heads. Where is the eighth? Has he escaped? and if so, may not help come in time, even now?

But if it is to avail aught, the coming deliverance has not a moment to lose. Already one-fourth of the gallant handful have been killed or disabled. Food and ammunition are both running short. Water, which means life itself in this burning climate, to men worn out with constant fighting, is fast failing, likewise. More than one wounded soldier has bled to death unheeded, for not a man can be spared from the walls; and the deepening shadow of the grave seems fast closing over each and all.

But even in this supreme hour, help is near, though they know it not. Late on the sixth night, a gaunt, ghastly, dust-begrimed spectre, wan and wasted as a corpse, steals into the beleaguered fortress, and, snatching wistfully at the food and water which are hastily set before him, tells to listeners as haggard as himself a strange and stirring tale. He has reached Kaufmann's army, with the commandant's letter stitched up in the sole of his sandal, and has now returned, through uncounted perils, to bear the welcome tidings that the Russians are coming to the rescue as fast as forced marches can bring them.

Then, for one moment, wounds, hunger, weariness, imminent death, are all forgotten; and up into the still midnight air goes a mighty shout, startling the dreaming savages without the wall. Two more days of inaction on the enemy's part, and Russia's Thermopylæ may yet end in victory; but it is not to be.

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* This episode was told me by its hero, Col. B——, with whom I traveled along the Syr-Daria during the Khiva Expedition.

As the sun rises on the following morning, there is a stir in the enemy's camp, which betokens, all too plainly, that the bloody work is about to begin once more. Then over every face in that doomed band comes the set, grim look of the Northman when fairly brought to bay. In stern silence they take their places in the breach;* and with them are sick men tottering from weakness, and wounded men with their unbandaged hurts oozing blood, and everything that has strength to stand up and be cut down. This is no time for any man to spare himself. Should the enemy break in, there remains only a death of hideous torture for each and all; better die like brothers, side by side, fighting manfully to the last.

I will not attempt to describe that final struggle. Words cannot paint its savage intensity; and, indeed, those who were themselves the foremost in the fray, are least able to tell how it went. Little time, truly, has any man for thought in the hot reek of such a *mêlée*, with the maddening din and hurly-burly stirring his blood like strong wine, and the wild-beast longing to tear and kill tingling to his very finger ends. Of all the enemy's assaults, this is the most furious, and the most nearly successful; but it is also the last.

For now there come upon the besieging host terrors of which those within the fortress know nothing. Rumors are abroad—at first dim and doubtful, but growing ever more and more terribly distinct—that the army which won the field of Tchepan-Ata, and took the citadel of Samarcand, is coming upon them once more. It is now a question, not of days, but of hours; and with the failure of the last assault, all is over.

On the ninth morning, the great host rises from its lair around the unconquerable fortress, and stalks sullenly away. And before the dust of its march has subsided, an answering cloud rises along the ridge of Tchepan-Ata, and the bayonets of the Russian vanguard glitter against the northern sky.†

A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER.

TURNING over the leaves of a diminutive blue-book of no particular interest, we lighted upon a translation of the 633d number of the Yokohama *Daily News*, published on the 20th day, 2d month, 6th year of Meiji, 20th day of 2d month of Solar Calendar—that is to say, Thursday, February 20th, 1873. The date is not of the freshest, but the contents of the paper have lost none of their savor by keeping.

Compared with more familiar journals, our Japanese newspaper is but lightly laden. Immediately after the date comes the announcement: "Weather fine. Thermometer at noon, 52°." This is followed by an official communication from Inouye Kaora, Vice-Minister of the Treasury, setting forth the number and description of the ships at anchor in the bay of Yokohama, the amount of Customs receipts for the preceding day, the rates of exchange, and a notification that the *Budget of News*, the *Daily Intelligence Association News*, and the Yokohama *Daily News*, being conducive, "be it in ever so slight a degree," to energy and progress, by furnishing correct information about home and foreign affairs, it is ordered that these journals be forwarded daily to every Fen and Ken—city and district—in the Empire.

His Excellency not only helps the circulation of the favored newspapers; he seems to supply them with no small portion of their "copy." In the number before us, he reminds "the three cities and thirty-six districts," that, although it had hitherto been usual, when the Government disposed of mansions, residences and offices with the sites thereto belonging, for the purchasers to pay the price of the standing edifices to the Board of Buildings, and the price of the ground sites to the Board of Revenue, for the future all such payments were to be paid to the last-named. Then, by way of warning to ill-disposed folks, the minister furnishes a copy of a report from the Wakamatsu Ken, respecting a conspiracy hatched by Toyoji, son of Manyo, of Shiogawa village, township of Aidyu, province of Iwashiro. This report is merely the deposition of Toyoji, prefaced by a letter signed by Washio Takamitsu, Okabi Isunanori and Yasuda Narinori, respectively governor, vice-governor and acting vice-governor of the Ken, inclosing a list of eight individuals implicated in the plot, for whom "most diligent search is being made."

Like many a plotter before him, Toyoji tries to clear himsels at the expense of his fellow-plotters, but whether his statement (a long and uninteresting one), in which he solemnly declared there was not one word of untruth, did him much service, we doubt. If he got off scot-free, he was a luckier fellow than the penitent rabbit-dealer of Kanagawa, who humbly acknowledged in the columns of the Yokohama *Daily News* that, when he petitioned his Excellency Governor Oye Taku for leave to commence business, he was cautioned that assemblies would not be allowed; that, notwithstanding, he hired the parlor of Iida Kichigemon, and there held an assembly, and the governor's suspicion lighting upon him, he was found out. He was consequently filled with fear. He had again been admonished that, if ever he held any more assemblies, he would be severely reproved; and respectfully received, and promised to observe, the admonition.

To the unfortunate rabbit-dealer's confession is appended an order signed by Oye Taku: "As this man has acted in an unprincipled manner by violating the conditions prescribed to him when leave was given to him to carry on business as a rabbit-dealer, he is hereby forbidden to carry on that business any longer."

As at least one and a half of the four pages of the modest-sized sheet are devoted to advertisements, the editor of the Yokohama *Daily News* has very little space at his disposal for chronicling the events of the day. We find only one accident recorded in its columns, but that is a strange one. A Japanese boat in distress being sighted off O'Shima by a British steamer, the captain put his ship about and picked up the six occupants of the boat, just in time to save them from drowning. One of the rescued Japanese, who appeared more dead than alive, had his whole body so scorched and inflamed that his shirt was sticking to his flesh, and could not be peeled off him. Upon the captain questioning his companions, they stated that, as their boat was running before the wind about noon, this man and another were sitting facing each other, when, all of a sudden, a flash of lightning struck the boat, stunning the scorched man, while the one opposite him was hit right in the head by the lightning, smashed into little bits, and disappeared in the sea. "Foreigners," is the editorial comment, "have a contrivance for warding off lightning strokes, not only at sea, where there is no shelter at hand, but also on every one of their houses. Therefore, our countrymen should adopt this system without delay. If this is done, we shall have no more loss of life and destruction of houses by lightning, such as have heretofore been frequent."

Our journalist gives us a better taste of his quality when he deals with a bit of social scandal; airing his morality in quaint fashion, as he relates the story of a frail dame, the course of whose love ran anything but smoothly: "Near the Imado bridge, in Asakusa, Yokiyo, there was a restaurant known as the Zumeiro, the proprietress of which was named O'Kiku. This lady, though fully forty years of age, is uncommonly handsome, and of very attractive manners. She is, however, of a fickle disposition, and some years ago was free of her favors to the play-actor Suwamuro Dossho, in consequence of which she lost her lawful husband, and brought confusion on the household. Still she paid but little regard to the censure of the world; and, about four years ago, the pair started off for Œsaka, intending to become man and wife. As she had slipped away from home on the sly, the lady was followed, and was overtaken and brought back by the pursuers when they had got as far as Sogayeki. Thus their intercourse was interrupted for that time. But within the last year or so they drew together again; and, as love brooks no denial, the lady called in her go-between, and arrangements were made for the marriage. However, on the very night before, a fire broke out in her house, and it, together with four or five houses adjoining, was burned to the ground. In consequence, the bridal preparations have had to be postponed. It is said that O'Kiku cares very little either for her own or her neighbors' losses by the fire, but that she is inconsolable because the mischance has marred her nuptials. As regards the tender passion between the sexes, it were useless to enter upon the question of wisdom or folly. Just as in old times, so now—the cleverer the man the greater fool he makes himself. But when women like the O'Kiku, whose brows are beginning to wrinkle with age, forget, for the sake of a young spark, their family and household ties, Heaven visits them either with a fire, as in this case, or with some other calamity. As for Dossho, his family cognomen of Edderburnhouse is only too likely to be changed into Wed-her-burnt-house. Surely a man ought to guard against so scathing a fire as that!"

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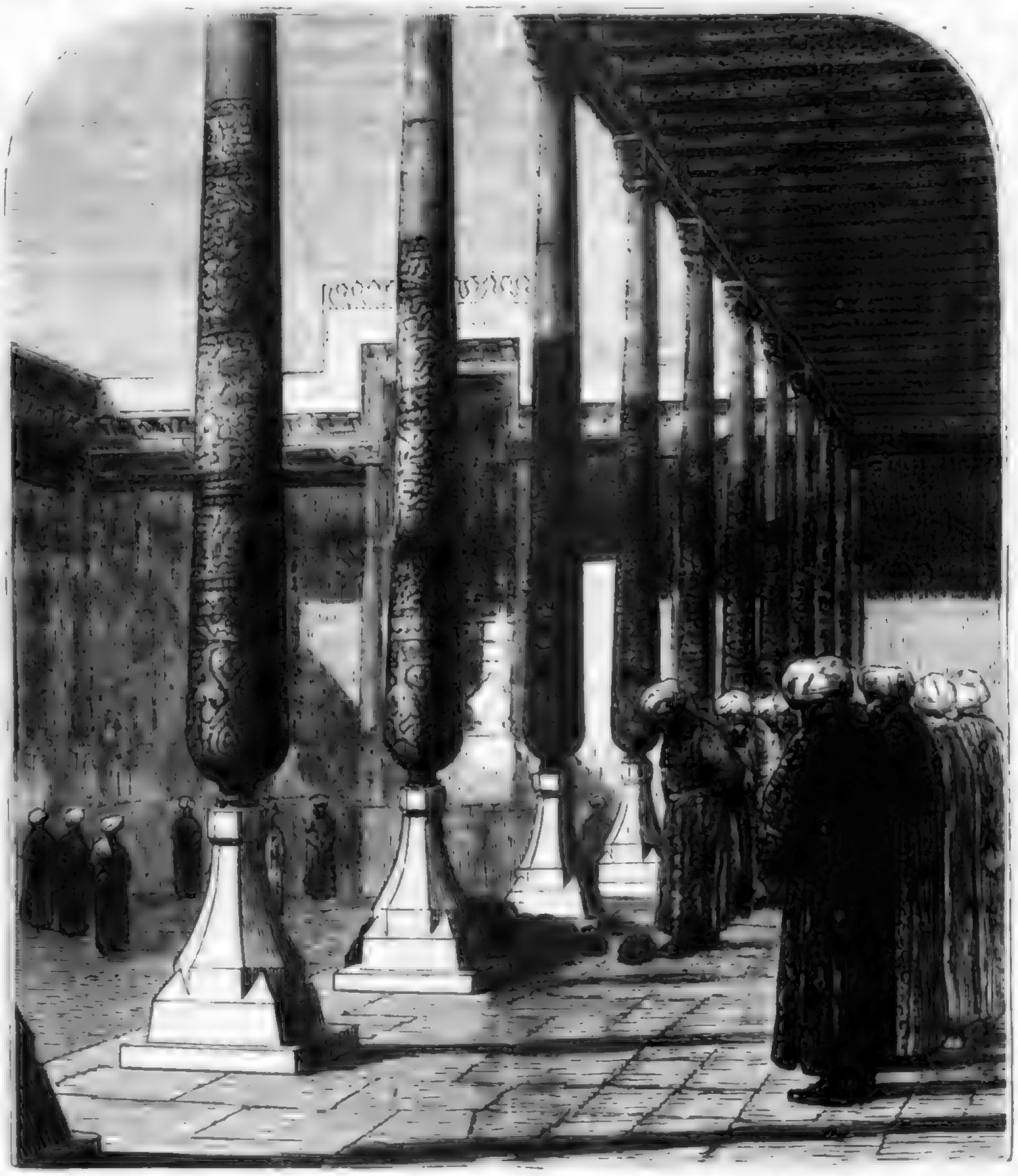
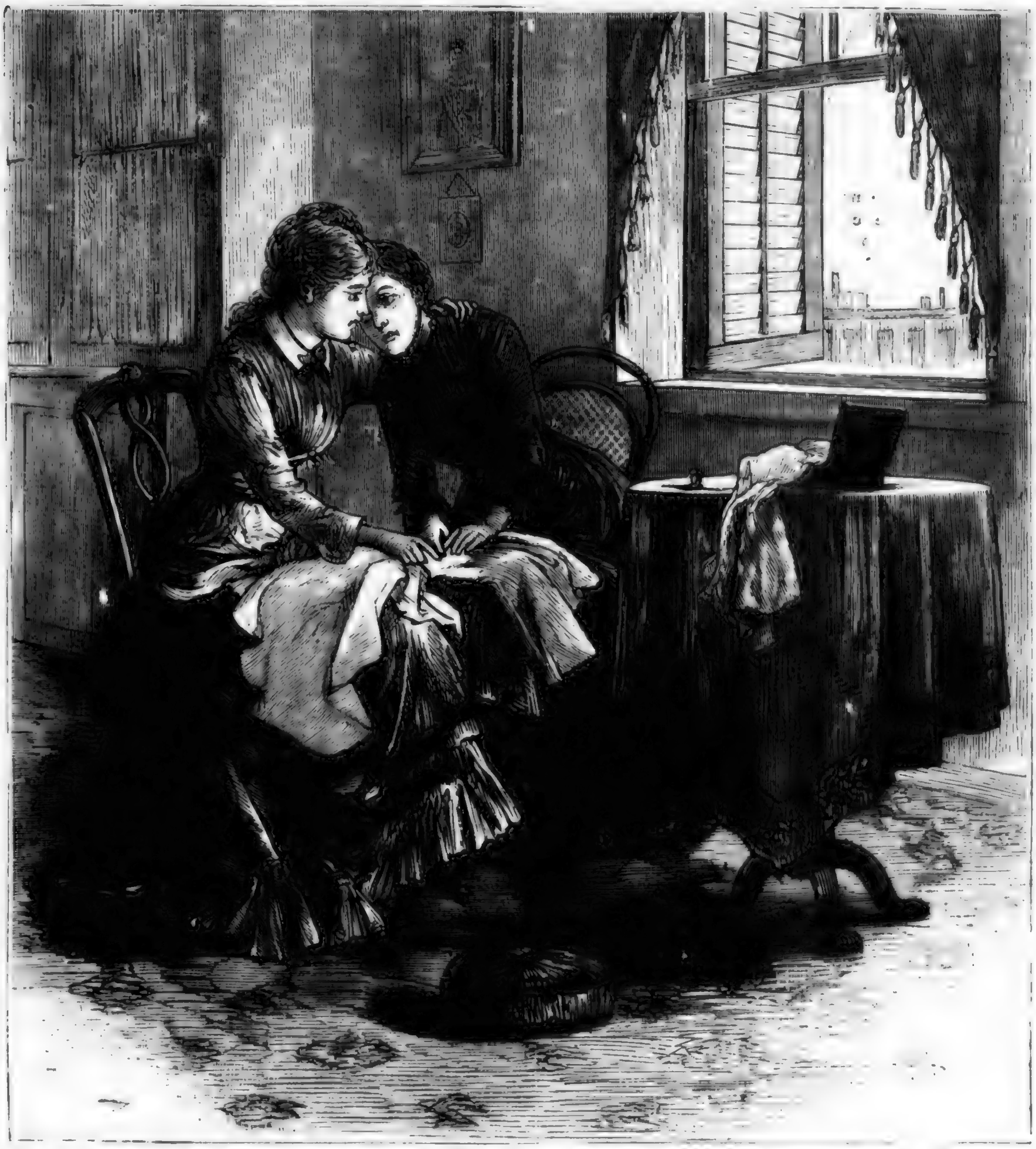
* The traces of this historical breach were shown me by the Cossacks of the garrison, when I went over the citadel, in August, 1873.

† The circuit of the citadel-wall has since been narrowed so as to make it defensible by a single battalion.


THE TERRIBLE NINE DAYS.—WARRIORS PRESENTING TROPHIES AT SAMARCAND.

The *Daily News* complains that lottery-boxes, called "your fortune," are allowed to be placed outside fanes and temples, out of which a numbered stick is shaken, and a ticket marked with the same number, foretelling good or bad luck, sold to the devotee; while close at hand stands a fortune-teller, prepared to explain the drift of the lot, who, by talking confidently about life and death, so frightens ignorant folk that he can extort money from them at his pleasure. "Unless these fellows," says the *Daily News*, "are put down by the Government, it is not likely that this superstitious abuse will cease. "Such improper things as fortune-telling and saying prayers ought, as a matter of course, to be suppressed." With this bold protest against a popular superstitious folly, the Japanese journalist puts down his pen for the day, and leaves the rest of the paper to the advertisers, of whose contributions the translator gives only a few specimens—of too commonplace and familiar a character to justify quotation.

While Marshal Jewell was our Minister to Russia he visited the tanneries of that country and found out for himself the secret of the Russia leather, beloved of book devotees. The secret has been known, however, a long time, and is simply the result of birch-bark tar, with which the skins are dressed in place of tallow and grease, the latter substance being so largely used as food among the lower classes. This tar, which is carefully saved as it exudes from the wood when burned, was first used as a substitute for wheel grease in Russia, as it is to this day, and then for the filling and dressing of skins. By a system of careful inquiry, and literally following his nose during his visits to some of the great Russian tanneries and curriers' shops, Mr. Jewell found this compound in a great kettle ready for use, and thus the mystery was solved. It is not expensive, costing about $10 a barrel, and he immediately ordered ten barrels and sent them to various leading leather manufacturers in this country with instructions, and the result is that genuine Russia leather goods are now made in America.



THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.—"SOMETIMES ETHEL WOULD LEAN HER BEAUTIFUL HEAD ON HER NEW-FOUND SISTER'S SHOULDER, AND MURMUR: 'MY DARLING, WHAT SHOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU? YOU ARE MY SOLE STAY AND SUPPORT NOW.'"

THE AMERICAN COUNTESS.

By Etta W. Pierce.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THAT NIGHT.

The countess's bedchamber was a lonely, dark room in the second story of the *chateau*, with a bare, slippery floor, spread here and there with pieces of old tapestry, and furniture of moth-eaten plush. From it opened a square closet, in which stood a small couch for Finette. Dismal brown curtains draped the high bed; tall candles burned feebly on the mantel.

"A dreary den—eh, madame?" said Finette, in disgust.

"The whole place is like a tomb. Do not remove my clothing. I have letters to write to my friends in America. At last I am determined to tell them everything. They may be able to advise, if not to help, me; and I—I need advice, for I know not what to do."

Finette removed the candles to the toilet-table, and saw her mistress seated at her task. She then went to lock the door for the night, and straightway discovered that the key was missing. Who but the old woman in charge of the house ought to know about the keys?

She ran to the kitchen, and found it dark and deserted. She called; but the old creature was gone. The sound of her voice in the stone passage brought the count to the door of the *salon*.

"What do you want?" he demanded, sternly.

She had never seen him look so cruel and sinister. The

XUM

red fire-light in the room beyond made a lurid background for his tall figure and bald, blonde head.

"I want the key of madame's chamber," replied Finette, sturdily; "it is not to be found."

"The woman in the kitchen has gone home with her husband," said the count. "She lives in a neighboring cottage. It is scarcely the night to pursue her upon such an errand. The *chateau* is securely locked. Assure madame that she need have no fears when I am near. And as for you, creature, be careful that you do not disturb me again."

Finette returned to the countess's chamber. The latter sat at her toilet-table, pouring out her full heart in two letters—one to Bee, one to her mother. A clock somewhere at hand struck ten before her last word was penned. She was nervous, depressed, and full of dark forebodings. She would not allow Finette to remove any article of her dress, but, wrapped simply in a shawl, she lay down upon the bed under the dismal, brown curtains, and fell quickly into an exhausted and uneasy sleep.

Leaving the candles burning on the mantel, Finette retired to her closet. Heavy hangings of moreen draped its walls. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, Finette pulled these aside, and discovered a small, square window hidden behind their secretive folds. She examined it curiously. The diamond panes were set in lead, and it opened from within; but the fastenings were so rusty from long disuse that she found it impossible to move them. After repeated efforts, however, her strong fingers triumphed. The lattice yielded. She thrust her head out into the pitch-black night, and saw—nothing. She listened. A heavy, gurgling sound saluted her ears. She extended her arm, and, groping about for a moment or two, suddenly grasped a water-spout, which fell from the steep roof above into some neighboring angle of the wall. The rain was pouring through it violently.

No other investigation being possible in that darkness, Finette closed the window, drew the hangings over it again, and betook herself to her pillow. In spite of great uneasiness of mind, she soon fell asleep, even as the countess had done.

The wind screamed through the courtyard of the chateau, the storm beat on the stone gables; but in the chamber of the countess all was as silent as the grave. Was she dreaming of her home across the sea? of her dead, bankrupt father? of the American lover, who had begged her so vainly not to marry the count?

Suddenly the door unclosed, and a figure, stealthy as a cat, crept across the threshold. It drew near to the bed, and glanced once at the white, unconscious face upon the pillow, once toward the adjoining closet—a furtive, apprehensive look; but Finette was sleeping, the countess was sleeping—only the candles were wide awake. Moving noiselessly to the mantel, the figure seized the nearest one in its antique brass candlestick, crept a few paces across the floor, then bent quickly, and held its red flame to the edge of the moth-eaten hangings.

A spurt of hot crimson flashed out on the faded brown cloth. The candle was borne forward, and applied to a second and third spot, then silently dropped. The figure retreated to the door, and there, like an evil phantom, vanished.

Finette, wandering in a maze of troubled dreams, turned uneasily on her couch in the closet. A heavy hand seemed clinched on her throat; a roar, as of many waters, filled her ears. She struggled—with a great effort she awoke, and opened her eyes. Upon what? A sea of puffing, gray smoke, pierced and reddened everywhere by tongues of hot flame.

She sprang into the countess's chamber.

"Awake, madame, in God's name! The chateau is on fire!" she cried.

Instantly Ethel was upon her feet, gasping for breath in that smothering smoke, and clinging helplessly to Finette, who dragged her forward across the hot, cracking floor.

"The door!" she cried; "the door, madame!"

They reached it with much difficulty. Finette shook it in her frantic hands—it was fast! Who had locked it while maid and mistress slept? Some one, surely, who knew where the lost key was to be found.

"Oh, saints of heaven!" groaned Finette, "it is the count's work, and we are lost!"

She ran to the closet. Ethel followed. It was full of hot, suffocating smoke. Fortunately, Finette remembered the window—thank God that she had discovered it before sleeping! She tugged at the rusty fastenings, and it opened, and the rain and fresh air rushed in. Finette grasped her mistress's hand.

"Must we die?" said Ethel, in quiet despair.

"No, no! Speak not above your breath, madame. You see this window. It is possible that your husband did not know of it when he locked us in here, to burn like rats in a hole, for it was concealed behind the hangings. Thank Heaven, you are slender—so, too, am I. Outside, to the right, is a water-spout; crawl over the edge and grasp it—it must lead to the ground; we can escape in no other way. *Mon Dieu!* be quick! *Now* think of the words which I said to you, madame, three years ago in the park at New York!"

Ethel leaned out into the dark, but she had neither strength nor courage. The wall below seemed to go down, down into some endless pit of blackness. Her weak, wavering hand touched nothing but wet stone. The heat and smoke made her faint, the flashes of swift-pursuing fire blinded her.

"I cannot find the spout," she said. "Save yourself, Finette, and let me die!"

For answer, Finette seized the shawl which clung to the countess's shoulders, and very securely knotted it about her waist.

"By this," she said, "I will hold you fast. Lean further over the sill. You must not die. You have much to live for still. Take courage. There is not a single instant to lose."

"Perhaps he is waiting below the window—he will murder us there."

"Madame, I have a knife in my bosom," answered Finette, with grim significance. "Go on; I am scorching, I am dying here."

That instinct of self-preservation which is so powerful in the most miserable of creatures, gave Ethel strength. She flung herself over the stone ledge; her slight hands found and grasped the spout. It was smooth and slippery, but she held to it with the tenacity of despair. Finette released the shawl. With the wind and rain dashing upon her, she hung for an instant on the verge of an abyss of darkness, and then slipped and went down, as if shot from a mortar, and fell, stunned and unconscious, somewhere in the depths below.

It was Finette's voice that aroused her, at last—Finette who, strong of limb and nerve alike, had made the descent with far more ease than her mistress. She stooped and lifted the countess.

"Are any of your bones broken, madame?"

"I hope not—I think not," gasped Ethel.

"We must not stay here, even for an instant, madame. Let him think that his plot has succeeded. Let him believe us burned with the burning chateau."

For a breathing space, Ethel leaned helplessly on the shoulder of her faithful waiting-woman; then she grew suddenly strong. Yes, she must fly—she must hide herself for ever from the husband who sought her life, who had deliberately attempted her cruel murder. Never on this side of the grave would she willingly see his face again.

The fire was now breaking through the window by which she had escaped. Its red glare lighted the darkness around, and showed Finette a gate near at hand in the high wall of the chateau garden. It was unlocked—she pushed it back, and the two women slipped through, ran across a little inclosure in which stood the cottage of the deaf serving man and his old wife, and gained an open road, flooded with rain, and black as night and tempest could make it.

"Thank God!" said Finette, stopping to take breath, "we are safe! Ah, you have the shawl still about your waist. Let me fasten it over your head; you will be drenched to the skin. I know Verrières; my brother, Gustave, lives not far away. He will give us shelter; he is kind and discreet. Come, madame."

The chateau now began to make a great light against the gloomy sky.

"But it will not burn long," muttered Finette, "for it is all of stone, and the night is very wet, and help is near."

They fled from the spot at a rapid pace. Finette led the way, the countess followed.

They turned away from the broad road, along which the dark figures of men now appeared, scurrying in the direction of the old country house, into another way, hedged by tall trees, and leading toward the woods of Verrières. The storm in the thick branches made a melancholy sound over their heads.

Not a word escaped Ethel. She was bruised and shaken by her fall from the spout. She was drenched, disheveled, exhausted, but it was no time to think of trifles like these. On and on they went, for weary miles, as it seemed. The light upon the sky behind them was already fading—Finette had spoken truly when she said the chateau would not burn long.

At last, a great red star twinkled through the distant trees. It was a candle in some low window. Then the barking of a dog was heard.

"Thank Heaven! we have reached a shelter, madame." cried Finette, joyfully, and she ran up to a wooden gate, and drawing the countess after her, hurried along a walk bordered with sweet-smelling herbs, and unceremoniously opened the door of a small, low cottage.

"Gustave, my brother!" she called.

Late as the hour was, the owner of the dwelling was still up and smoking his pipe in its principal room. He was a sturdy fellow, in a workman's blouse, and his bronze face bore a strong resemblance to Finette's.

"Saints of Heaven!" he cried, starting to his feet, and dropping his pipe at sight of the two women. Finette was black with smoke and singed with fire. Ethel's face could never be colder or whiter under the coffin-lid. The shawl had fallen from her disordered hair; she was dripping with wet, and she looked as strange and wild as a spirit.

"Gustave, it is thy sister," exclaimed Finette, turning to make fast the cottage-door, "and this lady is my mistress—she deigns to ask the shelter of your roof for the night. Behold our plight, and call up thy excellent wife—Celeste. I will explain all to thy satisfaction, by-and-by."

Gustave vanished immediately into some unknown quarter of the cottage, and a few moments after his wife appeared—a large, fair woman; a veritable tower of strength—pinning a bright kerchief over her bosom, and adjusting her white cap as she came.

"*Merci!*" she cried, "is it thou, my sister?" and she embraced Finette, who had placed the countess in the nearest seat, and was bending over her, breathlessly.

"Is she dying?" asked Celeste.

"Heaven forbid! But she is hurt—she is ill. Light a fire quickly, and help me to change her wet clothes, and prepare her some nourishment."

Celeste obeyed in admirable silence. The two women drew off Ethel's soaked garments, and substituted others, coarse in texture, but dry and warm. Then they brought her a cup of chocolate, and finally laid her to rest in a clean white bed in a little lavender-scented sleeping-room, after which Celeste vanished, and Finette was left alone with her mistress.

"Thank God, madame, that your husband brought you to Verrières, the home of Gustave!" said the maid.

"Look out, and tell me if you see the light of the chateau upon the sky," shuddered Ethel.

"No. The fire is out by this time, madame—by this time, also, the count, without doubt, thinks you dead."

"He will soon discover that we escaped from the chamber. Merciful Heaven! Perhaps he will pursue us to this spot."

"Be calm, madame, he is a coward at heart—he will not dare. It is more probable that he is already flying from Verrières, for he will think, first of all, of his own safety. Go to sleep now. I shall watch till morning, and if any one approaches the cottage you shall be aroused. God forbid that you should fall again into his hands."

Then sleep overtook Ethel, and for a few hours, at least, she knew no more of the world and its woes.

When she awoke the full light of day was shining into the humble room where she lay. She heard the crowing of cocks, the cackling of geese outside the cottage gate, and somewhere near at hand Celeste was rattling her pots and pans.

Ethel's first movement brought her hostess to the door.

"Ah, madame," she said, "you are awake! I will attend you—Finette is not here. She has gone to Paris with Gustave, and the horse and cart. She had business which could not be put off, and she bade me tell you to be patient till her return. Your breakfast waits, madame, and your clothes are dried and pressed. I will help you to dress."

With kind, swift hands, Celeste assisted the fugitive countess into her own garments, and set before her a cup of real French coffee and an omelette with herbs. Ethel ate and drank a very little; then she said to Celeste, in French:

"Are we quite alone here?"

"Yes, madame."

"No person has appeared in search of me?"

"No, madame."

She then retired, leaving her guest to her own reflections.

Ethel sat at the table where the Frenchwoman had placed her breakfast, gazing away through an open window toward the woods of Verrières. The storm had passed with the night—the sky was without a cloud. A scent of roses perfumed the cottage, the breath of blossoming herbs was wafted in from the garden without. On the airy sill a humming-bird fluttered in the cup of a scarlet flower. Bees droned in the sunshine. The whole morning was radiant with joy. She only was miserable and despairing.

With hands working in a distressed way on the lap of her black dress, Ethel pondered. What was to become of her? She had not a sou in the world, and to remain under this humble roof was clearly impossible. To put the world betwixt herself and her husband—this was now her one overmastering desire; but, how could she do it? how fly to her friends—to America—the haven for which her sick heart yearned? Friendless, penniless, stripped by the count of all her valuables: fugitive and alone, her condition was indeed desperate.

"It is all like a horrible dream," she thought, pressing her hands to her confused head. "Can it be I, Ethel Sardis, once so proud, so happy, so carefully sheltered from every wind of Heaven, who have suffered these humiliations, dangers and agonies? I can scarcely believe it! What can I do? Whither can I go? Oh! I wish I had perished in the chateau last night?"

It was high noon when a carriage stopped at the cottage door; and a moment after, Ethel lifted her forlorn eyes, and saw two persons entering the humble room wherein she sat. One was Finette; the other was a tall, red-haired man, with a rugged, unhandsome face, eloquent now with mingled compassion and indignation—Sir Valentine Arbuckle; and, even before a word was spoken, Ethel knew that Finette had concealed nothing from him. She started with a faint cry from her chair.

"Countess," he said, advancing quickly to her side, "your servant visited me at my hotel a few hours ago, and so long as I live I shall feel grateful to her for so doing. Do not distress yourself; no explanations are necessary—I understand everything. I am come to help you."

Her pride was gone, her strength was gone. She looked into his rugged, sincere face, and silently (for she was past speaking) held out one weak, imploring hand. He took it firmly betwixt his own.

"Remember what I said to you in the church, countess. Do not regard me as a stranger. I am glad, most glad, to be of service to the daughter of my former employer. Indeed, I would not have missed this opportunity for worlds."

The tears welled slowly up in her great, dark eyes.

"Strange that Finette should have thought of *you!*" she murmured. "Strange that she should have appealed to you in this strait. I never saw your face a half dozen times in my life."

"That does not matter in the least," said Sir Valentine, brightly. "As I said before, I shall never cease to thank your maid for this proof of her confidence. Pardon, can you not, for a little while, look upon me as a brother? Finette has told me some facts—others I can guess for myself. After what has passed, I am confident that you do not wish to meet that man—Count Stahl—again."

"No, no!"

"Have you any friends in Paris—in Europe, with whom you might take refuge for a while?"

A smile, sadder than tears, flitted across her pale lips.

"No, my lord. Three weeks ago I had many friends—now I have none. I am, and must henceforth be, as dead to the world as though I had perished last night in the chateau."

He stood for a moment as if listening to the gabble of Celeste's geese outside the window; then he said:

"Tell me, do you wish to return to New York—to your own relatives, Countess?"

"I do—I do!" she sobbed, under her breath.

"Then I beg you will permit me to conduct you without delay to Havre. Finette will go with us. No time is to be lost, if you desire to leave France before the count can put himself upon your track. You will take passage in the first steamer that sails for New York. I will find some person of trust in whose charge I can place you during the voyage. Before many days you will be safe with your own people."

She did not speak, but she looked at him with eloquent eyes.

"Pray, do not forbid me to do you this small service," he said.

"Forbid! Oh, no! I accept it with my whole thankful heart. Heaven surely sent you to my deliverance!" Before he knew what she was about to do, she raised his hand to her quivering lips. "Most gratefully, most fearlessly, I place myself in your charge," she said.

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Disguised in a thick vail and a long mourning wrap, which Sir Valentine and Finette had taken the precaution to bring with them from Paris, Ethel left the cottage at Verrières.

She had nothing to bestow upon Celeste at parting, but the baronet turned upon the humble threshold, and filled the hard hand of Gustave's wife with glittering gold pieces.

A hundred miles and more she journeyed to Havre, comforted, supported, guarded by Finette and Sir Valentine Arbuckle. There, in that western port, when everything had been provided for her voyage—when the baronet had placed her in care of the captain of the steamship in which she was to sail, and received the officer's assurance that he would faithfully watch over madame till her arrival in New York, Ethel parted with devoted servant and new-found friend.

"I can never, never hope to discharge the debt I owe you," she sighed, as she looked for the last time in Sir Valentine's good-natured face.

"I beg you will not mention it, countess. Remember my obligations to your late father."

"Ah, I fear that is a pleasant fiction, invented solely to soothe my pride, Sir Valentine. I bless you for all your goodness unto me. Your money I can and shall return to you; but the generosity which prompted you to hasten to my aid in my great distress and need—that I can never repay."

She embraced Finette with tears.

"I owe my life to you," said Ethel. "If you had not entered my service in Paris, what would have become of me! How sorry, how sorry I am that I cannot reward you as you deserve!"

"I wish for no reward, madame," sobbed Finette. "You are safe; you have escaped the fate of my poor, dear mistress; you are going to your friends—that is enough for me. My lord will take me back to Paris, and I shall find service there. Heaven guard you! Ah, it is sad indeed for you to cross the sea alone."

Sir Valentine, as he pressed Ethel's hand in farewell, murmured:

"It shall be my pleasure to see that Finette loses nothing by her devotion to you. Do not let that matter trouble you for a moment. A man is bound to reward virtue wherever he finds it—it's a duty which he owes to society. Such rare service as hers must not pass unrecognized."

And there was something in the baronet's face which augured well for Finette.

And then the trio parted; two to return to Paris, one to cross the sea—not as she had made that passage in the old days, in the full flush of her beauty and prosperity, but a sad, sick woman, worse than widowed, shrinking from curious eyes, hating the past, dreading the future, forsaken, friendless, alone.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

"I WISH to see Miss Mabel Sardis—the young lady who has hitherto been known as Mercy Dill."

The speaker was Eric Saxe. He stood, hat in hand, in the parlor of Madame Manners's school, addressing a worn, sad under-teacher, who answered, with some hesitation:

"Miss Sardis is in great affliction. The death of her guardian, or, rather, her father—for, of course, we all know that he *was* her father—is a sad blow to her. Your name, if you please?"

Eric Saxe produced a card.

"Be so good as to say, a relative from New York."

The teacher departed. It was not long before Saxe heard a light step in the passage outside. The door opened, and Mercy Dill stood before him.

She was dressed in deepest mourning. She looked wan and sorrowful. Her wonderful golden hair, her violet eyes, her classic face, gave the artist a thrill of pleased surprise.

"Miss Sardis, you never heard of me before?" he said, quietly.

She glanced at the card in her hand.

"Never."

"You have a cousin, Beatrix Sardis, who was your father's late ward. She is my wife; and I come, at her request, to make your acquaintance, and to conduct you, if you will allow me, to the place where we feel that Cullen Sardis's daughter ought to be at this particular time—our home."

The blood rushed to her white cheeks, the quick tears to her eyes.

"You know all, then? My dear father told you——"

"Yes. On the night of his death he wrote a letter to his wife, in which he related your story and commended you to her care."

"And *she*—does she wish to see me?" cried Mercy, eagerly.

His face grew very grave.

"Miss Sardis, your father's wife lies stricken with paralysis at my own house. For years she has been a nervous sufferer, and in the loss of fortune, position and husband together she sustained a terrible shock—this is the result. She is helpless; she knows next to nothing of what is passing around her. She can live but a short time. Her own daughter is in Europe. Her friends—well, there are few friends that cling to us in misfortune, Miss Sardis. Will you not come to her? It is impossible to ascertain whether she wishes it or not, but surely she needs you."

"Oh, I shall be only too glad!" cried Mercy, tearfully—"only too happy to find my kindred! I have thought of them so much, of late. I am all alone, and oh!"—with an involuntary clinching of her slim hands—"I cannot tell you how lonely, how utterly forsaken I have felt since my dear father's death. When the dreadful news was sent to me, I hastened to Jacob Phillips's to beg him to take me to New York, but he could not; he was very ill—completely prostrated, indeed, by the misfortunes and the sad end of his master; and so I returned to the school, to here wait patiently until I could determine whether or no my relatives were willing to receive me."

"In the confusion and embarrassments which your father's death brought upon us," said Saxe, "I confess that we forgot you and your claims for a few terrible days, but, as you see, only to remember you again as soon as we could collect our scattered thoughts."

"I understand," she answered, simply. "Take me to Mrs. Sardis. I will do my utmost to fill the place of her own daughter—I will, indeed!"

Eric Saxe looked at the earnest, beautiful face, and said to himself that one good, at least, had come from the wreck of the Sardis fortunes, and that was the discovery of this girl.

"When will you be ready to start?" he asked.

"At any hour—at any moment!"

"Then, by all means, let us go to-night."

The cruel fate that seemed never tired of heaping fresh afflictions upon Mercy had given her a father and a fortune, only to snatch both from her in the first hour of possession; but the appearance of Eric Saxe, the assurance that her unknown kindred had thought of her and desired to have her with them, was balm indeed to her desolate heart.

Her bills at the school had been paid by Cullen Sardis before his suicide. She had nothing to do but pack her belongings, bid farewell to teachers and pupils, and depart with Eric Saxe.

He was very kind and courteous and communicative. On the journey to New York, Mercy learned from him much of the family history. She plied him particularly with questions concerning Ethel.

"To think that I have a sister!" she murmured, as the two sat upon the deck of a Sound steamer, approaching their destination through the rosy glow of an early June dawn; "it seems too good to be true. But I fear so grand a lady will scarcely care for me. And she is so far away, it is not likely that we shall ever meet. Have you sent her word, Mr. Saxe, of—of——"

"Yes, of everything," he answered, gravely. "Your grand lady, Miss Sardis, leads a sad life of it. Candidly speaking, Count Stahl is an unprincipled scoundrel, who has drawn his supplies for the last two years, and even longer, from Cullen Sardis's pocket. To him is due, in a great measure, your father's ruin. What he will do now—how the banker's failure and death will affect Ethel's domestic happiness, we cannot tell; but my little wife is full of grave doubts and anxieties upon the subject."

"A countess, and miserable!" murmured Mercy: "oh, poor darling!"

She was very thoughtful and silent for the remainder of the way. When the steamer reached the pier, Eric Saxe placed Mercy in a carriage, and drove directly to a modest house in a quiet, respectable street, where Bee was watching and waiting for him.

It was a cozy little nest, lacking no comfort, filled with sunshine and harmonious colors, and glorified by the faces of a pretty blonde wife, and a dark-eyed, year-old baby. Here Eric Saxe painted his pictures, here his fashionable patrons came to sit for portraits; here Bee rejoiced every day of her busy, happy life, that she had married her heart's choice in defiance of all opposing forces; and here, like an angel of forgiveness and charity, she now sat by the bedside of the helpless, dying Mrs. Sardis.

Sudden trouble had finished the work upon which excitement, chloral, and the dissipations of high life had long been engaged. Better so, perhaps; for death could have no terrors for Mrs. Sardis like those of poverty and obscurity.

Mercy, jaded with the journey of the night, crossed the threshold of the artist's home, and straightway found herself clasped in the arms of its little fair-haired mistress, who came gliding down a softly carpeted stair in the morning sunshine, to give the forlorn girl a warm and joyful welcome.

The two looked in each other's faces, and became inalienable friends from that moment.

"And you are Ethel's sister!" said Bee. "Oh, how strange it all seems! Except for your fair hair and blue eyes, you are very like her, my dear; the same figure, the same features, the same style. Oh, you beautiful darling, I mean to love you with all my heart; I feel that you will be a source of strength to all of us."

The tears rushed to Mercy's eyes. She kissed the speaker with grateful fervor.

"A thousand thanks! Does Mrs. Sardis know that I am here—can I see her?"

"She knows nothing," answered Bee, sadly. "Yes, you shall see her—Eric, I know, has told you all. What a sad—what a terrible thing to happen to one like her! In looking at her now, I could forgive her every sin which it is possible for one human being to commit against another."

Mercy brushed the dust of travel from her garments, and then hastened to Mrs. Sardis's chamber.

She lay on a cool, white bed, in the soft shadow of closed shutters and falling muslin curtains; speechless, motionless, helpless—in the grip of that terrible disease, paralysis. Bee leaned over her, all her old animosity gone, her pretty, fresh face full of pity and tenderness.

"Aunt Amelia," she said, gently, "this is my cousin, Mabel—your stepdaughter. She has come to remain with us. She will take Ethel's place—I am sure we shall all love her dearly."

The hollow eyes of the sick woman opened, and fastened upon Mercy. The latter bent and laid her soft young lips to the nerveless hand on the counterpane. Mrs. Sardis groaned. Where now was her pride, her fierce will, her determined ambition? A few days before she had been a leader of society, a queen of fashion, with untold wealth, as the world thought, at her command. Now, a shattered wreck, riches gone, prestige gone, her vital forces spent, her life hanging by a thread, widowed and alone, she lay in the home of the girl whose happiness she had tried her best to despoil.

"We brought her here," Bee whispered to Mercy, "because the house on Fifth Avenue and everything within it is in the hands of my uncle's creditors. There is nothing left of his wealth—literally nothing. And my fortune, too, is gone—from guardy's private papers we learn that he used it in outside speculations. Well, we do not much care—Eric and I. We could not be happier if we had the wealth of Crœsus. Time was when Aunt Amelia and I were sworn foes; but now—*now* I would do anything for her; I would sacrifice anything for her comfort—poor, poor dear."

Yes, Bee's fortune was swallowed up in the general wreck; and Bee's brave lips spoke truly when she said she did not much care. Her marriage with Eric Saxe had been absurdly happy. For *his* sake she would have liked the money; but, since it was gone, she would not mourn for it. As long as she was Eric's wife, and the happy possessor of the dark-eyed year-old, how could she dare to complain?

With a face of calm resolution, Mercy held whispered counsel with Bee in this wise:

"It is I who must take care of her, not you. She has no claim upon *you*—she is my father's widow—it is my duty to provide for her—that is, with Ethel's consent. I will write to her at once, and tell her my plans. I have money which my father gave me at the school—I shall use it for her immediate wants. And I must begin to teach at once. I suppose," with an anxious quiver in her young voice, "that it will be no very easy matter for me to find pupils in music here in this great city, where I am altogether unknown?"

Bee pondered.

"You must advertise, of course. We have an old friend who often drops into Eric's studio to spend an hour—Lawrence Harding. He is the editor of a daily newspaper. We will talk with him about it. But stay! I know of another person who might help us even more—Miss Vann. She is a distant relative, very wealthy, very generous, and the only one of all our former friends upon whom we can rely. She is soon to marry a certain baron—a detestable —— but I will 'cut' that, as Eric says, since it is nothing that can interest *you*. Miss Vann has much influence, and I am sure she will be quite willing to exert it all in your behalf. Of course you will make your home with me. I have a trusty servant, and together we can attend to Aunt Amelia, while you are away teaching, dear. I feel very uneasy about Ethel. She is unhappy, and she does not write to us as she used to. We have received no letters for weeks. I fear, I greatly fear, that guardy's death will be a terrible blow to her."

The next day Miss Vann's carriage appeared in the quiet street, and Miss Vann herself rustled into Eric Saxe's studio, where Bee sat, with her rosy boy in her arms, watching her husband as he mixed his colors.

"She is here, Miss Vann!" cried the little matron, letting her baby slip down to the hearth-rug, in her excitement, "and oh, I am delighted with her! She is as lovely as an angel. I want Eric to make a picture of her at once."

"Bring her to me," said Miss Vann.

Bee ran to Mrs. Sardis's chamber, found Mercy by the sick woman's bed, thinking over the situation, with grave lips and anxious eyes, and hurried her to the studio and presented her to Miss Vann.

The rich spinster gave one searching look at this new-found daughter of the house of Sardis, and, with characteristic promptness, took her straight into her big, generous heart.

"Consider me your friend," she said, kissing Mercy on both pale cheeks. "And now, let me hear all your plans, my precious children, and approve or disapprove of the same, as the case may be."

She sank into a chair, spread out her rustling silks, drew the gloves from her jeweled hands, and, with a kindly smile on her sallow, bearded face, prepared to enter into the family council.

In a few words, Bee explained Mercy's hopes and wishes.

"Bee has a piano in the next room," said Miss Vann; "perhaps you will let me hear your voice, my dear? I have some knowledge of music, and would be glad to judge of your ability myself."

Mercy selected and sang an aria from one of Gounod's operas, playing her own accompaniment. The rare beauty of her voice, so powerful and distinct in the higher notes, so rich and full in the lower ones, and the perfection of her touch, struck Charlotte Vann with wonder and delight. This girl had talent; under happier circumstances she might have won for herself fame and fortune.

"Rely upon me," said Miss Vann, with decision. "I will find you pupils in music. It's a thousand pities that Cullen Sardis could not have lived long enough to send you abroad to study. Your voice is really marvelous. Of course we knew of your father's first marriage—mamma and I—but we thought the child dead; and it was a subject that nobody, not even his nearest and dearest friend, ever dared speak to him upon. Remain here in the nest of my dear turtle-doves, Eric and Bee; it is the best place for you. I am very busy at present, for I am to be married next month, you know,"—with a gay smile—"to the most charming of men; but I shall find plenty of time to devote to you and to your interests, my dear. You have taken my heart by storm. The baron must see you, and hear you sing. He is passionately fond of music, and plays the flute himself, like an archangel."

Bee shrugged her plump shoulders. Strozzi's name was still an offense to her ears.

"Do archangels, generally speaking, play flutes?" she said, dryly. "Ah, Miss Vann, how infatuated you have become with that—that—well, I will not call names, it would not be polite, *now*."

Miss Vann smiled calmly.

"My dear Bee, you always looked at the baron, you know, with eyes that could see nothing but Eric Saxe. All things considered, it is not strange that you should be prejudiced against him. He wooed you with culpable persistency, I allow; but what can one expect of such warm-hearted sons of the South? I, myself, was very angry with him for a while. I banished him from my presence, you remember; but oh, it is quite impossible to long remain displeased with the baron. He is very penitent for all his misdeeds. His passion for you is a thing of the past."

"Good Heaven! I should hope so," said Eric Saxe, half angry, half amused. "Can no one convince you, Miss Vann, that you are throwing yourself away upon that man? No, do not hold up your hands. I am not going to argue with you upon the subject, for you know my mind already."

Charlotte Vann bent over Bee's baby, and patted his rose-leaf cheek.

"I forgive you, Eric, because I know you are my sincere friend. But my happiness is quite safe with the baron. You think him mercenary, but he is not. He adores me; he is ready to die for me. I count myself fortunate in securing, without either youth or beauty, so tender and fervent a heart."

It was useless to talk to her. She went away soon after, and Mercy returned to the bedside of Mrs. Sardis. She had found a good friend.

Charlotte Vann never forgot a promise. Two days later she appeared again in the nest of her dear turtle-doves, and carried Mercy off in her elegant landau to make the acquaintance of six pupils, whom she had secured for the young girl among her own particular friends.

"Make up your mind, my dear," she said, laughing, "to be looked upon with distrust in all families where there are grown-up sons. Your beauty will sometimes be a great disadvantage to you. One question—have you a lover?"

Mercy's countenance changed.

"No."

"What! with all this loveliness? Passing strange! Were I a man, I would go down on my knees to you at first sight. Do you know nothing of the grand passion—did you never have what people call an offer?"

Mercy grew as pale as if a rude hand had suddenly plucked at some half-healed wound in her heart.

"Once—long ago—" she faltered, painfully. "Dear Miss Vann, don't ask me about it, please—I cannot bear to think of it, even now."

Miss Vann stared, then smiled.

"Not for the world! I beg your pardon, my child. I will not say another word."

And she fell back in her own corner of the carriage, and began to talk at once of other matters.

In this way Mercy, or Mabel Sardis, as she was now called, took up her new burdens. Her days and nights she divided betwixt her pupils and the care of Mrs. Sardis. Often she watched from dark till dawn by the bedside of the sick woman, faithful, tender, tireless; and, incapable of thought or understanding though she was, Mrs Sardis always seemed soothed and comforted by her presence.

"In some manner she comprehends that you are near and dear," sighed Bee; "but I fear you cannot long stand this strain upon your strength."

"I am stronger than you think," Mercy answered, bravely; "with the exception of the last two or three years, my whole life has been made up of hardships. I feel as if I could now endure anything."

Miss Vann was an unspeakable comfort and help, both to Bee and to Mercy, in these days. Her interest and admiration for the latter person knew no bounds. One day she said to her:

"Come and lunch with me to-morrow, and make the acquaintance of the baron. He adores blondes, and he will think you irresistible."

Mercy had never been enlightened, either by Bee or Eric Saxe, on the subject of Baron Strozzi; but she felt a little uncomfortable, and tried to frame an excuse, which was quickly set aside by Charlotte Vann.

"My dear, you *must!* I shall think it very odd if you refuse."

So, the next day, Mercy was carried off to Madison Avenue to surprise the baron with her blonde beauty; but, as fate would have it, when Miss Vann's luncheon hour struck, Strozzi failed to appear.

Mercy saw no one but Madame Vann, who had grown more eccentric with age, and whose behavior filled the girl with amaze. Lunch over, she departed without encountering the baron, and she found no time to visit Miss Vann again for many days after.

And still a deep, unspoken anxiety hung upon Eric Saxe's household—no word had yet arrived from Ethel.

There was one visitor who often dropped into the studio to inquire regarding Mrs. Sardis's condition, or talk art with the young artist, and criticise his pictures—a brown, grave man whom Bee presented to Mercy as Mr. Lawrence Harding.

Fortune, while frowning upon so many persons in this story, had smiled very blandly upon Lawrence. He was now a popular journalist—a man of marked ability, courted, feared, conciliated and flattered by the world. Report said he was also the betrothed husband of that rich Boston belle, Alice Bradford.

Mercy soon discovered that Mr. Harding was a prime favorite with both the artist and his wife; and she was much impressed with the undisguised interest which he manifested in the whole family. For instance, Ethel's incomprehensible silence seemed to trouble him quite as much as it did herself and Bee.

"Any news from Paris yet?" was the one question which he invariably asked upon all his visits to the studio; and Bee's lugubrious "No," was sure to bring a shadow to Mr. Harding's stern face.

"Very strange, is it not?" he would say.

"Very! I do not understand it. I am greatly worried, Lawrence."

"No wonder. She must be ill."

"In that case the count would have the civility to write in her stead, would he not?"

"I cannot say. It has a bad look. Would to Heaven you could hear something from her."

"Amen!" poor Bee would murmur.

One never-to-be-forgotten evening, this same Lawrence appeared in the studio, as usual, and found Bee and Miss Mabel Sardis sitting alone in that temple of art, taking an informal cup of tea. Mrs. Sardis was asleep; so also was the baby.

Bee greeted her visitor cordially, and poured him a cup of the cheering beverage. Standing at the corner of the mantel, resting his saucer conveniently on its edge, he looked down at her with knitted brows.

"You have heard no news?" he said.

Bee shook her head.

"Good Heaven! this is growing unbearable, is it not?"

"Exactly. It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. We have sent two cable dispatches, and no end of letters, and received not one word in reply. Oh, the poor darling! How I wish that I had her in my arms! Where is she, I wonder, to-night?"

Harding's brown face whitened. He put down his tea.

"I dined not an hour ago," he said, hastily, "and do not stand in need of any refreshment. Is Saxe in?"

"No. He went out upon an errand just before you entered."

Harding walked twice or thrice across the studio, with a hurried, nervous step. He seemed greatly moved.

"I received a letter to-day from Archie Van Dorn," he said; "he is in Paris, you know. Would you like to read it?"

He drew a letter from his note-book, and placed it in Bee's outstretched hand.

She opened it eagerly. It contained a good part of the current gossip which Van Dorn had picked up in Paris concerning the hapless countess and her worthless, spendthrift husband. Bee's voice trembled, and her cheeks burned angrily as she returned the communication to its owner.

"I knew it all before," she faltered; "or, if I did not know it, I guessed it, Lawrence. From my heart I wish that she was safe with us. Oh, what a miserable mistake it all was—that marriage, I mean."

He answered not a word. For a few moments silence reigned in the studio—the silence of people all absorbed in painful thoughts. It was broken, at last, by the rumble of a carriage in the street below, and then by a sharp pull at the door-bell.

"Visitors!" said Mercy.

"And my servant is out," replied Mrs. Saxe, with a nervous start. "Who can it be at this hour? Eric would not ring, for he has a key."

"Permit me to ascertain," said Lawrence, promptly. "Ten to one, an office-boy has been sent in search of me. There's no peace for the wicked, neither any for men of my calling."

He was off down the stair before another syllable could be spoken. A gas-jet burned brightly in the hall below. Harding drew back the fastenings of the door, and opened it wide, letting out a flood of cheerful light into the darkness beyond.

No familiar office-boy greeted his sight; but in the street stood a carriage, and on the topmost step of the house, a black female figure waited—a nerveless, weary, shrinking figure, that seemed ready to fall where it stood. A faint voice began to say: "Is this the house of——" But with the half-uttered sentence on her lips, she suddenly flung back her vail, looked, and recognized the man who towered there at the entrance of the refuge which she sought. Her question ended in a sharp cry. She staggered back a step. Oh, to return like this to the last haven left to her on earth!—Oh, to find this face, of all home faces, the first to look upon her misery!—Verily, it was more bitter than death!

"Merciful God!" said Lawrence Harding; and he caught her sinking figure and drew it swiftly through the door into the lighted hall. Then he called out sharply to the pair in the studio above. In a moment both were rushing down the stair.

"Lawrence! Lawrence, what is it?" cried poor, frightened Bee.

What was it? A black-robed shape, prostrate on Lawrence Harding's breast; some rippled bronze hair, and a white face, worn with great suffering, upturned in the gleam of the gas-jet; a limp, ungloved hand, from which the wedding-ring had vanished, trailing at her side——Ethel, come back, in sorrow and desolation, to the kindred whom she had left not three years before in pride and splendor, and the full flood tide of high hopes and expectations—yea, it was the once petted and adored countess, lying a refugee, a homeless, hopeless wanderer, without breath or motion, in the strong, supporting arms of her old-time lover, Lawrence Harding.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A REVENGE.

"MY queenly Charlotte, this day week you will be mine—all mine! I have no words to express my happiness at the thought! At last I have found my spirit's mate; I now see that all other loves of my life were but stupendous mistakes. Heavens! how noble, how grand will you look as mistress of my palace on the Tiber! I faint with rapture, as I picture you there, walking my marble halls in your beauty!"

Baron Strozzi raised the hand of his betrothed to his lips. It was not a hand to boast of, being rather bony and yellow, like the rest of Miss Vann's person; but the diamonds upon it blazed like clustered fire. The two lovers were seated in Charlotte Vann's superb drawing-room, *tête-à-tête*. Smiling and triumphant looked the baron, but rather more seedy in appearance than at the time of Count Stahl's marriage. In truth, life had gone hard with our noble Roman in the last two years—ill luck had followed him everywhere, but that was over now. Miss Vann's unconditional surrender to his fascinations might be called as neat a favor of fortune as a man of his years and experience had any right to expect.

"Fie, baron," said Charlotte Vann, with a good-natured laugh, "I have not the smallest claim to beauty, as you know well. Let me tell you a secret—if you wish to make flattery palatable, administer it in homeopathic doses. I shall never see thirty-five again, and I am ugly as sin; but I shall like your Tiber palace, *mon* baron, providing it is not damp; and I know we shall be very happy together. I feel that you have a good, tender heart, and however it may have wandered in times past, I am sure that now it beats only for me."

"Oh, I swear it!" cried the baron, with fervor. "I long immeasurably for ze moment when I can call you mine;" which was quite true, for he had received no remittance for weeks from Count Stahl, whose duty it was to keep him provided with necessary funds, and his purse was well-nigh empty.

A footman tapped at the door.

"A lady to see Miss Vann," he announced.

"What name, Harris?"

"Miss Mabel Sardis, ma'am."

"Show her in."

With a lively air Charlotte Vann turned to her lover.

"Baron, prepare yourself to see the handsomest face in the city. I assure you she is wonderful. Several times I have sought to bring you two together, knowing that you adored beauty, but, somehow, I could never succeed. And then she is a heroine—she has a history. I must tell it to you some day. Meanwhile——"

Meanwhile the footman opened the door, and ushered in a girl dressed in simple mourning, and carrying a roll of music in her hand. It chanced that the light in Miss Vann's drawing-room was rather dim, for the sky without lowered dull and gray, and heavy curtains of silk damask draped the glass windows.

As Charlotte Vann arose from the sofa to meet her visitor, her tall, gaunt figure quite concealed Baron Strozzi. Mercy, seeing no one but her friend, ran up to her breathlessly.

"Such a strange thing has happened!" she cried. "Ethel is here—in New York! She arrived yesterday from Havre. Oh, she has suffered dreadful things, we know; though she will tell us only a little. She sends me to say that she must see you at once on a matter of great importance—a matter that concerns your own welfare very closely. Pray go to her, dear Miss Vann. She is ill—broken-spirited, broken-hearted."

Charlotte Vann gave a scream of surprise.

"Ethel in New York—broken-hearted! Gracious Heaven! Where is the count? Oh, I see how it is—you need not say one word, my dear. He has deserted her!"

Mercy shivered.

"We fear that, or something worse," she answered, sadly. "She was compelled to fly from France, she says, and some kind, generous stranger paid her passage to America. Go to her, Miss Vann; she has learned something regarding your friend, Baron Strozzi, which she wishes to communicate to you at once."

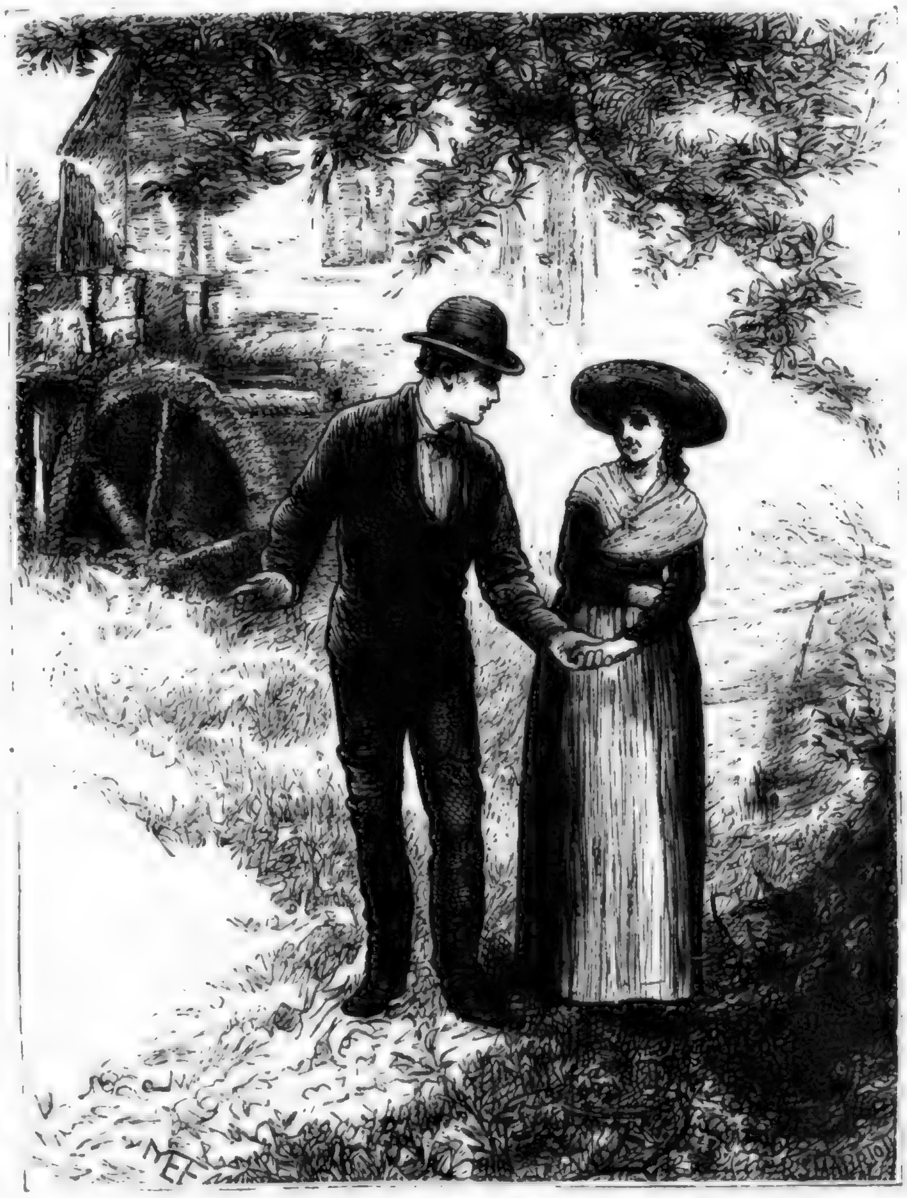
"The baron!"—Miss Vann stepped aside as she pronounced these two words, and revealed that gentleman himself, seated upon the sofa at her back, his dark, marked face as colorless as chalk.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Miss Vann, briskly. "Baron, let me present you to my dear young friend, Miss Mabel Sardis. I trust you two will be glad to make each other's acquaintance."

Mercy started back a step—she stared, as if turning to stone. The roll of music dropped from her hand.

Strozzi arose from the sofa, and as he did so one word, a name, full of unutterable scorn and amaze, fell from the girl's lips.

"*Discordo!*"



BY THE OLD MILL.

White and shaky, but struggling hard for self-possession, he bowed.

"You haf made a mistake, mees—I know not what you mean," he stammered.

Mercy seemed in a moment to grow two inches taller. Her pale face became absolutely grand; fire flashed from her violet eyes.

"I mistake *you!*" she cried; "that could never be. Miss Vann"—she turned quickly to the latter person, who began to look bewildered—"did I understand you aright? Is *this* the man whom you have promised to marry?"

"Yes," answered Miss Vann.

"And he calls himself Baron Strozzi—he has won your confidence, your love? Oh, thank Heaven that I am in time to save you! Shall *I* tell you what he is? A villain, an impostor——"

"Stop!" interrupted Strozzi, with livid lips; "she is mad! Ah, my own, my adored Charlotte, you cannot, you will not listen to her!"

But Charlotte Vann looked from one to the other, and grew suddenly very grave.

"Mabel, what do you mean?—tell me at once!" she commanded.

"I mean that this man, known to you as Baron Strozzi, has two other titles!" cried Mercy, confronting the cowering wretch like some grand accusing angel. "One is Signor Discordo, a professor of music—that was the name by which *I* knew him three years ago; the other is as new to me as it will doubtless be to you—Adolphe Sassard, formerly valet to Count Stahl."

The baron, overwhelmed with rage and amazement, forgot his usual prudence.

"*Sacre!* how do you know zat?" he hissed. "Has zat man—zat infernal traitor betrayed me, after all?"

"You hear!" said Mercy to Miss Vann, "his own words condemn him. Now let me tell you how I first made the acquaintance of your betrothed husband."

And in a voice of stern denunciation, every word made fiery with the righteous wrath that filled her, Mercy related the story of her persecution, her abduction, her imprisonment.

"To this man I owe the darkest experience of my life!" she cried, pointing her slim hand at the baron. "Look at him—his guilt is written on his face! Hardened sinner though he is, you see that he quails before me. Oh, dear Miss Vann, tell me that you believe me—that you know I have spoken only the truth!"

Charlotte Vann fell helplessly into the nearest chair. Shrewd and sensible as she was in many things, she had actually allowed Strozzi to blindfold her judgment and creep into her heart.

He rushed toward her, his dark face full of baffled fury. Oh, heaven! must he lose this rich prize just one week before the day appointed for his marriage? It was too much!

"My adored Charlotte!" he cried, clasping his hands wildly, "there is a mistake—I swear it! This leetle Jezebel is laboring under some delusion. I abduct her—*I!* No, nevair! It is a lie—a pure invention. Nevair did I love any but you, fairest and queenliest of women! Ah, let her not poison your ears against me. I will strangle myself if you listen to her a moment longer. Oh, this is beastly! You wring my heart. You are my betrothed wife, remember; you cannot, must not believe such evil. Bah! thrust her out—this small viper zat would step betwixt you and me at such a time, my Charlotte!"

Charlotte Vann's sallow face had grown very pale. She arose quietly from her chair. She looked from Mercy to Strozzi. The latter attempted to seize her hand; she drew it away, and pointed imperatively to the door. She hurled this one syllable, like a blow, at her discomfited lover:

"*Go!*"

"For God's sake, my peerless Charlotte——"

"Go! and never, never let me see your face again."

He understood the tone, he understood the look on her set, resolute face; and he went out from the presence of the woman he had well-nigh secured—out from the presence of the girl who had robbed him of his coveted prey, and balked all his fine plans at the very hour when their success seemed most certain.

Truly, Mabel Sardis had avenged the wrongs and insults of Mercy Dill.

Neither Charlotte Vann, nor the fashionable society which he had so long graced, ever saw Baron Strozzi more.

Miss Vann called her carriage, and hastened straight to the house of Eric Saxe.

"I am rightly punished for my folly," she said to Mercy, wiping the miserable tears from her brave eyes. "To think that a woman of my age and experience should have been caught in such a snare! It is almost incredible. My dear child, I can never thank you enough for the service you have rendered me to-day."

They found Ethel Sardis—for from that time she would allow them to call her by no other name—lying upon Bee's sofa, wasted, colorless, the mere shadow of her former self. Bee, almost heart-broken, fluttered around her like a bird. In an adjoining chamber, senseless and shattered, lay the mother who had done so much to promote her daughter's marriage with Count Stahl—fortunately, she would never know the disastrous results of her own ambitious scheming.

Miss Vann embraced Ethel, and drew a chair to her side.

"You are sick enough to be in bed," she said; "and oh, what has become of all your beauty? Don't talk, unless you feel quite able, poor child; for your sister has already shown me the true character of Baron Strozzi—*you* need not speak a word."

A smile flitted over Ethel's pale lips. She put out her own weak hand and grasped Mercy's.

"My sister!" she murmured. "Is it not strange, is it not blessed, that she should be mine, Miss Vann? And I never dreamed of such a happiness till I reached this shelter last night. All my life I have longed for a sister."

After a little while she said, with a painful effort:

"Be patient with me, all of you. It would kill me to put in words the story of the past two years. I have had my day—such a short, miserable little day! Count Stahl I shall never see again." A great shudder shook her as she pronounced the name. "I cannot tell you about it yet. Some other time, when I am stronger, the words, perhaps, will come; but I was forced to fly from him, and I owe my life to mamma's former maid, Finette, as Bee owes to her a happy marriage, and my escape from France to an English stranger, who conducted me to Havre himself, paid my expenses from his own purse, and secured me care and attention for my homeward voyage. But for him, I know not what would have become of me. Heaven bless him evermore!"

"Amen!" murmured Mercy.

Not a question was asked by any one of the three. They would not force her to speak of matters which gave her pain. It was enough for them to know that she had come back to the few hearts left to her, sad, suffering, changed beyond recognition, her pride gone, her strength gone, her happiness gone.

For a moment Mercy felt a keen thrill of interest in the English stranger who had befriended the unhappy fugitive.

"Tell me his name," she was about to say, but checked herself the next instant, ashamed of her own curiosity; and so, by a mere chance, Sir Valentine Arbuckle escaped mention.

"I am going into retirement for a while," said Charlotte Vann. "Everybody will soon know the secret of my rupture with the baron. I cannot endure to meet my friends while the scandal is new. Moreover, the Summer heat is approaching, and the city will soon be unbearable. I have a place on the Hudson, to which I shall remove for a few weeks. I am done with matrimony. Heavens! let no one mention the word to me again. Ethel shall go with me to my retreat; plainly she needs rest and care. I never saw a person so sadly changed in the little space of two years."

But Ethel, ill as she was, would not listen to this proposition.

"I thank you heartily," she said, "but I have had my last of ease and luxury. My place is now with mamma and this dear child"—touching Mercy's black dress. "I must go to work at once. I must find a situation as nursery governess. Possibly some of my old friends may provide me with pupils."

"Ethel, you cannot do it!" cried Miss Vann, with decision. "Think of your breeding—of what you have been in the past. It would kill you outright to become a servant. Moreover, you have not the physical strength."

"It would kill me to accept charity, even from you," replied Ethel. "I have a little pride left. I will not be dependent upon any one. Work is said to be a cure for sorrow. Oh, dear Miss Vann, if I cannot find employment of some kind for my thoughts, I shall go mad!"

* * * * * * *

Miss Vann retired alone to her house on the Hudson. With the arrival of the Summer heat, Bee's baby began to droop, and Eric Saxe hurried mother and child off to the mountains.

"It seems so wicked to forsake you!" sobbed Bee, first upon Mercy's shoulder, and then in Ethel's arms. "Wild horses could not drag me away, were it not for poor baby."

But her maternal fears pointed mountainward, and reluctantly she went. Ethel and Mercy were left alone with Mrs. Sardis.

Those were weary days, yet not altogether devoid of consolation. The two girls—sisters, yet strangers—soon came to know each other perfectly, to love each other devotedly. Mercy's pupils had all fled from the city. Together the lonely pair nursed Mrs. Sardis; together they labored from early morning till late night at great bundles of fine sewing and embroidery which Miss Vann, at their own request, sent them from time to time. Alas! they could not afford to remain idle, even for a few weeks. The days were hot and long and dreary, but neither uttered a word of complaint. Sometimes Ethel would lean her beautiful head on her new-found sister's shoulder, and call her "Little Comfort," or murmur, with tears:

"My darling, what should I do without you? You are my sole stay and support now."

But that was all.

Lawrence Harding was still in town. Often he sent rare flowers and fruits to Mrs. Sardis, and now and then he called to inquire concerning her condition, but he never saw Ethel, and never asked to see her.

One day an unexpected visitor appeared at the quiet house—Mrs. Jack Severne. She found Ethel plying her needle as if for dear life, and, without making any attempt to suppress her shocked feelings, she cried:

"Is it as bad as this? I have come all the way from Saratoga to see you. Lawrence would give me no peace until I made you a call. He says you wish to become a governess. It really seems very dreadful. Were it my case, I think I would kill myself at once. There! don't look distressed. Lawrence begged me to say nothing to pain you; he declares that I have no tact. Let me explain my errand as briefly as possible. My husband has a little niece who is coming to take up her abode with us in the Autumn. She will need a governess, and the situation is yours, if you can bring yourself to accept it."

A faint flush swept Ethel's frost-white face.

"Bring myself to accept it?" she answered; "gladly, thankfully. It is no matter of choice with me, but of necessity."

"Then I may consider you engaged?" said Mrs. Severne. "Jack, I am sure, will be willing to give you a liberal salary."

"Many thanks," murmured Ethel.

"Your mother, I suppose, does not comprehend either her own troubles or yours?"

"Thank God—no!"

"She was a very worldly, ambitious woman—you will pardon me for saying it—really, one should not be *too* worldly. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall, as somebody once said—was it Shakespeare or Solomon? Now, Lawrence will make me repeat every word of this conversation, and he will scold me roundly for everything in it which does not suit him. I will tell you a secret, Ethel; we suspect, mamma and I, that he is, at last, engaged to Alice Bradford. Dear me! How well I remember *your* engagement, and your wedding, also—the most brilliant that I ever attended. And to think it should have turned out so unfortunate! I hope you will not perish with the heat here. Only a salamander can exist in New York at this season."

And she departed, leaving Ethel as white as the embroidery in her hands, and Mercy speechless with indignation.

In the closing days of the Summer, when Bee's arrival was expected hourly, and Mercy began to fold up her fine sewing to make ready for the return of her pupils, two events happened.

One miserable, rainy twilight, Lawrence Harding appeared at the quiet house, looking particularly grave.

"I wish to speak with you alone, Miss Sardis," he said to Mercy; "I have news for you."

He followed her into Bee's little parlor.

"Where is your sister?" he asked.

"With Mrs. Sardis," she replied, alarmed by something strange in his manner. "Oh, Mr. Harding, what has happened now—some new misfortune?"

"No, you can scarcely call it that. Be calm, my dear child. It is best for me to first tell you the facts, and let you repeat them, as gently as possible, to *her*. She is not strong. For God's sake be careful that you do not kill her by any sudden shock!"

"I will be careful. Don't keep me in suspense, Mr. Harding—pray don't!"

They had left the door opening upon the hall ajar. Ethel Sardis, softly descending the stair from her mother's chamber at that moment, heard their voices, and stopped in surprise to listen. Lawrence drew some foreign newspapers from his pocket and laid them upon the mantel.

"You will find in these a full account of the matter," he said; "and I have received a letter from a Paris correspondent, confirming all the statements here made. Miss Sardis, Count Stahl is dead!"

Mercy uttered a cry.

"Oh, Mr. Harding, do you mean it? How?—where?——

"He was shot in an obscure gambling place in the Rue St. Jacques, where he was keeping an appointment with that precious scoundrel, his former valet, known to us here in New York as Baron Strozzi. High words and accusations had passed freely betwixt the two—the so-called baron wanted money, and the count had none to give him—this was the testimony of frequenters of the place—and, at last, Strozzi drew a pistol and shot the count dead. It seems that dark rumors have been whispered about Paris for weeks and months regarding the latter person. He is said to have killed his first countess, after spending all her fortune, and also to have attempted the life of his second wife—doubtless your sister will some day tell you if this last accusation be true. Strozzi escaped, and has not been found——"

A stifled cry outside the door interrupted him—a heavy fall. The two rushed into the hall, and found Ethel lying prostrate and senseless at the foot of the stair. No need for Mercy to tell her of the count's death; she knew it already—knew that the last act in the tragedy of her ambitious marriage had been played out—that she was a widow!

Lawrence lifted her silently in his arms, and laid her upon a sofa in Bee's parlor.

"Heaven help her!" he muttered. "Should you need my assistance in any way, Miss Sardis, do not hesitate to call for it—you know where to find me."

And then he departed from the house, and did not enter it again for many days.

A week later Mrs. Sardis died, and was laid beside her husband in Greenwood.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Jack Severne returned to New York from her Summer dissipations, bringing with her the little niece who was to be Ethel's pupil. A formal note, sent by a footman to Bee's door, informed our heroine that Mrs. Severne was now ready for the services of a governess. With a white, saddened face, which told plainer than words the tribulation through which she had passed, Ethel answered it in person.

"Dear me! how dreadfully ill you look!" said Mrs. Severne; "do you really feel equal to the work?"

"Yes," Ethel answered, earnestly; "and I am most anxious to be about it."

"Very well. Grace is not a tractable child. She will give you plenty of trouble, I dare say. I wish you to have the entire charge of her—*I* can spare her no time whatever. Keep her in the schoolroom as much as possible. By the by, I hear that your sister has a wonderful voice—the Van Dorns are very enthusiastic about her. You must entice her to sing at some of my receptions."

And so Ethel entered upon her labors in Mrs. Severne's household. The place was no sinecure. Her pupil was a spoiled, pampered little vixen, who tried her strength and patience almost beyond endurance sometimes. She was treated, in all respects, like an upper servant. She took her meals with the housekeeper, and rarely or never saw any guest of the house, or member of the family. For this she was devoutly thankful, since it would have been keen anguish for her to have met, in her altered position, the friends of her glad, triumphant days. She never went out, save to the

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Park with her charge; or to make a flying visit to Bee and Mercy. So the Autumn passed, and Winter came.

One bleak, snowy afternoon, the sisters sat together over a bright fire in Eric Saxe's studio, talking of many things. Mrs. Severne had given Ethel a half-holiday; Bee was out with her husband, and the two girls were alone, save for baby Eric, who lay in rosy sleep upon Mercy's lap.

"Ethel dear," said the little music-teacher, anxiously, as she warmed her small, wet feet at the blaze (she had just come in from a lesson), "you do not gain either in flesh or color. I fear you are not happy with Mrs. Severne. Oh, I can guess how it is! She is a miserable little creature—she treats you, I dare say, like a servant."

"And why should she not, you absurd child?" answered Ethel, as she sat with hands clasped listlessly on the lap of her black dress, and the firelight playing on her perfectly colorless face. "I *am* a servant, you know. Under present circumstances, I cannot expect her to remember our old friendship."

"Do you ever see anything of Mr. Harding?" queried Mercy, carelessly, as she twisted one of baby's yellow curls round her fingers.

"No," replied Ethel; "but Miss Bradford, the lady to whom he is engaged, arrived from Boston yesterday to spend the Winter with Mrs. Severne. We were school friends and rival belles once. I met her this morning on the stair, and she stared and nodded, and said 'How d'ye do?' in a manner which defined my position perfectly. Don't grow indignant, dear. It's the way of the world. I don't mind it much. Perhaps I might have done the same thing myself two years ago—I have been heartless enough in my time, Heaven knows."

"Ethel, are you *sure* that Mr. Harding is engaged to Miss Bradford?"

"Yes; for Mrs. Severne takes particular pains to tell me of the fact. It will be a very suitable match in all respects. Alice has been in love with Lawrence Harding for years. Now let us talk about *your* affairs, dear. Bee tells me that Archie Van Dorn has fallen helplessly in love with his sister's music-teacher, and made her an offer of his heart, hand and fortune. Ah, Mabel, is it true?"

The blood ran into Mercy's cheek and out again.

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice, "it is quite true, Ethel. There is no harm in confessing it to you, I suppose?"

"Oh, my dear child, I am very, very glad! He is wealthy and well-connected, and he is not a bad fellow in any respect. I did not ask Bee—but, of course, you accepted him?"

Mabel opened wide her violet eyes.

"Certainly not!"

"Mabel!"

"Don't look so disappointed. It was very good of Mr. Van Dorn to notice me, but I do not care for him in the least. I shall never marry any one."

"And, pray, why not?" cried Ethel, in astonishment.

"Because I shall never meet any one whom I can think of in that—that—way," answered Mercy, firmly. "Let us not talk of it, darling. I am going to live with Bee, and teach music all my life, and be happy in my own way, you know."

"You—with your beauty! You ridiculous child! It is simply impossible to believe such a thing!"

"Ah, you will see!"

Ethel drew her purse from her pocket, and took from it a roll of money—her quarterly salary, which Mrs. Severne had paid her that day. She gazed thoughtfully into the fire a few moments; then said to Mercy:

"You remember, dear, the story which I told you about the English stranger who befriended me in the darkest strait of my life—who went with me from Paris to Havre, and paid my passage to New York?"

"Yes," answered Mercy.

'The time has come for me to discharge the debt I owe him. I have realized a little money, you know, from the sale of mamma's jewels. It is not pleasant to feel under such obligations to a stranger."

"Certainly not," said Mercy.

Ethel began to search the different compartments of her purse

"I hope I have not lost the address which I asked of him at Havre. He wrote it down upon a card—ah, here it is. I knew I should some time be able to refund the money."

Then she drew out a bit of pasteboard, and holding it to the firelight, for the day was waning in the studio, read these words aloud: "Sir Valentine Arbuckle, Deepmoor Hall, Lincolnshire, England."

A sudden dead silence. Ethel looked up, and saw that Mercy had risen from her chair, and was standing beside her, with a blanched, agitated face.

"Is Sir Valentine Arbuckle the person who befriended you, Ethel?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is he a tall, unhandsome man, with hazel eyes and red hair?"

"Exactly. Pray how did *you* know that?"

She paid no heed to the question—perhaps she did not hear it. A far-off look was upon her white face, as if she had gone back in spirit to some long-past time. Her violet eyes filled slowly with tears.

"You are going to write to him?" she said, under her breath—"to send him money?"

"Yes."

"Here is something of value which belongs to him, Ethel, and which ought to have been returned long ago. I am sure he has wished for it often. Would you kindly inclose it in your letter?"

As she spoke she put up her hand to her white throat, and loosed a simple silk cord which she had worn about it for many a day. From this she took a plain gold wedding-ring.

"It belonged to his mother," she said, simply, holding it out to Ethel. "He gave it to me long ago, when he thought I was to be his wife. Shall I tell you the story?"

"Pray do!" cried Ethel, breathlessly. And so it was told there in the twilight.

On the following day Ethel Sardis dispatched a letter to Sir Valentine Arbuckle, and in it she inclosed a draft for the amount to which she stood indebted to him, and also the little band of gold that Mercy had given her.

"At the request of a friend," she wrote, "I restore to you this trifle, which, doubtless, you will be glad to recover."

And with no other explanation than this, the ring went on its way across the sea.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAPPINESS AT LAST.

It went on its way across the sea, and reached Deepmoor Hall, Lincolnshire, late upon a hunting morning, when Sir Valentine was away at a neighboring "meet." Miss Affry Black opened the post-bag, turned the American missive in her hand, eyed it suspiciously, and finally conveyed it to the library, with the rest of the baronet's mail, and there left it lying on Sir Valentine's baize-covered table.

Five o'clock brought the lord of Deepmoor back to the

Hall again, fagged and somewhat out of humor. He took his tea with Miss Black, then flung himself down in a great chair upon his library hearth, with the air of a man glad to return to his own habitation after a dull and wearisome day.

"Well," said Miss Black, watching him closely over her gold-rimmed glasses, "you met Lord Loftus's daughters at lunch, I suppose?"

Having failed in her matrimonial project concerning the Scotch heiress, she was now bent upon another, even more desirable.

'Yes," answered the baronet, dryly.

"Florence, the younger, is as pretty as a pink—a genuine high-bred English girl. You might go through seven counties, and never find her equal, Sir Valentine."

He ran his fingers through his red hair till it stood up like porcupine quills, but answered not a word.

"Then Helen, the elder—she is a pure blonde, and you admire blondes. And she can ride beautifully. To see her gallop over hedge and ditch, across meadow and moor, down lane and up high road, is enough to take the breath. You have your eyes in your head, Valentine—how *can* you resist these two charming girls?"

"Give it up—do!" said the baronet, wearily; "lay the subject on the shelf for a while, Aunt Affry, for you see I am incorrigible. Have I not told you scores of times that I do not wish to marry?"

"Very well!" answered Miss Black, in a huff, "you are as obstinate as a mule. I will say no more, for if his lordship's daughters cannot please you, I know of no living woman who can. There's your mail on the table—you have not looked at it yet."

Sir Valentine picked up his letters. He broke the seal of the American one first. Something dropped from it, and rolled across the tiled hearth, stopping, at last, upon a rug of Canadian wolf-skin. He picked it up—his face grew white as death. It was his mother's wedding-ring—the ring which he had placed on the hand of Mercy Dill years ago in the old lodging-house at Seedy Court.

Miss Black recognized it, also, and cried out in sore amaze.

"Valentine! Good Heaven! your mother's ring. Who sent it?"

He read Ethel's letter, with the few ambiguous words relating to the recovered token, then passed it on to Miss Black.

"In Heaven's name, what can it mean?" he said.

The old woman looked, read, and answered, feebly, "I haven't an idea. Cullen Sardis's daughter! How on earth did *she* get possession of your mother's ring?"

He held the shining band upon his palm. His face looked harsh and forbidding.

"You will see no more of me, Aunt Affry, till that question is answered to my satisfaction," he said, decisively.

She laid her hand on his strong shoulder.

"What are you going to do? Bless me! you are shaking like a woman! Write to Miss Sardis, or the Countess Stahl—whichever name she is called by—and she will explain it all, I dare say."

"Miss Sardis has forgotten to mention her New York address," said the baronet, with a strange smile; "moreover, I could scarcely be content to attack this mystery in any roundabout way. I shall start for Liverpool in the morning, and take passage in the first steamer which leaves that port for the United States."

Miss Black bristled with indignation.

"Val! Are you mad? Pushing off to America to find some clue to that Italian's wife—that creature, who is tramping the streets, I dare say, with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey, while Lord Loftus's daughters wait in vain for you to propose! I'm amazed at you—I'm ashamed of you. I never heard of such a ridiculous thing in my life! It's enough to make all the Arbuckles in the vaults of Deepmoor church turn in their graves."

Miss Black's wrath fell on unheeding ears. His determination was made, and no argument under heaven could shake it.

"I am going only to find Miss Sardis," he said, calmly. "I want a little private conversation with her."

And he went. Three days later, this headstrong, half-Yankee nobleman was on the Atlantic, speeding away to the New World.

He landed in New York one golden afternoon in early Spring, determined to rest not, neither to know peace, until he had found Count Stahl's fair widow.

Archie Van Dorn, glancing over the newspapers at his club next morning, chanced to see the baronet's name in the list of arrivals—also the name of the hotel to which he had betaken himself.

"Arbuckle! Good Heaven! what has brought him across the water?" mused Van Dorn. "A goodish sort of fellow. I got on very well with him in Paris. I must look him up. Half American, too. Wonder if my mother wouldn't like to have him lunch with her to-day? Oh, by Jove! I know she would! I'll write her a note, and then slip off to his quarters."

Mr. Van Dorn acted at once upon this brilliant thought. He presented himself at the baronet's hotel, and was greeted by Sir Valentine as a genuine godsend.

"The very person that I longed to see!" cried the baronet, as he wrung the Gothamite's hand. "You know the Countess Stahl? Of course you do! Can you tell me where she is to be found?"

Van Dorn looked a little blank.

"Countess Stahl! Oh! by Jove! I see! *That's* the attraction that brings you to New York, is it! You heard of the count's demise, eh? and now you're ready to offer her a second title? She's turned governess, and is living somewhere among her friends, I can't say where; have heard, but am a little hazy in memory. However, I'll make inquiries for you."

"You quite mistake, Van Dorn," said Sir Valentine; "I am not in love with the countess—I wish to see her upon a matter of pure business."

Van Dorn balanced himself upon the edge of his chair, and smiled gloomily at empty space.

"Happy fellow! *I* have been suffering the tortures of perdition for the last few weeks. Betwixt you and I, Arbuckle, my life is a burden. I never was so hard hit before in all my days. Of course I've played at spoons dozens of times, but a downright earnest passion is another thing. Don't I look deucedly hipped?"

"Come to observe you closely," replied Sir Valentine, "you *do*. And so you feared you had a rival in me, did you? Pshaw, man! take heart. Such an idea never entered my head. You are good-looking and well-bred. I shouldn't suppose you would find it a very hard matter to induce her to forget such a detestable scoundrel as the late count."

Van Dorn opened his blue eyes, then burst into a melancholy laugh.

"Hang it! I'm not talking of the countess. To be sure I *was* soft upon her once, years ago, but the torch that's once wasted, Oh, how can it burn again? No, that's not the person. It's her sister."

Sir Valentine put down the pipe that he was smoking.

"Has the countess a sister? I always heard that Cullen Sardis had but one child."

"There's another—the daughter of a first marriage that

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nobody knew anything about till after the banker's death. The friends of the family don't talk much about it; but all the same, Mabel is the countess's half-sister. By Jove! She's incomparable—ten times lovelier than Ethel herself!"

"In that case, she must be something fitted to distract and confuse the mighty mind of man," said the baronet; "for I call the countess a remarkably handsome woman. Are you ready to receive congratulations?"

Van Dorn shook his dismal head.

"Good Heaven, no! She won't have me. She's music-teacher to my little sisters—has to work for a living. The Sardis lot are now very poor, you know. I might give her fortune and luxury, and all that; but she won't take it. And, by Jove! she was so sweet and kind and gentle in her refusal, that I love her ten times more than ever. I'm heart-broken!—you needn't grin, old man—I've a good mind to turn Trappist monk and go hide myself in some howling wilderness, away from female kind for the rest of my days."

"Help me first to find the countess," said Sir Valentine, dryly, "for I am very impatient to see her—my business will not wait. Of course her sister must know her address—she wouldn't object, I suppose, to giving it to you."

"I should think not," answered Van Dorn, consulting his repeater; "come home and lunch with me. I have written to my mother that I should bring you, if possible. We may meet Miss Sardis there—it's the hour for the girls' lesson. I make it a point to avoid her now whenever I can, but I'll suffer for once in the cause of friendship. Come!"

The baronet needed no urging. The two left the hotel, and proceeded straight to the Van Dorn mansion on a highly fashionable street. The Gothamite conducted his titled guest into a handsome drawing-room, and seating him comfortably, said: "Excuse me a moment, old fellow, while I go and look up my mother." Then vanished and left Sir Valentine alone.

At the further end of the apartment was a doorway hung with impenetrable folds of crimson silk, and beyond it voices were audible—children's voices; also the rattling of music-leaves and the tinkle of a piano. Sir Valentine had ears, and he was obliged to listen whether he wished it or not.

"Oh, dear Miss Sardis, you promised to sing us something, you know, when our lesson was done. Madge likes Robin Adair and Auld Robin Gray—*I* like the hymns. Oh, *do* give us one little, tiny hymn!"

"Alice is a saint," laughed Madge, "mamma says so. Everything that Miss Sardis sings is beautiful. If I had her voice, I'd be a prima donna."

A third person spoke, but in so low a tone that Sir Valentine did not catch the words; then a practiced hand struck the piano; then through the crimson silk curtain a voice floated into the silent drawing-room—a glorious soprano, of wonderful compass and sweetness. It thrilled through Sir Valentine like an electric shock, drove the blood from his cheek to his madly beating heart:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my hope on Thee is stayd,
All my trust from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

That old, familiar hymn! Merciful God! was he awake or dreaming? He leaped to his feet. Could there be two voices like that in all the length and breadth of the world? The same, yet not the same; for cultivation had developed and strengthened it; yet how could he mistake it? Never knowing what he was about, the baronet strode straight across the drawing-room, dashed back the crimson silk curtain, and, in its shining shadow, stood and looked into the music-room where Madge and Alice Van Dorn had just completed their morning lesson.

Over the piano the two children hung in breathless delight. At the instrument sat a young girl, dressed in sombre black. Her face was turned toward him—a sad, flawless, colorless face, carved as if from pearl, and crowned with a great twist of golden hair. She looked up as the curtain was swept back, and saw the towering figure in the opening. Her fingers fell away from the keys; she started up from the piano betwixt the two staring and amazed children.

"*Mercy!*"

With a great cry he called her name; and she, looking in his blanched, yet unchanged face, after years of separation, answered, like one in a dream:

"*Val!*"

The next instant he was at her feet, holding to her black dress, crying out, wildly and incoherently:

"In God's name, what does this mean? How came you here? Where is your husband? Mercy! oh, my darling, my one, only love, I never thought to see you again on this side of the grave!"

She drew back a step, and looked at him in pale reproach.

"My husband! I have none."

"Discordo?"

"Then you believed his letter?"

"I did—oh, fool that I was—I did!"

"You were very willing to be deceived," she said, bitterly—"very willing to think ill of me. He told me it would be so—he was sure his vile plot would succeed; but I—I hoped otherwise, for I trusted you. I was sure you would trust me."

His face whitened slowly with conviction, pain, remorse.

"Then it was all a miserable lie?"

"It was all a miserable lie; but it cannot matter now. Rise, Sir Valentine Arbuckle; we are not alone."

"You did not love him—you did not marry him? Merciful Heaven! how I have wronged you, then—how I have wronged myself! Explain this mystery, or I shall go mad!"

At this juncture the Van Dorn children fled from the music-room, and ran to tell mother and brother that a strange, red-haired gentleman was down on his knees before Miss Sardis, kissing her dress, and calling her "Mercy" and "darling."

This piece of news, added to the fact that the English baronet had vanished from the apartment where he had been left, induced the Van Dorns to seat themselves in the drawing-room, to await the appearance of the parties, and an explanation of their extraordinary conduct.

Sir Valentine Arbuckle drew Mercy's unresisting hands into his own.

"Tell me everything," he said, firmly, "and God is my witness that whatever you say I will, with heart and soul, believe. If I have wronged you shamefully, I have also loved you boundlessly. I have never ceased to think of you—never since we parted, on our appointed wedding-day, in Seedy Court. Heap your reproaches upon me—I deserve them. You cannot condemn me half as much as I condemn myself."

So, with those slight hands locked in his, she stood and made her explanations, and heard others in return. The humble lovers of Seedy Court—Valentine Black, the banker's clerk, and Mercy Dill, the sewing-girl—were no more; not even their names remained. But this man and woman, so unlike that obscure pair, looked once in each other's eyes, and forgot in a moment all change, all doubt, all wrong—yes, and the months and the years that had passed since their last meeting.

"Do you forgive me, Mercy?" he asked, humbly and wistfully.

"I forgive you," she answered, with the tears shining in her violet eyes.

"Do you love me still, darling?"

"I love you still. Even if we had never met, if I had never heard of you again, I should have loved you till my dying day."

He had already told her of the errand which had brought him across the sea. Now he drew out the old ring, the tiny agent of their reunion, and placed it for the second time upon her hand.

"But—" she faltered, "you are rich and titled now, and I am but a poor music-teacher. Are *you* sure——"

He gathered her into his arms.

"I am sure, infinitely sure, that you are the one woman in all the world for me! Take me, darling, and make of me what you will, for I am your slave for evermore."

Time had not changed his passion, grandeur and ease had not altered it. Hearts like his are slow to receive impressions, tenacious to hold them. Truly, for him the wide world held only this one fair woman.

The two lovers went back to the drawing-room, into the presence of the amazed Van Dorns, where sundry explanations were made, and many congratulations offered, even by the gloomy and rather indignant son of the house, and then Mercy hastened home to tell the marvelous news to Bee, and introduce to that amazed little lady, and to Eric Saxe, her stalwart, titled lover.

Oh, day of days, never to be forgotten! Ethel was sent for in great haste, and she came, full of rejoicing, and gave both hands to Sir Valentine, and thanked him anew for the service he had rendered her in the past, and laughed with delight at her own share in bringing him across the sea.

"Sir Valentine," she said, "do you know anything of Finette? I have thought of her so often and so gratefully, the good, true creature! Can you tell me if she is well and happy?"

"Yes," he answered; "she is living at Verrières, with her brother Gustave. Fidelity like hers is rare, and needs encouragement. I took the liberty to settle upon her a trifling pension. She is well, she is happy, and she will lack for nothing as long as she lives."

Bee drew Mercy aside.

"Oh, you sly puss!" she whispered, in mock indignation; "to think you never told me a word of all this! Who would have dreamed that you had such a romance in your life! Another title in the family! Well, thank Heaven, this one is worn by a good, true man, and it will confer upon you not only distinction, but genuine happiness. I *know* you will be happy, dear, because you love him and he loves you—and when one has said that, one has said all!"

A fortnight later—for the impatient lover would have no unnecessary delays—Mercy became the wife of Sir Valentine Arbuckle. The wedding was solemnized in Bee's quiet home, with only Miss Vann and a few intimate friends for guests.

To Ethel, this parting with the sister whom she had learned to love so dearly was a strange mixture of sorrow and joy.

"Oh, darling, come with us to England, and let our home be yours," Mercy pleaded. "Sir Valentine wishes it, and I—oh, I cannot leave you drudging here. It spoils all my own happiness to think of you."

Ethel shook her handsome head.

"Not yet. Some time, perhaps, when I am sick or old, or tired of governess-ing, I may seek a refuge with you; but not while I am young and strong, and able to work for myself. I am too proud, you know, to be dependent, even upon you, whom I love better than any one else in the world. Sir Valentine is noble and good and generous, and I thank him heartily; but I must battle with the world single-handed a little longer, and you must not think of me at all, dear, but only of him, and of your own great happiness."

"Surely, Ethel, you will accept some aid? He is going to settle an allowance upon you—he told me so himself."

"Not a penny, dear. I could not think of such a thing—or, at least, not till I am superannuated, as I said before. But I will come some time to Deepmoor Hall, and spend an English Christmas with you."

No further persuasions could shake her resolution. She would take nothing but love and kind thoughts from Mercy and her husband. So the two went their happy way across the sea, and Ethel returned to the schoolroom at Mrs. Severne's mansion, and took up the drudgery of life again, a lonelier but a happier woman.

* * * * * * *

The last scene in this long drama occurred one Spring day not many weeks after Mercy's marriage.

On the hearth-rug of Mrs. Jack Severne's boudoir, Lawrence Harding stood, looking down upon that small brunette lady, who occupied a low chair by his side, and was pulling her lap-dog's ears with an air of ill-humor.

"I can't think why you neglect us so," she pouted. "You actually have not entered these doors, Lawrence, a half-dozen times since Ethel Sardis came here as governess. Alice Bradford thinks it most extraordinary; so do I. Can it be that you are afraid of meeting Ethel?"

"My dear Evelyn," answered Lawrence, carelessly, "remember that I am not a man of leisure. I have no time to make visits. And as for meeting Miss Sardis, that's a little absurd, is it not? You treat her so entirely like a menial, that I should never expect to encounter her outside the servants' quarters. It would be to your credit, Evelyn, and to Miss Bradford's, if you two would show Ethel Sardis a little more consideration."

Mrs. Severne frowned.

"Ethel is a servant, now, and she has the good sense to know her place and to keep it. I think she is satisfied with the treatment she receives here—at least, she never complains. Really, it's very funny, Lawrence, to hear *you* talk in that way. Whatever may be said of Alice and I, *you* do not owe her much consideration. She never wasted kindness upon you in times past."

"Pardon; that is not the point that we are discussing," he answered, with an imperturbable smile. "I am surprised that you have so little heart, Evelyn. "Good Heaven! the airs that you allow Miss Bradford to assume toward that girl are simply abominable. Can't you manage to make her position in your house just bearable? I may as well confess that Jack tells me a good many things which happen here, and I swear I cannot see how she stands it!"

"I wish you would not swear," cried Mrs. Severne, fretfully, "and I wish Jack would hold his tongue. I feed and shelter Miss Sardis, and pay her a very fair salary, and that is all that I can do. And now *I* have a grievance to mention, Larry—one that comes very near my heart, too. In the name of all that's tiresome and exasperating, when do you mean to marry Alice Bradford?"

He opened his gray eyes.

"Evelyn, you must be, as the Scotch say, 'clean daft,'" he answered, dryly.

"Lawrence, have you not been dangling about her for two entire years?"

"Dangling? I deny it emphatically!"

"You are laughing at me, Lawrence. Alice Bradford loves you."

"My poor, deceived child, she is totally incapable of loving anything in the world but her her own fair, comfortable self."

"And have you no serious intentions toward her, after all? I have taken pains to tell everybody that you are as good as engaged."

"Intentions? None whatever," he answered. "I am sure that you are the only person in existence who ever thought of such a thing."

She changed the subject, dejectedly. Would he go to ride in the park with her? Miss Bradford would accompany them. He excused himself on the plea of an engagement, and made a hasty exit.

Mrs. Severne retired to her chamber, and placed herself in the hands of her maid. Half an hour after, in gorgeous array, she departed upon her drive, taking with her Miss Bradford and her little niece. Ethel was thus left alone in the schoolroom.

She busied herself for a while with the dog-eared books, and then went to a window, and with a weary sigh, sat down there and looked out on the declining afternoon.

It was all very dreary. Utter silence reigned in the big house; and beyond the pane nothing was to be seen save a patch of pale sky and a jumble of chimney-pots. Where was Mercy this day? Plucking primroses and harebells in her grand Lincolnshire park, with all her past sorrows forgotten? Very likely. Already Lady Arbuckle had written to her sister, describing the splendors of her new home, and stating that Miss Affry Black, after listening to her story, had melted suddenly, remorsefully, toward Sir Valentine's bride, and welcomed her to Deepmoor with wide-open arms.

"How tired I feel! sighed Ethel to herself; "how dreary and monotonous is life! And I am so young still—the end seems so far away."

She laid her beautiful brown head against the window, and let the tears fall slowly down upon her white, folded hands.

The afternoon light grew paler and paler on the floor, on the wall, on the books and globes of the table. Presently, a knock sounded at the door. She did not hear it. Somebody entered uninvited, looked around the schoolroom, and advanced hastily toward the motionless black figure in the window.

"Miss Sardis," said Lawrence Harding.

She started and looked up.

"I rapped, but you did not hear me," he muttered, apologetically.

"Mrs. Severne is out," said Ethel, rising, in some confusion, with the tears still clinging to her long lashes, and a perceptible quivering all about her lovely mouth.

"I know it," he answered, trying to look away from her to the dull wall. "I came back to the house because I hoped to find you here alone—because I wished to speak with you a few moments undisturbed. Of late I have not seen much of you. Good God! are you crying, Ethel? This is unbearable!"

"No, no!" she answered, bravely, struggling for self-possession. "I am not crying—why should I do so foolish a thing? My head aches—that is all."

"You are very happy, I suppose, in Mrs. Severne's household?" he queried, grimly.

"I am well content," she answered, in a low voice.

All the stern lines of his face seemed to change as he looked at her.

"I have no words to tell how the sight of you, lonely and friendless here, goes to my heart. Ethel! You have hurt me a good many times in the past—perhaps you will hurt me again; but a fresh pang, more or less, cannot matter much; so I have come to sue once more—to ask you the old, old question. Can you, will you, let me be anything to you; will you let me take you into the shelter of my heart and arms—will you marry me, Ethel?"

She grew so white that he involuntarily put out his hand to support her.

"Don't mock me, Lawrence! How can you, Alice Bradford's lover, say such things to me?"

"I am not, and have never been, Alice Bradford's lover; nor the lover of any woman save yourself. You know this—you *must* know it!"

"Lawrence," she shivered, "I am not worthy!"

"Let *me* decide that question, Ethel."

"You told me once that you despised me!"

"I tell you now that I love you. Your faults are dearer to me than the perfections of other women. Oh, my darling! you have, indeed, expiated the wrong done to me and to yourself alike. Have we not been parted long enough? Have we not both suffered enough? Come, now, to me."

He opened his arms. She fled to them as to some ark of safety, and laid her pale, weary face upon his loving and forgiving heart.

Adolphe Sassard, *alias* Baron Strozzi, met his death at an obscure inn in the Tyrol, at the hands of an Italian with whom he was wrangling over a game of cards. Miss Vann, who so narrowly escaped a marriage with him, will never again turn her thoughts to matrimony. She is the devoted friend of Eric Saxe and his family, and has openly declared her intention of making Bee's golden-haired boy her heir.

Ethel is now Lawrence Harding's happy wife, and her past seems to be like some hideous dream. A little dark-eyed daughter climbs her knee, and many things which entered into the early education of the beautiful mother her child's ears will never hear.

"Heaven help me to train her to be a good, true woman!" is Ethel's daily prayer.

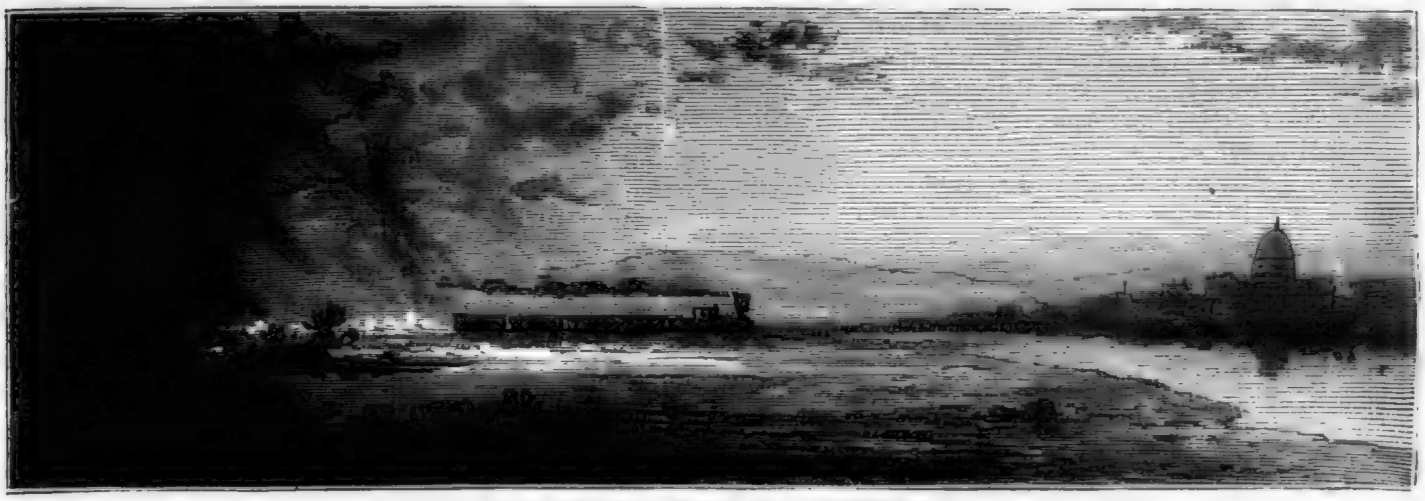
Across the sea, in the grand shadows of Deepmoor Park, Lady Arbuckle lives—the admiration of the country families, who declare her to be the loveliest woman that ever graced the old Hall—the idol of two rollicking, red-haired boys, the joy of Miss Black's declining years, and the light of her husband's eyes.

To her, as to Ethel, the past is now but a shadow and a name. Through much tribulation she has come to honor and joy, through darkness and tempest to the calm beauty of a cloudless and perfect day.

THE END.

IT is said that Napoleon once ordered a coat of mail. When the artisan completed it he delivered it to the Emperor, who ordered the workman to put it on himself. Then Napoleon, taking a pistol, fired shot after shot at the man in armor. It stood this severe test; and the Emperor bestowed upon the maker a large reward.

THERE is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears, Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay.*



RACE BETWEEN A STORM AND A LOCOMOTIVE.

THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE.

The earliest authentic record of the use of signals by armies is furnished in the writings of Polybius, the Greek scholar and general, who seems to have invented the devices employed in the wars in which he participated about 200 years B.C. His system consisted in a cumbrous arrangement of the letters of the Greek alphabet, and the use of torches for the illumination of the letters as arranged on posts or tablets, each letter requiring a double signal. The system, faulty as it was, demonstrated the possibility of field telegraphing, and the recognition of this fact was the first positive step in the development of signaling as a system.

GEN. ALBERT J. MYER.

In the time of Polybius, and through most of the Greek and Roman wars, every army had its corps of signalists or telegraphers, who were known as fire-bearers, or "fire-swingers." In point of fact, these fire-swingers and the signal-men of modern armies practice approximately the same art, with modes closely assimilated.

In naval signaling, the most curious devices were, in the remote ages, employed—such, for instance, as the hoisting of a barrel at the yardarm as a signal for water, and the display of a table-cloth as an invitation to dinner. Then followed gradual improvements, attempts to build semaphores on ships, complicated arrangements of signal-flags, until finally the flag-dictionary of to-day was developed.

In England, naval signals were first used in the time of Elizabeth; and in the time of James II. their use was systematized. In 1790, or thereabouts, under Earl Howe and Kempenfelt, a regular code of day and night signals was perfected.

Of course the invention of the electric telegraph vastly facilitated the development of Signal Services. In our recent war, and notably also in the war between France and Germany, the telegraph, as an adjunct of the signal system, was a factor of almost incalculable utility.

With the growth and expansion of the ideas broached 2,000 years ago, messages of any description, and in words or characters of any language, can now be sent by signals, by day or night, as far as one man can, by telescope or other means, be made visible to another.

Signaling at five miles is held, by experienced signalists, to be at very short range. Messages have been sent a distance of ten miles, by the signal corps of our army, with a simple pockethandkerchief on a ten-foot pole. With the flags and staff in use in the army, communication is said to have been had at twenty-five miles distance, and detached words are represented to have been read at a distance of forty miles.

The Signal Service of the United States owes its development and present importance very largely to the ability and efforts of General Albert J. Myer, who, in 1866, after distinguished services in the war of the rebellion, was made Chief Signal Officer in the Army. Under an Act of Congress, approved in February, 1870, he was charged with the special duties of the observation and giving notice, by telegraph and signals, of the approach and force of storms on the seacoast and northern lakes, at the military posts in the interior, and at other points in the States and Territories.

Addressing himself with genuine enthusiasm to the work assigned him, and foreseeing, apparently, results of which the average mind had no conception, he at once organized the meteorological division of the signal office on an efficient basis. By a subsequent Act, he was charged with the special duties of telegraphing, etc., being authorized to establish signal stations at lighthouses, and at such of the life-saving stations as are suitable for the purpose, and to connect these stations by telegraph with such points as may be necessary.

The Acts providing for the meteorological work necessarily require the duties of the service to be performed militarily, the officers and men being instructed for the different branches of the service at a signal school of instruction at Fort Whipple, in Virginia, some three miles from Washington, and at the central office in that city. The term of enlistment is for five years, and the service is open to any American citizen of good character who can face the rigid tests of the preliminary examination. The course of instruction includes the use of meteorological instruments, the modes of taking observations, and the forms and duties required at observation stations and for the display of storm signals. The men are also taught telegraphy, and are drilled with arms and in the usual duties of soldiers—the design being to qualify them for any possible exigency that may arise. Obviously, a knowledge of mere meteorology would be insufficient for an observer stationed on the Western plains, surrounded by hostile Indians, where he is exposed to constant peril of attack, and it is essential, therefore, that he should know how to use firearms, and also how to summon help by the use of the telegraph, if the danger is urgent. So, a knowledge of telegraphy, and the utmost familiarity with the use of weapons of defense, would be practically valueless to an isolated observer, unless, with this knowledge, he understands also the meteorological duties imposed upon the occupant of every station.

All enlisted men, before leaving Fort Whipple, are also drilled in the manœuvring of field telegraphic trains, the rapid erection of telegraphic lines, and the management of all the apparatus habitually used by the corps in the field.

The value of this school of practice to the military and meteorological service can scarcely be overestimated. The force there trained is not only kept in readiness for any emergency of armed duty made necessary by war, but in time of peace performs a service to the public interests which compensates a hundredfold for all the outlay involved. In the great railroad strikes of last year, the cipher reports of these men, rapidly collected over a vast extent of territory, were relied upon, to the exclusion of all others, and enabled the Government to act with a promptitude and decision, in the movement of troops for the suppression of organized violence, which would otherwise have been impossible.

The Signal Service as now organized consists of 18 commissioned officers, 150 sergeants, 30 corporals, and 220 privates. This force has the management of 217 stations, extending from the Dominion of Canada to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Of these stations, 143 take meteorological observations, 24 are known as sunset stations, 11 as display stations, 24 as special river stations, 12 as commercial stations, and 3 as printing stations. Telegraphic and mail reports are also received from 4 stations in the West Indies, and 19 in Canada. At stations furnishing telegraphic reports, the men are required to furnish tri-daily, on each day, the results of observations made at three fixed hours, and embracing in each case the readings of the barometer, the thermometer, the velocity and direction of the wind, the rain-gauge, the relative humidity, the character, quantity and movement of upper and lower clouds, and the condition of the weather. These observations are taken at such hours, at the different stations, as to secure absolute simultaneity—allowance being made for the differences between the fixed times (7:35 A.M., 4:35 P.M., and 11 P.M.,) and the local time, at the different stations. Three other observations, at 7 A.M., 2 P.M., and 9 P.M., local time, are also taken and recorded at each station, and a seventh and special observation is taken and recorded at noon on each day. When such instrumental changes are noted at this observation as to cause anxiety, the fact is at once telegraphed to the central office at Washington. An eighth observation is taken at the exact hour of sunset at each station, and this, embracing the appearance of the western sky, the direction of the wind, the amount of cloudiness, the readings of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, and amount of rainfall since the last preceding report, is communicated to the central office, with the midnight report. So perfect is the discipline, and so trustworthy the work of the force, that the reports from the stations, covering the whole expanse of the continent, are frequently concentrated at the central office at Washington, in the space of forty minutes.

It is upon the data thus accumulated at the central office that the daily official deductions, or weather forecasts, and the especial deductions, in pursuance of which orders are issued for the display of cautionary signals, are based. The tri-daily synopses, which are found in all the daily papers, show the meteoric conditions existing over and near the territory of the United States for each period of twenty-four hours immediately preceding the publication of the report. The "Indications," or "Probabilities," foreshadow the changes which seem to be suggested as probable by a study of the charts, in connection with the meteorological rules and generalizations which experience has more or less clearly established. Eight charts, exhibiting the date of the observation reports, as to the barometric pressures, relative humidities, cloud-conditions, dew-point variations, etc., are draughted and examined before, and are essential to, each official announcement. The statements designed for publication, issued thrice daily, are telegraphed at the moment of their issue to the principal cities, and reach, it is believed, fully one third of the entire population of the country. The average per centage of verifications of statements comprising the predictions of the barometric pressures, temperatures, wind directions, and character of the weather to be expected in the districts to which they had reference, was, during the year 1877, just 86.16 per cent. The per centage of accuracy, however, limited to the pre-announcement of the weather to be expected, exclusive of the other conditions named, was 90.05 per cent. That such a degree of perfection has been achieved, with only seven years of labor, is certainly remarkable; but the Chief Signal Officer gives it as his opinion that it would be possible to do much more, and predict, with almost absolute precision, the weather conditions for each individual State, were the number of stations to be so multiplied as to enable him to command local and neighborhood observations.

The confidence which the uniform accuracy of the announcements of the Signal Office has inspired among shippers and sea-faring men, affords a very conclusive testimony as to its utility and value. The danger signal of the Service is not, indeed, infallible, but it is seldom disregarded—and when it is, the consequences are not unfrequently disastrous. These signals are displayed at the different lake and sea ports, and upon the coasts in pursuance of orders from Washington, based on the reports of observers indicating threatening weather. Thus, a red flag with a black centre displayed by day, or a red light shown by night at Norfolk, or Buffalo, or Sandy Hook, or Detroit, or elsewhere, indicates a probability of stormy or dangerous weather for the particular port or place, or in the vicinity of the place in which it is so displayed.

The vessel which goes to sea with the cautionary signal flying, simply braves possible disaster. The United States' Steamer *Huron*, last November, with strange perversity, ignored the warning signal at Norfolk, and ship and crew, caught in the terrors of the storm which that signal foretold, perished at Kitty Hawk.

Carefully compiled statistics as to the benefits which have accrued to commerce from this branch of the Signal Service show that, since the introduction of the system, hundreds of vessels, by remaining in port in obedience to the warnings given, have avoided peril and loss; that, in a word, the annual average of disasters occurring at or near points at which cautionary signals have been displayed, has been vastly lessened during the years in which such displays have been made.

Reports on file in the central office show that shippers on the Lakes very largely regulate their shipments by the weather map. In Chicago, according to the report of the local observer, "The grain, commission and produce merchants connected with the Board of Trade, make a daily study of the weather-map, and, in a great measure, control their business in accordance with the nature of the prevailing and impending weather."

From Indianapolis, Memphis, Buffalo, and many other lake and river ports, similar testimony is furnished.

But it is not alone in the display of cautionary signals that the Signal Service sustains a most important relation to the commerce of the country. The distinctive Seacoast Service, as connected with the Life-saving Service, is entitled to special mention. The Service has under its direct control 513 miles of telegraph wire, extending from Sandy Hook to Cape May, from Norfolk to Hatteras, and from Wilmington to the mouth of the Cape Fear River—the most frequented, and, in some places, the most dangerous coasts of the United States.

These lines and the signal stations, located for the most part at lighthouses and life-saving stations, are directly on the coast. The observers command a full view of the sea, and disasters by shipwreck cannot escape their eye. They have from Washington, at all times, the latest reports of the weather conditions all along the coast, and of the sea itself so far as they are attainable. They are able, therefore, to warn by signals of coming danger, all vessels passing within their view.

Being practiced in the signals of the International code, ships of any nationality in distress can communicate with them, and so command instant help. Many instances of the service rendered in this way might be given, as illustrating the expedition with which the men at these stations perform their work. It is mentioned that, on the occurrence of the wreck of the brigantine *Nipoli*, a telegraphic station communicating with Washington was opened on the scene of the wreck, and had reported the facts to the central office before the life-boat, brought from a station comparatively near, had reached the grounds.

A notable illustration of the usefulness of the Coast Service was furnished in March, 1877. On the 21st day of that month, a storm of unusual severity was signaled from the central office, as threatening the middle Atlantic coast. On the morning of the 22d, when the fog had lifted, the sergeant in charge of the station at Cape Henry discovered a large vessel stranded on a dangerous shoal off that station; he at once notified the wreckers of Norfolk, and reported the fact to the main office. Nothing was known at that time of the nationality of the vessel, the port from which she had sailed, her cargo or condition. The life-boat from the life-saving station was driven back while attempting to reach her.

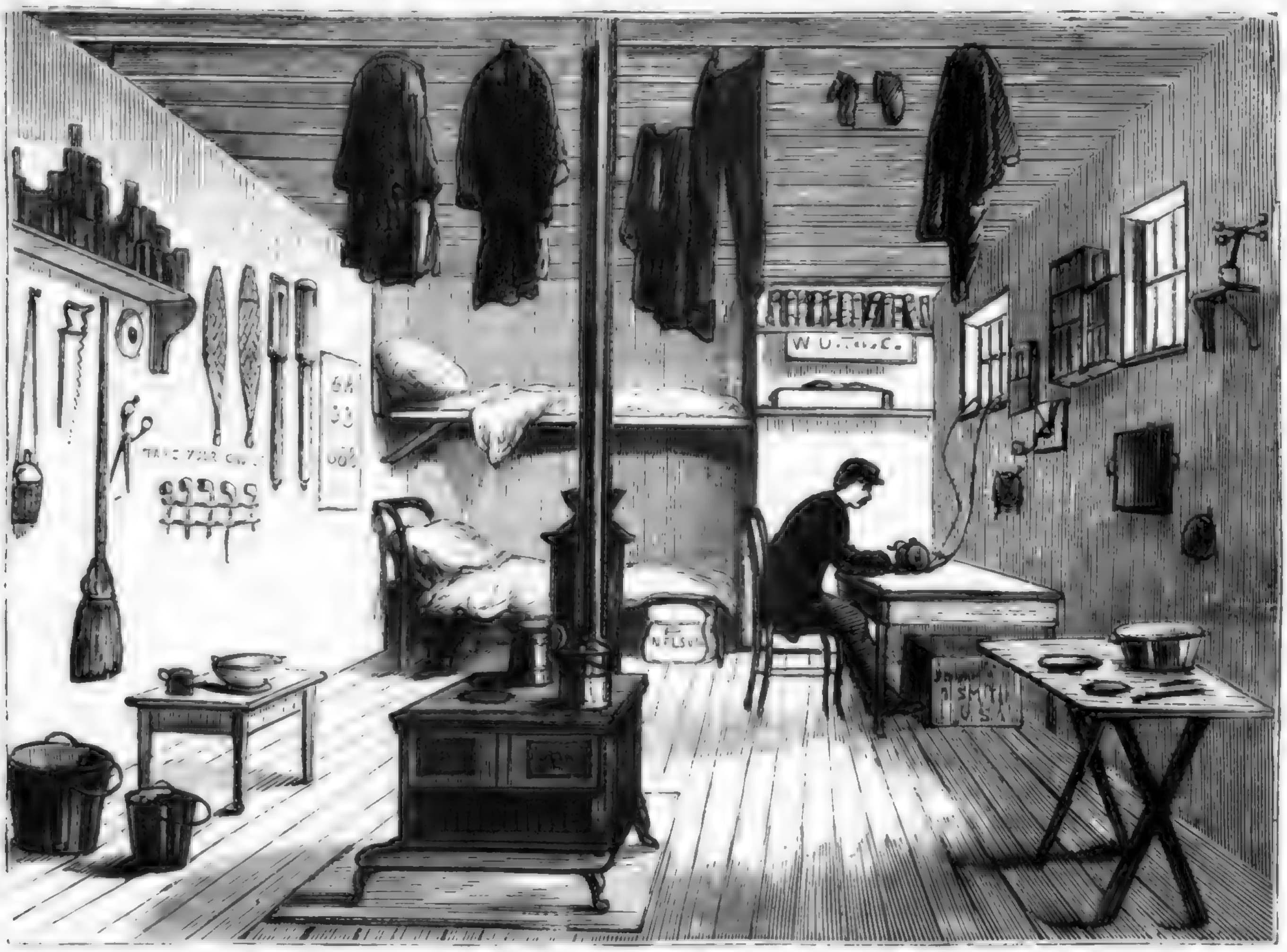
With the earliest light the sergeant displayed at his station the attention-flags of the International Code. The answering signals soon flew from the stranded ship, and it was telegraphed by flags of the International Code that the vessel was the English ship *Winchester*, which had sailed from Liverpool in ballast, bound for Norfolk, with a crew of twenty-seven men. The captain further desired that two steam-tugs should be telegraphed for at the nearest port to come to his assistance.

This message was at once sent to Norfolk by electric telegraph, by the men of the Signal Service, who were keeping up at the same time communication by code-flags with the endangered vessel. The official signature of the sergeant in charge of the station was a sufficient authority to the wrecking steamers telegraphed for to start to the rescue. By the same electric wires the facts were at the same time telegraphed to the central office at Washington, whence, being communicated to the Life-saving and other departments, the whole force of the United States could, if needed, have been brought into action.

The work went on at Cape Henry, the vessel asking by signal that a safety-line might be fired to them, and the Life-saving Service making the attempt. The range was, however, too great. Later in the day, a line was floated ashore from the ship, a life-car put in operation and a number of the crew landed. The crew were reported all safe. Before sundown, as the storm diminished, active efforts to save the ship had commenced. A part of the crew remaining on board, a plan of night-signals was arranged, which, shown from the vessel, should call for the launching of the life-boat to bring them off in case of need in the night.

The next morning, March 23d, the captain of the vessel came on shore, the life-car being still kept working to the vessel. The men of the crew were sent back to aid the wrecking parties as soon as the sea should permit the steamers to approach the vessel. The work commenced on the 23d and was continued on the 24th. On the latter day the cautionary signal was again ordered up at the station, another storm-area then approaching from the southern Atlantic coast, and especial warnings were sent to the ship and those employed on her to take such precautions as would enable them to land in case of danger.

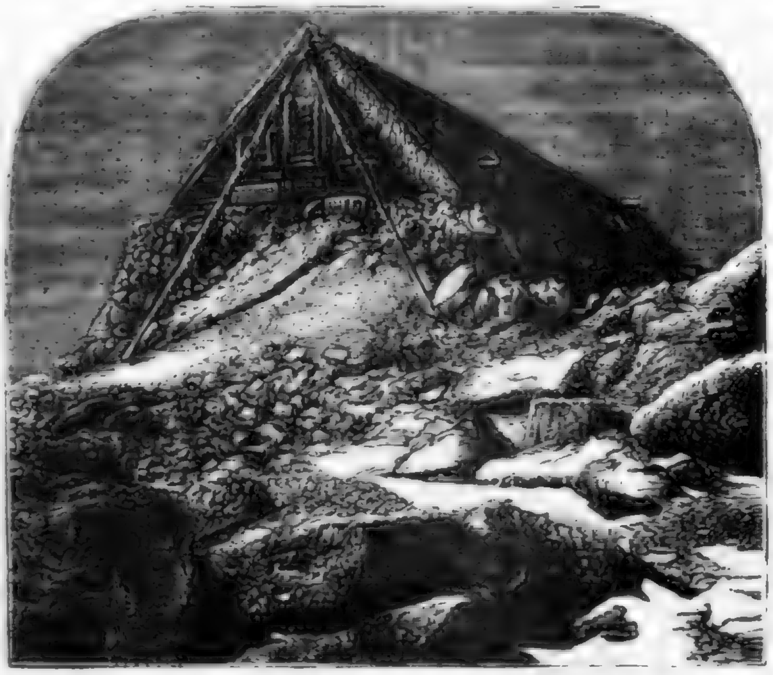
On the evening of March 25th a violent storm, with very heavy sea-swell, had reached Cape Henry. On the next morning it still continued, and with the light the sergeant in charge of the station discovered three barks stranded near the *Winchester*, all within a mile of each other. The storm continued violent. The wreckers at Norfolk were at once notified of the new disaster, and the facts related to the Chief Signal Office at Washington. The "attention signal" was again flown for the bark which seemed most in



INTERIOR OF THE SIGNAL STATION ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

danger. No attention was paid to it. Soon after the main and mizzen masts of the bark were carried away. The life-boat could not reach her. Later her name was read by a telescope, as the *Pantzer*, and the crew of the life-saving station succeeded in firing a life-line over her. But, strange to say, while the danger seemed great, the crew neither recognized the signal kept flying, nor hauled in on the life-line, their only chance for safety. A surf-boat from the wreckers succeeded in boarding the other stranded barks, and found them to be the Italian barks *Franceshino* and *Monte Tabor*. Telegrams were then sent by the Signal Service men to Baltimore, asking for additional aid, anchors, cables and tugs.

Late in the day, and some time in the afternoon, the *Pantzer* showed the "answering signal" of the International Code. The vessel was then ascertained to be a Norwegian bark, and it is supposed her crew had not before realized that on a foreign coast she could ask for aid. Almost immediately after her signal was answered, the *Pantzer* signaled, "Please send a life-boat." In response to this the signal station showed the signal, "Haul in on the line"; it seeming that in all the danger the crew of the bark were not aware of the uses of this line, which had been fired across her deck early in the morning.



EXTERIOR OF THE SIGNAL STATION ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.

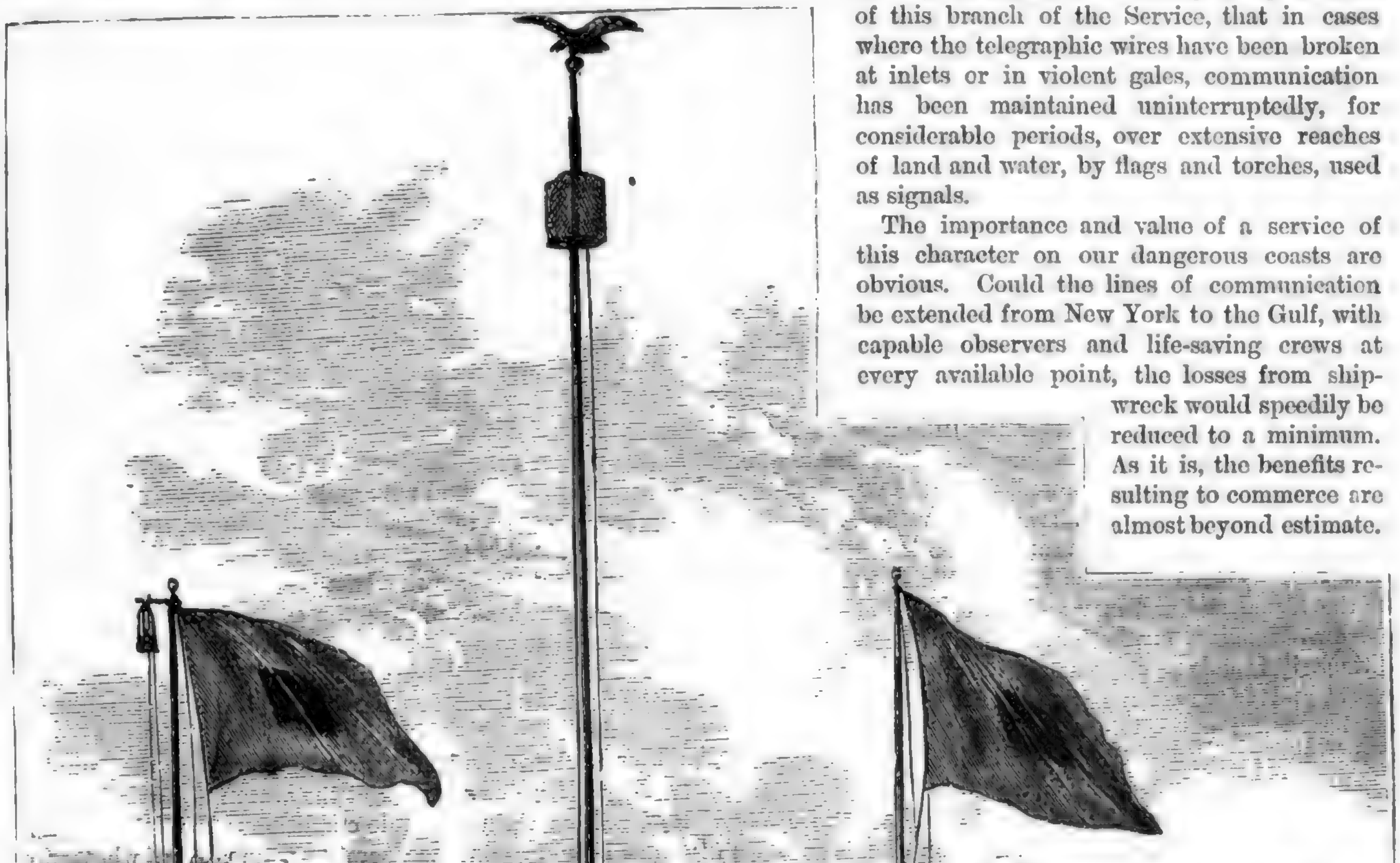
The line was at once hauled on board the *Pantzer*, the crews of the life-saving stations had made the life-car ready, and by nine o'clock at night her crew, eleven men all told, were safely landed. In the rough weather which followed, this vessel went to pieces.

Of the others, the ship *Winchester* was safely floated after some days' labor, and the two barks, *Franceshino* and *Monte Tabor*, saved without great difficulty.

Commenting on these incidents, the chief signal officer says: "Had no Signal Service existed, there would have been no telegraphic wire to Cape Henry; had there been telegraphic wires to Cape Henry, without the Signal Service there would have been no men capable of at once working the electric wires and of communicating with vessels by international signals. Had either of these been wanting, it is quite likely that very valuable vessels would have been totally lost, because aid could not have been quickly enough called for from adjacent ports, nor could the efforts of the salvors have been wisely or safely directed without the constant knowledge of the weather changes, had, as they were, during all the time the vessels were endangered. The crew of the *Pantzer* could not have learned how to draw on board of their vessel the life-car, and might have perished. The wreckers would not have been present, as they were, to aid in the unusual case of four vessels stranded together, and the crews of the life-saving stations could not have had, as they did, the immediate supervision of their chief (the chief of the Life-saving Service) at Washington. As a test of skill exercised in communication, it is pleasant to consider that vessels of two different nations, the English and the Norwegian, sailing from distant ports, and finding themselves together in distress on the coast of the United States, found also such provision there made, that each could make known his wants, each in his own language, as if on their own coasts at home. They were, perhaps, even more promptly succored than they would have been on a foreign coast."

Recently, the observer at Barnegat, telegraphed to the central office, "Vessel has just come ashore. Help wanted." In twenty minutes from the time at which the dispatch left the Barnegat station, it had reached its destination, and an order had gone to the nearest wrecking-steamer at Sandy Hook to proceed to the relief of the disabled vessel. It may be added, as showing the perfection of this branch of the Service, that in cases where the telegraphic wires have been broken at inlets or in violent gales, communication has been maintained uninterruptedly, for considerable periods, over extensive reaches of land and water, by flags and torches, used as signals.

The importance and value of a service of this character on our dangerous coasts are obvious. Could the lines of communication be extended from New York to the Gulf, with capable observers and life-saving crews at every available point, the losses from shipwreck would speedily be reduced to a minimum. As it is, the benefits resulting to commerce are almost beyond estimate.



CAUTIONARY SIGNALS OF APPROACHING STORMS SHOWN FROM THE STATION ON THE EQUITABLE BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

XUM

These sea-coast stations not only warn shipping of storms which may sweep the coast itself, but of those which pass near it. This the observers are able to do by observing the character of the sea-swell, and the direction in which it is moving, which often give indications of the course, as well as of the force, with which storms are moving at sea, when there may be no other notable evidence of their existence. A remarkable illustration of this fact is mentioned in the last annual report of the chief signal officer: "In the Summer of 1873, while a cyclone of unusual destructiveness—and which afterward devastated the coasts and bays to the northeast of the United States, wrecking a total of at least 600 craft of different sizes—was passing over the Bermuda Islands, the long dead swell caused by it was running into the mouth of New York Harbor. There were no other local signs of its approach. The day was bright with sunshine, a few white, fleecy clouds were floating slowly in the air, the temperature not unusually high, and there was no wind. This storm struck no part of our coast east of Boston, and was felt scarcely at all in New York Harbor. The sole local evidence of its existence was the sea-swell referred to, and which had outrun the storm by 700 miles. Every transatlantic steamer starting from New York on that day ran into the storm, encountering different degrees of its force before midnight; while in its fury it endangered some of the most powerful ships."

Had there been at that time a systematic observation of the character of the sea-swell for scientific uses, all the hazards of outgoing ships could long have been foretold, and perils and losses which followed, from the want of knowledge now attainable, would have been avoided.

In connection with the seacoast service, arrangements have recently been made, so that vessels at sea appearing off the signal stations, may inquire directly of the central office at Washington whether, in view of the weather conditions, it is safe to approach any designated part of the coasts, and to receive a reply based upon the information at the central office, telegraphed instantly to the station and thence signaled to the ship, which thus is not required to land a boat or drop an anchor.

It is also in contemplation to establish, at the earliest possible day, a system of observations on vessels at sea, to be taken simultaneously with those taken at the land stations. It is hoped ultimately to interest the naval and commercial marines of all nations in this work; a number of the large steamship companies have already given their hearty co-operation.

The benefits of such a system of observations would be almost incalculable. A single suppositious illustration will demonstrate this fully. An incoming vessel encounters, two days off from her port, a violent storm moving east, or meteorological conditions prophetic of violent perturbations. Instantly upon reaching the nearest port, a report of the observations so taken is telegraphed to Washington. There, with the observations of the sea-coast and interior stations before them, the meteorologists in charge determine the probabilities, and forthwith, by cable, warn British, French and German shippers contemplating departure for our shores of the perils which lie in wait along the seas. Thus warned, steamers and merchantmen will either delay their departure, or go to sea prepared for any emergency. Encountering the first murmur of the storm, and apprised of its direction, they may either run out of it by changing their course, or face it under reefed sails and with banked fires; in either case escaping serious disaster.

Such a system, placed upon an international basis, is capable of almost indefinite extension. Enough has already been accomplished to justify the conclusion that the establishment of permanent ocean stations, in lines traversing the ocean parallel with and near the telegraphic cables, and in communication with either continent, is by no means impracticable. The plan of the Chief Signal Officer, not as yet definitely or officially broached, contemplates the employment of six or more ships, anchored like the lightship off Sandy Hook, as stations, at distances of 250 miles or less apart; all to have telegraphic communication with the ocean cable, and so being capable of dispatching from mid-ocean to the central office in Washington, thence to be distributed over the world, intelligence of any impending storm, or of any gale already abroad upon the waste of waters, or of any meteorological or other fact in which the world has an actual concern. To some, such a proposition may seem mere insanity—the mad dream of an enthusiast; but it is quite as easy of accomplishment as much that has already been achieved in the matter of weather forecasts.

In furtherance of the interests of the inland navigation of the country, the Service seeks to reach the rivermen and river populations on or near the courses of the great interior navigable rivers, and the boating commerce engaged upon the rivers, by plans of weather reports and by special river reports, bulletined, published and scattered freely in the villages and cities of the river valleys, and furnished to the river shipping; giving each day the depths of the particular rivers in the different parts of their courses, the rises and falls in each, and warning of the approach and probable extent and duration of coming floods. The Chief Signal Officer expresses the opinion that, with proper study of the river floods, and with stations judiciously placed and supplying reports in times of special danger, it can be made almost impossible for a flood to follow a river-course without notice being given in advance of its coming at the localities threatened. Doubtless the system will ultimately be so extended as to avert, at comparatively trifling cost, losses of life and property by sudden and unexpected floods, against which there has heretofore been no trustworthy protection.

For canalmen, and the canal commerce of the country, the Signal Service supplies, at the season of closing navigation, notices of the probable conditions of the canals to be affected by freezing temperatures, and thus, whether or not it is safe for commerce to attempt movements upon the canals. When it is remembered that the commerce moving upon the canals, as the close of navigation draws near, is often of greater value than at any other season—these water-highways being thronged with vessels laden with heavy cargoes—the usefulness of this branch of the Service cannot but provoke widespread appreciation.

While the commerce of the country has hitherto derived greater benefits from the Service than any other interest, other important factors of the national prosperity have not been neglected. Especial efforts have recently been made to extend to the farming populations the results of the daily studies, in the form of printed forecasts and bulletins. Over 6,000 bulletins, showing the weather indications, are now distributed daily at as many different post offices in different cities, villages and hamlets. At one o'clock in the morning of each day, the official midnight report for the ensuing twenty-four hours is telegraphed to seventeen centres in the midst of more densely populated districts. Immediately upon its receipt, the forecast so telegraphed is printed on bulletin forms provided for the purpose; and the copies so printed, being enveloped and addressed to each post office within the district to be supplied, are dispatched by mail or otherwise—the postmaster to whom one is sent being required to display its contents in a conspicuous position, for the benefit of the public at large. The system is so complete and methodical, that these bulletins reach their destinations and are displayed at all offices, even in the most remote parts of the country, at the average hour of eleven o'clock, A.M.

In addition to the weather forecasts given in these bulletins, facts in relation to the climatology of the different sections are condensed into brief notes; thus each bulletin announces, along with the forecasts for the day in the geographical districts in which it is displayed, what winds in each month have been found most likely, and what least likely to be followed by rain at the stations in each district.

This simple announcement possesses a positive value to the farmer, enabling him, as it does, to reap and gather his harvests intelligently, avoiding losses which otherwise would be certain. Undoubtedly, the value of the crops which are saved every year as the result of information so diffused, vastly exceeds the entire cost of the Signal Service in all its departments.

The Chief Signal Officer, fully recognizing the fact that agriculture is the primary interest of the nation, and that the national prosperity can in no other way be so effectually promoted as by diminishing the hazards which attend the labors of the husbandman, proposes, as rapidly as his appropriations shall permit, to extend the work of the Signal Service among agricultural communities, and to this end he has devised, and will shortly introduce, a simple instrument for the use of farmers in connection with the daily bulletins, and by means of which they will be able to determine for themselves when rain may be expected, when it is safe to plant, and when frost or freezing weather is to be looked for.

The day will no doubt come when, by the aid of these instruments and the more extended diffusion of meteorological knowledge, it will be possible for agriculturists in every settled community to practically defy the elements. With the means already at hand, it is the belief of the Chief Signal Officer that he will be able, this year, to save one-third of the crops heretofore lost by stress of weather.

That the work of the Service in this direction is appreciated by those for whose benefit it is designed, is attested very conclusively, both by the urgent demand from all parts of the country for its extension, and by the hearty commendation of the communities already served. At a point on the Mississippi River—a mere landing for steamboats—the farmers' bulletin was, last year, held in such high esteem that farmers often rode ten and fifteen miles to get a look at it. In one instance, a cotton buyer and large planter in that vicinity saved several thousand dollars by acting on information thus obtained. From Nashville, in Tennessee, it is reported that "the forecasts in the farmers' bulletin have inspired such confidence that they are generally consulted with perfect trust by persons having journeys to make, harvests to gather, or any other urgent interest in the weather." Instances of this character might be almost indefinitely multiplied.

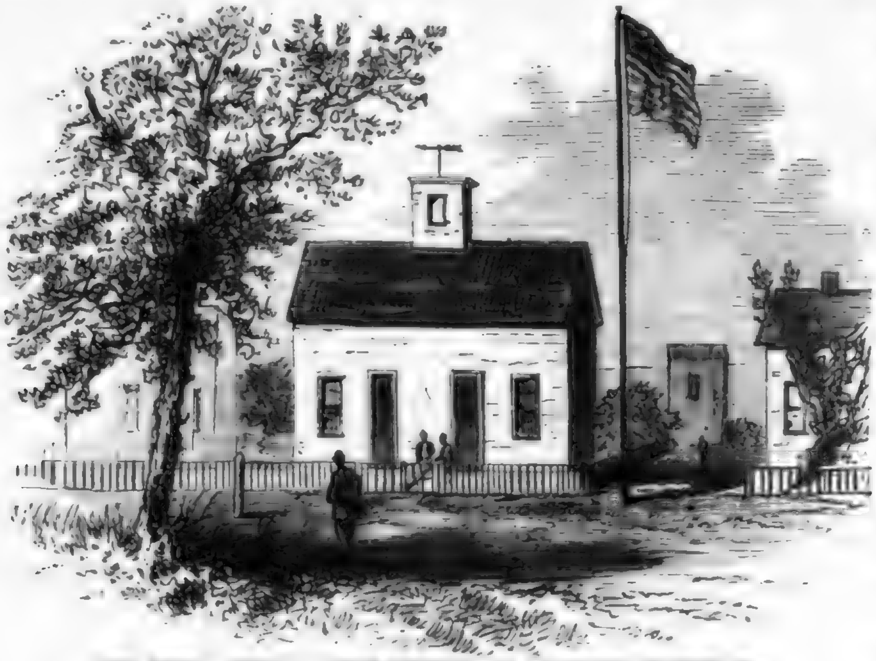
The subordinate uses and benefits of the Signal Service are manifold. Thus, by daily reports of the surface and bottom water-temperatures at designated points upon the rivers, lakes and sea-coasts, showing the yearly extremes and means, a basis for the systematic study of pisciculture has been arrived at, enabling the United States Fish Commission to determine the proper rivers and lakes in which to place advantageously the different varieties of food-fishes which it is now seeking to introduce. It is believed that great advantages must in time accrue to the sea-fisheries on or near the Atlantic coasts and on the fishing-banks, from the study and pre-announcement of coming barometric and other atmospheric changes.

There is, indeed, scarcely any class of our population, or any single interest, which does not, in some way, derive material benefit from the studies and the labors of this Service. In many localities, builders and contractors on out-door work conduct all their operations according to the weather announcements. In a number of instances, even "the weighty matters of the law" have been determined by records of the Service. In two cases, last year, before the Supreme Court of Maine, the evidence of the observer's books decided the issue. At Marquette, in Michigan, in the trial of a woman for the murder of her husband, where the case largely turned upon the condition of the temperature on a certain night, the records of the Signal Office saved the life and secured the acquittal of the accused. In the State of New York the records of the Service have been declared by statute to be competent evidence in any Court.

In 1877, the commission of entomologists charged with the investigation of the ravages of the Rocky Mountain locusts, and the best practical method of preventing their recurrence, found the reports of the signal station observers as to the movements of the pests, and the atmospheric or other conditions which notably influenced their development, or the direction, celerity and extent of their travels, to be practically invaluable; the results justifying the conviction that it will be quite possible, with a proper extension of the observations, to preannounce the coming swarms in menaced districts in time to admit of precautionary measures, such as the burying or protection of growing crops.

With a view of promoting the efficiency of the Service, a permanent committee is established with each Board of Trade in the principal cities of the country, which undertakes to state monthly to the Chief Signal Officer the condition and character of the Service in that city and vicinity—whether it is well conducted, has been useful, and can be improved in any way suggesting itself to them, for the benefit of the cities and populations they represent. Similar committees are established, so far as is practicable, with different agricultural societies throughout the United States. As these committees are composed of prominent men, resident at the places and in the districts they represent, and interested in whatever may benefit them, their formally stated opinions are of peculiar value.

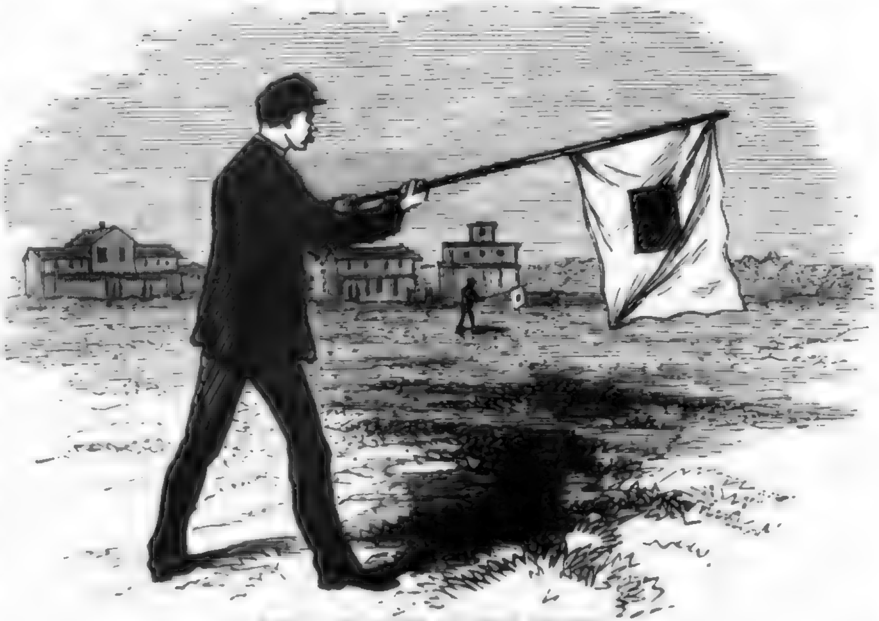
Such is the record, and such are some of the results, of the American Signal Service; but, great and illustrious as their achievements are, they are only prophecies of grander and wider results which are yet to be accomplished in the field of meteorological inquiry. What has been done here may be done everywhere; and with the development and expansion of the international work, as advised by the Vienna Congress of 1873, we may reasonably expect that before the close of the present century, all the nations north of the equator will enjoy, interchangeably, approximately accurate daily reports of the meteoric conditions which distinguish each. This international work at present covers the territorial extent of Algiers, Austria, Belgium, Great Britain, Central America, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, East Indies, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, British North America, the United States, the Azores, the Bermudas, the Aleutian Islands, Sandwich Islands, West Indies, and South America—one uniform observation, of such a character as to be suited for the preparation of synoptic charts, being taken and recorded daily at stations in each of these territorial divisions. The average number of daily simultaneous observations so made in foreign countries is 293; while the whole number of stations from which reports are regularly entered in the bulletin is 463. Of these stations, 44 are on British territory, 43 in France, 23 in Germany, 23 in India, 33 in Italy, 27 in Russia, etc.



THE SIGNAL BUREAU.—FORT WHIPPLE, ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA.

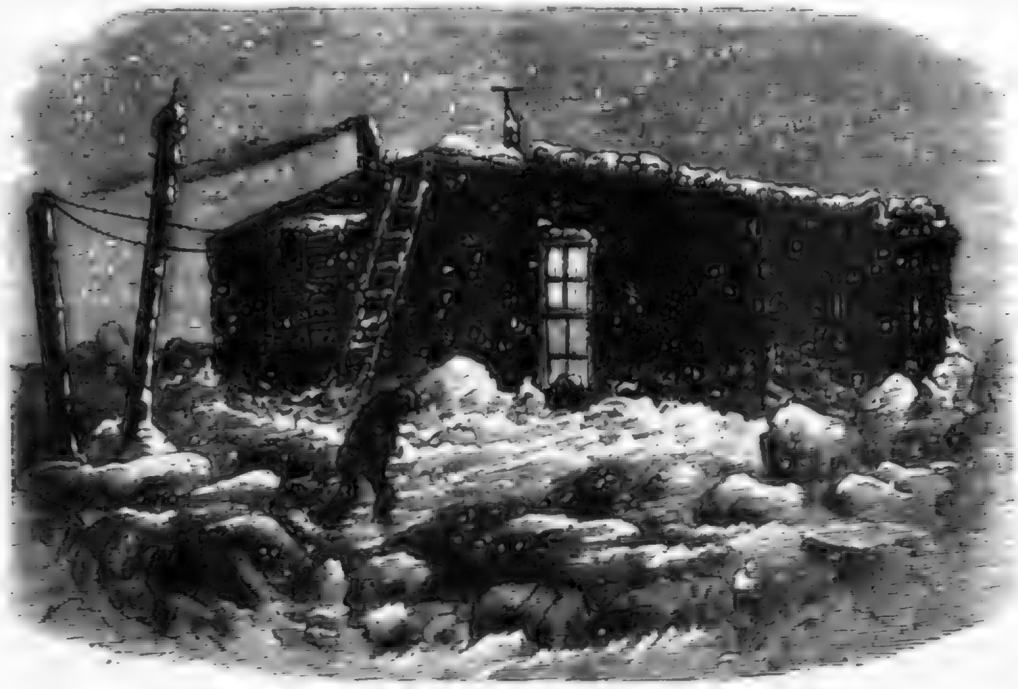
These reports, or bulletins, showing the results of the observations at these stations, are exchanged semi-monthly. By systems of observations thus widespread and extensive, generalizations will no doubt be reached justifying announcements of approaching meteoric changes for greater periods in advance of their coming than have as yet been practicable.

Another result will be that, with a knowledge of the conditions on or near the eastern coasts of Asia or on the Pacific, the sequences likely to follow on our own western coasts can be foretold with more or less of precision; while, on the other hand, the meteorological relations of the western coasts of the European continent to our southern and eastern coasts—between which stretches the great ocean-highway of commerce and travel, establishing the closest community of interest—may be ascertained and defined with vast advantage to all civilized countries.



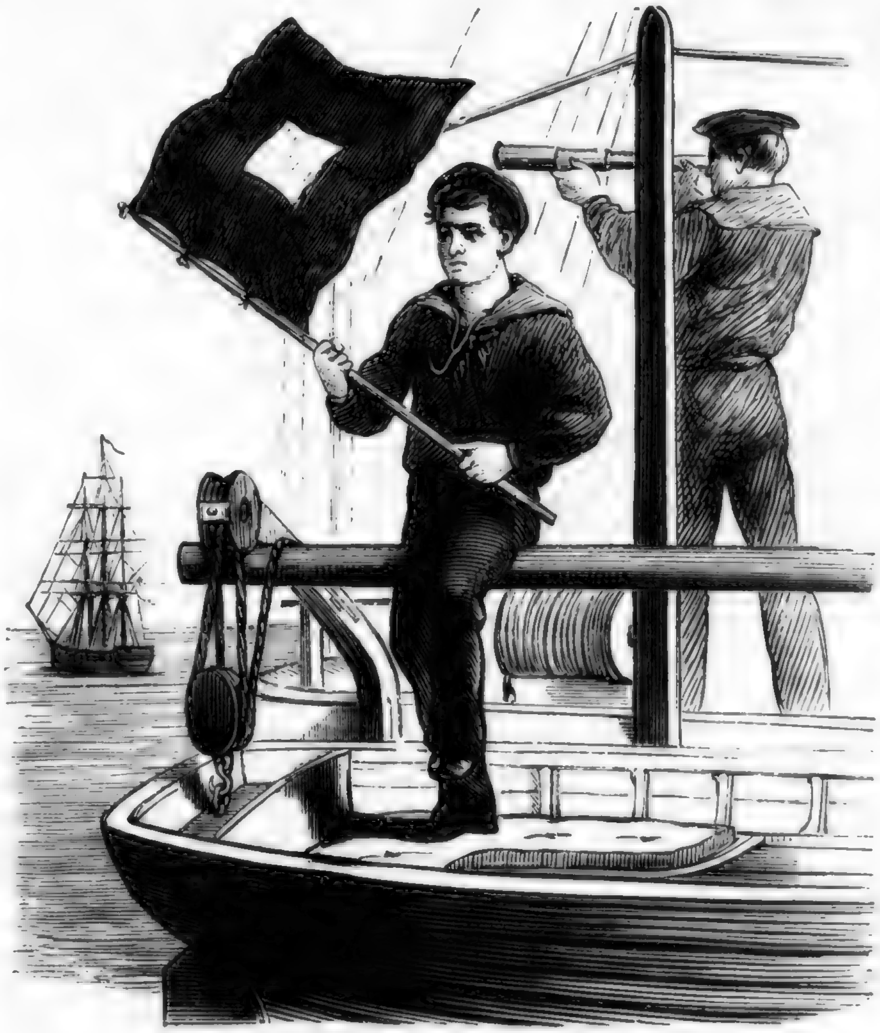
SIGNAL PRACTICE AT FORT WHIPPLE.

It is fit that in this great work, embodying so much of benefaction to the world, the Government and people of the United States should hold the leadership. The international meteorological study was inspired, and the movement formally developed, at the Vienna Congress, by the Chief of the American Service. The work was a grave one, but by resolutely combating all obstacles, appeasing the violence of prejudice and opposition—enlisting first the meteorologists of Russia and then those of other Powers on his side—he finally committed the Congress to the declaration that the work was "desirable." He has demonstrated, contrary to the conviction of many who sat with him in that Congress, that all the results which he declared to be possible of achievement are actually attainable; they have been, indeed, in great part, already attained. The scientists of the world look to him to lead the way. A total of 852 voluntary observers, embracing among them great scholars and men of influence in almost every State of the Union and nearly every foreign country, maintain a constant correspondence with his office. Having accomplished this much, who can so well be intrusted with the elaboration of the plans for the future expansion of the international Service? With faith in himself, and an absorbing passion for his work; a hard student and willing learner, comprehending with exceptional clearness the enormous advantages which would flow to mankind from the



SIGNAL STATION ON THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

largest possible utilization of the capabilities of meteorological science, we believe that he will, if properly encouraged by Congress, in due time accomplish for his country and the world results far more marvelous than those which already make his name illustrious among meteorologists.



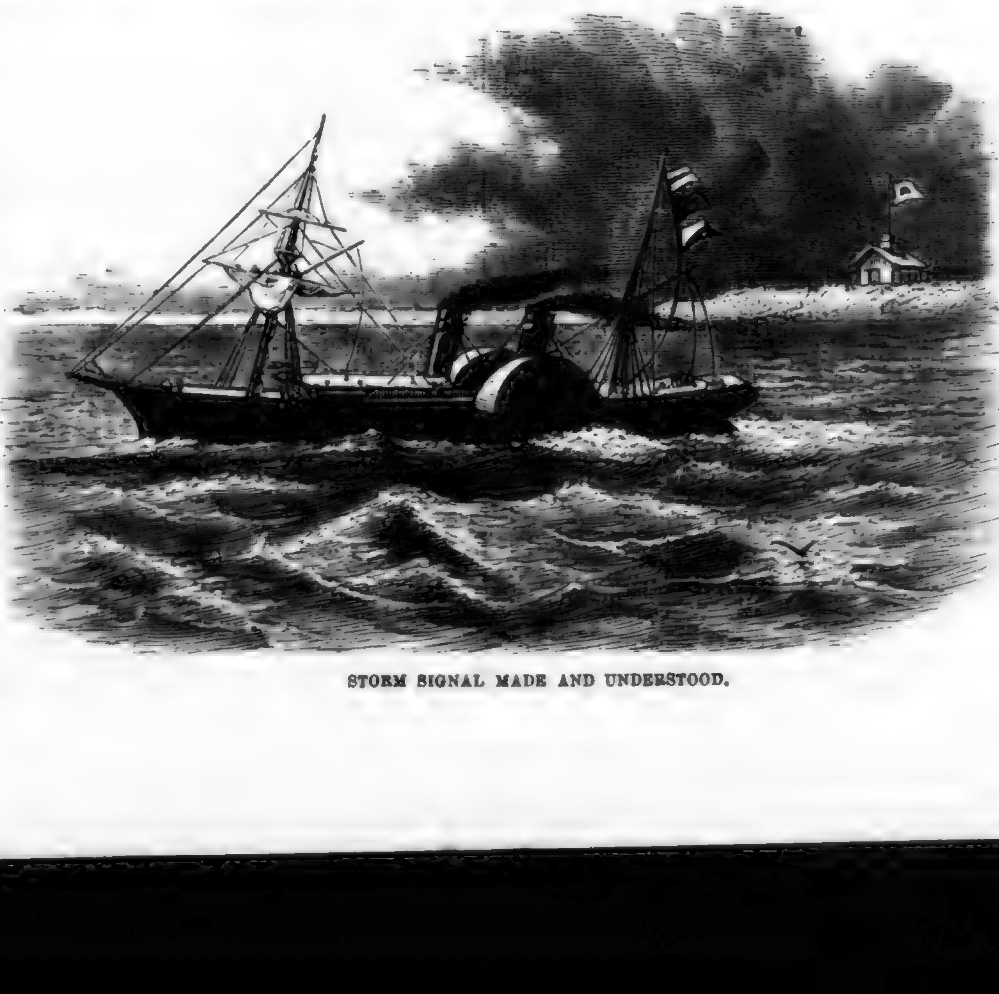
SIGNALING FROM A VESSEL TO THE SHORE.

General Myer, in whose praise these deserved words are spoken, is now in the prime of his years. He comes of a noble lineage, his ancestors having participated in the Revolutionary struggle. He graduated at Geneva College at the age of 19; and, after professional studies, entered the army in 1854. His introduction to the Signal Service dates from 1858, when he was assigned to special duty therein; achieving promotion to the head of the Service, as then organized, two years later.

In personal carriage he is every inch a soldier—tall, erect, alert, with the air of command in every look and gesture. He is a sharp disciplinarian, but quick to discern and recognize honest merit. He is ambitious; but his ambition contemplates no merely selfish ends, and his aim is the broad and high one of serving, in the largest possible way, his countrymen and his age. Possessing a large fortune, surrounded by every evidence of culture and refinement, with æsthetic tastes and tendencies, hedged in by temptations to a life of indolence and ease, he applies himself with unceasing industry and vehement energy to the work assigned him; finding in the outcome of his toil perfect compensation for all losses of mere physical comfort and mental luxury.

It is to such men, the silent thinkers and patient workers, the world owes whatever there is worthy of preservation in its science, its laws and its life. And the names of such men do not die; they live as active forces in the works which follow them.

It remains only to be said that at the late session of Congress a sub-committee of the House Committee on Military Affairs, under a resolution directing it so to do, thoroughly and exhaustively inquired into the management of the Signal Service, especially in its relations to the commerce of the country; and, shortly before adjournment, presented a report which so strongly set forth its merits that the appropriation for its support during the present fiscal year was increased $50,000, while fifty additional enlisted men were authorized to be enrolled in the Service. With this increased appropriation and augmented force at his command, the head of the Service is already elaborating plans for the enlargement of its sphere of usefulness; and his next annual report will no doubt disclose results amply justifying alike the liberality of Congress and the confidence of the public.



STORM SIGNAL MADE AND UNDERSTOOD.

The Signal Service is, as our readers see, one of the great triumphs of our century, destined, as time perfects experience and instruments, to be instrumental in anticipating and averting disaster in all parts of the country.

THE WORK OF A STORM.

By Jennie Davis Burton.

THIS was the scene: Helen Hollis, with hands folded tightly upon the back of an out-door seat made of twisted limbs; at her back a vivid wilderness of a garden, every plant of which, in any less favored clime, would have been considered a rare exotic; the big country-house showing dimly through the confusion of foliage and bloom.

A country-house in Jamaica was this; or suburban, it might have been called, for the walls and roofs of Kingston were visible from the sloping green eminence which it crowned.

Away in the distance, the high peaks of the mountain range were cut against a sky deep and bright as a sapphire vault, the base girdled by thick foliage, above which rose towering, heavy-topped palms; away at the other hand the azure ocean sparkled beneath the afternoon sunlight with an endless display of golden ripples.

A scene fair enough to enchant any eye, but Helen Hollis was looking off into space with unheeding sight. Something more engrossing was in her thoughts than nature's loveliness; something less satisfactory to her contemplation it might have been, for her straight, black brows were contracted into a frown—a very thoughtful shadow gloomed her face.

"Poor Art!" she said to herself. "I don't know whether I pity him most, or myself. I only know it is one or the other, and I am not quite a simpleton to throw away such a chance."

A dry twig snapped beside the garden-walk, the loose, high grass rustled under a coming step, but Miss Hollis never turned her head. A quick throb stirred the scarlet flower she wore in her corsage; a quick gleam went over her pale, dusk face, so quickly gone one might have found it hard to define; then the light step was close behind her; two masculine hands, soft, cool, ungloved, were clasped over her eyes.

"By the mountain charge I you,
By yon spanning arch of blue,
By the sea, the wilderness,
By the love I bear you—guess?"

"Nonsense, Art! Any one might know those paws, without the aid either of your voice or doggerel. Don't tease, pray."

The "paws" were very promptly removed, their owner glancing down at them with a little grimace.

"Very respectable affairs of their kind, I do assure you, Nella. Possibly you would prefer them primrose-kidded, and I'd keep 'em so if they were scraggy and—ahem!—as some I know of."

A quick, angry red surged all over Miss Hollis's face.

"'Some' may possibly have reference to Mr. Lathorpe. In that case, be kind enough to finish your sentence. And what?"

"How very quickly and correctly you fly at conclusions, Nella. I did refer to Mr. Lathorpe, and I should have said *dirty*, but thought you might object to the term. I use it in a figurative sense, you understand. The London swell is supersensitive on the outside, I admit; and pity he isn't as careful of his morals."

"Is it a characteristic of yours to vilify your absent friends, Mr. Redesley?"

"If you mean the sleek Englishman, he is no friend of mine, as you very well know. What I say behind his back I would say to his face, and be glad of the opportunity, if I didn't know his natural cowardice would make him swallow it all, meek as the sheep he is. But come, Nella, let's throw all things disagreeable to the winds—make an exception to the general rule of late, and not quarrel on sight; always providing it's not too late to act on the suggestion."

"And providing I care to act on it; which I certainly do not. Mr. Lathorpe is *my* friend, whatever he may be to you; I certainly shall not remain to hear him slandered."

"Now you've had the last word, let's cry quits, and leave him out of the question. Come and sit down here, Nella—jolly little place this, under the trees, with a seat just big enough for two, and no chance of surprise if you keep half a lookout."

Mr. Arthur Redesley dropped lazily into the seat of twisted limbs. Miss Hollis removed her hands from the back suddenly, but beyond this stood quite still, quite silent and unmoved under the fire of his admiring eyes.

"Come, Nella," very persuasively.

"No!"

The negative was clipped short and defiant beyond the precedent of most negatives. With a sudden hardening of every line in her face, she shut her lips close for one instant; then, looking down upon him, opened them.

"You have thought proper to throw out insinuations regarding Mr. Lathorpe in my presence more than once, and you have informed me of your grounds for dislike of him. They have not influenced me; you know my—my high estimation of——"

Mr. Redesley cut in upon her hesitating speech with rather startling force.

"Of his honorable degree and the landed property he blows about so confoundedly; but that, or a thousand times more of it, would never make him anything but what he is—an unprincipled rascal at heart, a gambler and *débauché* by practice, a miserable, cowardly, effeminate puppy!"

"See here, Helen; you and I have had words regarding him more than once; it's quite time we stop such bickerings and come to an understanding. He isn't worth the trouble he has succeeded in putting between us, honorable degree and landed property thrown in. He's as weak and mawkish a specimen of the London swell as ever disgraced a government office. Whatever respect you may have for his belongings, you have none for him—that I know. Whatever you may say, you have cared and do care for me. Look in my eyes, and deny it if you can—Nella, Nella!"

It was such a tone of affectionate reproof as he might have used toward a naughty child, and it only fed the mutinous flame already kindled within her.

"I believed a month ago you would have shared an attic and a crust with me if I had asked you——"

"Thank your discrimination, then, that you did not ask; but you might have been mistaken."

"I do ask you now to take me as I am; you'll never find any one who will love you better. Will you, Helen?"

Taking no observation of her interruption, tone and eyes both grown serious, something eager and wistful in his face turned toward her as he put the question and awaited her reply.

"With the attic and crust thrown in? Oh, Art, how absurd! For pity's sake don't ever do anything so nonsensical again."

Miss Hollis had withdrawn a stealthy step or two. She turned at that to make her escape, but Mr. Redesley was upon his feet and facing her, grim determination written in every line of his countenance.

"Stop!" he ordered, in anything but a loverlike tone, it must be confessed.

In addition to the possession of an inflammable temper, he had received grievances which rankled sorely. He had felt secure in the ownership he had tacitly claimed of Helen for years past. She had been his first love; all had run smoothly until the Honorable Lumley Lathorpe, lady-killer, rose upon their horizon. To lose her, and to lose her to such a man! the thought fairly took Art's breath, and woke him to a realization that he had been wasting precious time. But, after all, the big, handsome, lazy fellow had never been much to blame; it was due to Helen that she never had been wholly committed. Just now Art was aroused as she never had seen him before, and determined to be heard.

"Stop! You have put me off with evasions before this; *now* I want an answer. Will you, or will you not, marry me? You know how I have loved you always; there never was any time I have not loved you, it appears to me. Will you take me, or will you throw me over for *that* man, Helen? Yes or No—only remember that as you decide now, you decide for ever."

She stood without uttering a word. She liked him, more than liked him, but steadfast before her own irresolution she held the prospect which had dazzled her, the position and portion of an earl's younger son—a portion beside which the cozy little nest Art had been providing sunk into mean insignificance; a position which had the halo of coronets surrounding, the patronage of titled nobility pervading it; and in the glitter of these she was willfully blind—blind to her own heart-promptings and the moral defects of the man who was willing to confer such enviable station upon her.

"Nella!" With a sudden motion she had no time to avoid, his arms encircled her; she could hear his strong, tumultuous heart-beats, as he held her close to him. "It must be Yes! You can't be false to me, sweetheart! Say that, and I am content!"

She made an effort to free herself, but, finding it unavailing, was still.

"What if I should be?"

Sullen mutiny was in her face again; she had given him no promise; what right had he to address such a word to her? She would *not* let Art Redesley come between her and that future shining prospect which might be hers.

"If you should——" his face set white and still, his eyes fairly blazed in it, but he checked himself suddenly. For the first time it seemed really possible to him that she would be so. "I only ask you, will you take me?—Yes or no?"

"*No!* Let me go; I won't be forced into——"

But she was free before the words could leave her lips; no word or act of his would ask an assent from her after that. She stood released, panting, with his step ringing down the garden-walk, and—oh, consistency!—a great impulse to call him back, to throw the dazzling prospect of becoming Mrs. Lathorpe to the winds—an impulse not acted upon, however.

Instead, Miss Hollis set her hat straight upon her forehead, and, strolling down a long lime avenue, turned into the shadow of that dense belt of foliage skirting the mountain. She was an excellent walker, and this was a course well known to her.

There was a point with a fine view high up, over which numerous stately palms waved their plumed heads, a favorite resort to which she generally betook herself when any great restlessness had possession of her, partly because of the distance, and partly because of the rough, steep pathway which required all her perseverance to overcome; and any one who has tried, must know that physical fatigue will always, in a great measure, counterbalance mental disquiet.

In that overhung pathway the gloom of semi-twilight reigned at midday. The dusk, the stillness, the fresh breeze sweeping up from the sea fitfully, and stirring the tree-tops, were most pleasant after the blazing brightness of the day she had left behind her. The way led through a watercourse, dry, except for a tiny crystal thread rippling down its centre.

The point itself was a broad, jutting cliff, from which, looking over the fringing jungle, the broken, picturesque scenery of the island, and miles upon miles of spreading blue ocean could be seen. But now, as she emerged upon it, a pall seemed suddenly to have closed down upon all things. Wind-driven clouds filled the sky, drifting darker with every passing moment.

"A storm," said Helen, aghast; and then stood looking about her indeterminately. No use attempting to retrace her steps; she would not be half-way down that steep path before the storm would burst, and there would be danger among the trees. The wind, rising to a wild shriek, swept up from the coast, and rocked them to and fro as she looked.

Upon the cliff the irregular surface, the great rocks projecting in broken ledges, would afford some shelter. She found a place presently, overhung by a roof-shaped mass of rocks, but, unlike a roof, the apex of this was a gaping crevice. The incline, however, was sufficient to turn the rain, which already began to fall.

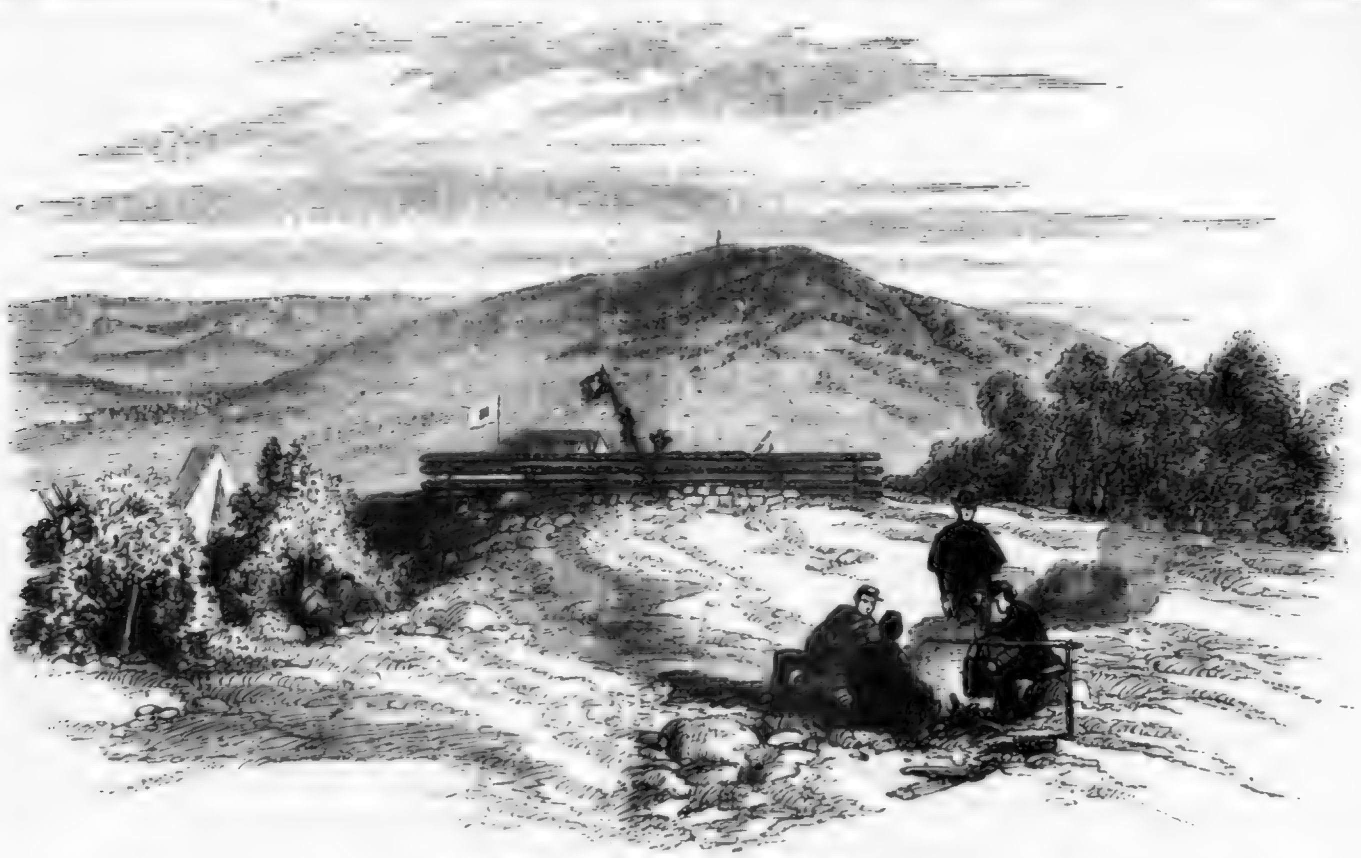
A few big, round drops plashed down; above, the rolling black clouds closed together in one dense, unbroken mass; there was a single breathless moment in which it seemed the elements gathered in for their furious burst, then all the tropical forest below writhed in the grasp of a mighty, invisible power. A terrific burst of thunder seemed to shake the whole mountain range, and, taken up by it, was sent back in reverberating echoes from every peak, and the floods of rain poured down.

Helen looked out from her refuge with enthusiasm lighting in her eyes. She loved Mother Nature best in her most tempestuous moods. Awe might mingle with her delight in such a scene as this, but for the time she was lifted above any vulgar fear. She had viewed tropical storms before this, fierce and short-lived, but never face to face, and alone, with such terrific grandeur. The thunder-peals were like the continuous discharge of sharp artillery, lightning cut through the almost impenetrable gloom with dazzling and almost incessant brilliance, and the density of that first downpour in no way abated.

So absorbed was she that she never heeded the steady, increased roar which came from the watercourse—never once thought of the hundred mountain rivulets that emptied into it, every one of which would be full to overflowing now. Presently came a sharp dash of spray into her face—she saw, without comprehending, first the fine mist curling about the jagged rocks at the edge of the cliff. She looked in wonder; the rain seemed falling less heavily beyond; then, with a vague terror taking possession of her, she hurried out upon the unsheltered platform, and saw what she never would forget—what sent a great, wild thrill of despair through her.

On one side of her raged a boiling torrent, and, tossed hither and thither, mere playthings of that tempestuous force, whole trees torn up by their roots were whirled along by it. On the other, pouring from an upper ledge, and just breaking upon the verge of the cliff, fell a wide white volume sheer down for thirty feet before it broke and scattered on the rocks below.

The little point upon which she stood jutted out from the



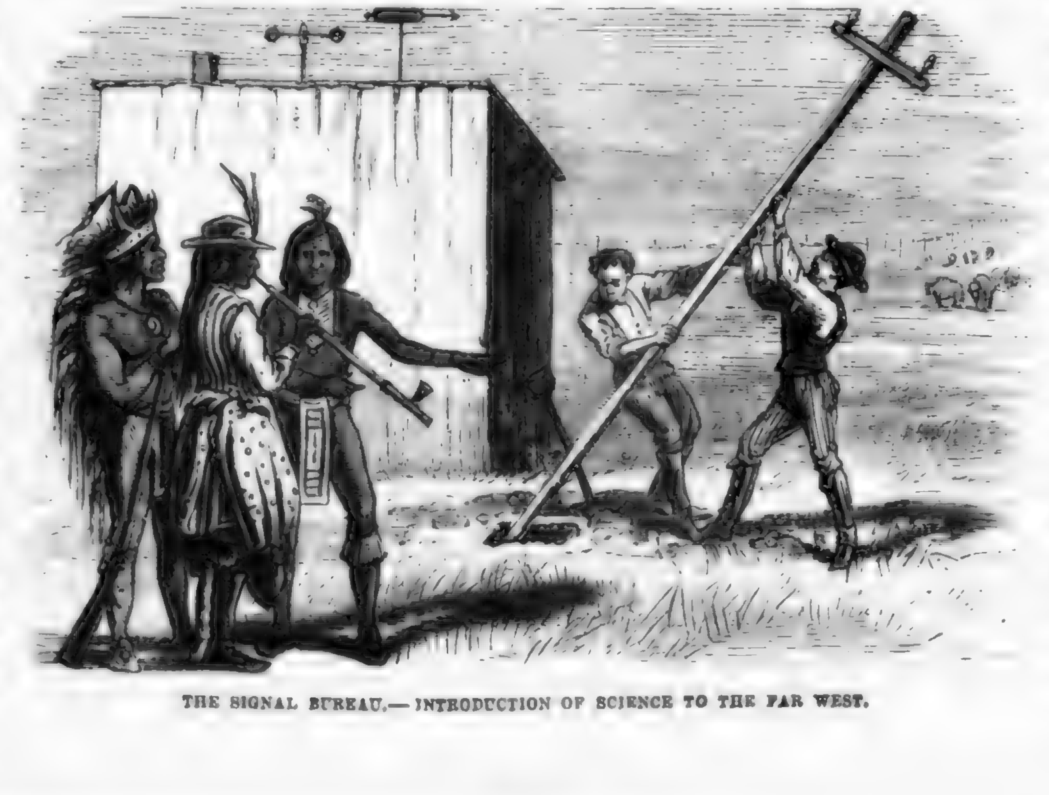
U. S. SIGNAL STATION, LOUDON HEIGHTS, VA.

very centre of the mad rushing waters which no human strength could tide. Above her was the crevice—if once they reached it she would be swept away by the resistless current, down to those cruel rocks lifting their black points from the midst of the seething foam.

She was spellbound with horror; she could only stand still, her hands clasped in a tight strain over her heart, which was beating with heavy, irregular, suffocating throbs; she did not even scream; but the loudest shriek would have been lost in the roar of the surrounding waters. She was enveloped in the spray which the cascade threw out, her clothing was saturated, and little rivulets were trickling about her feet.

How fast they swelled! half the surface of the narrow point which had been bare before was covered now; the water was an inch deep where she stood—an inch! it was over her shoe-tips!

She turned and looked up. Over the edge of the crevice in a dozen places little streams were breaking; all the rocky wall was covered over with a thin sheet of falling water; and this was death come upon her. A wild, piercing shriek broke from her then. She dreaded death, and feared it; unconsciously she had clung to some vague hope until that instant; unconsciously now she shrieked for the one whom she had vaguely thought might save her.



THE SIGNAL BUREAU.—INTRODUCTION OF SCIENCE TO THE FAR WEST.

"Oh, Art, Art, Art!" and with a great gasp staggered blindly forward into the downpouring waters.

* * * * * * *

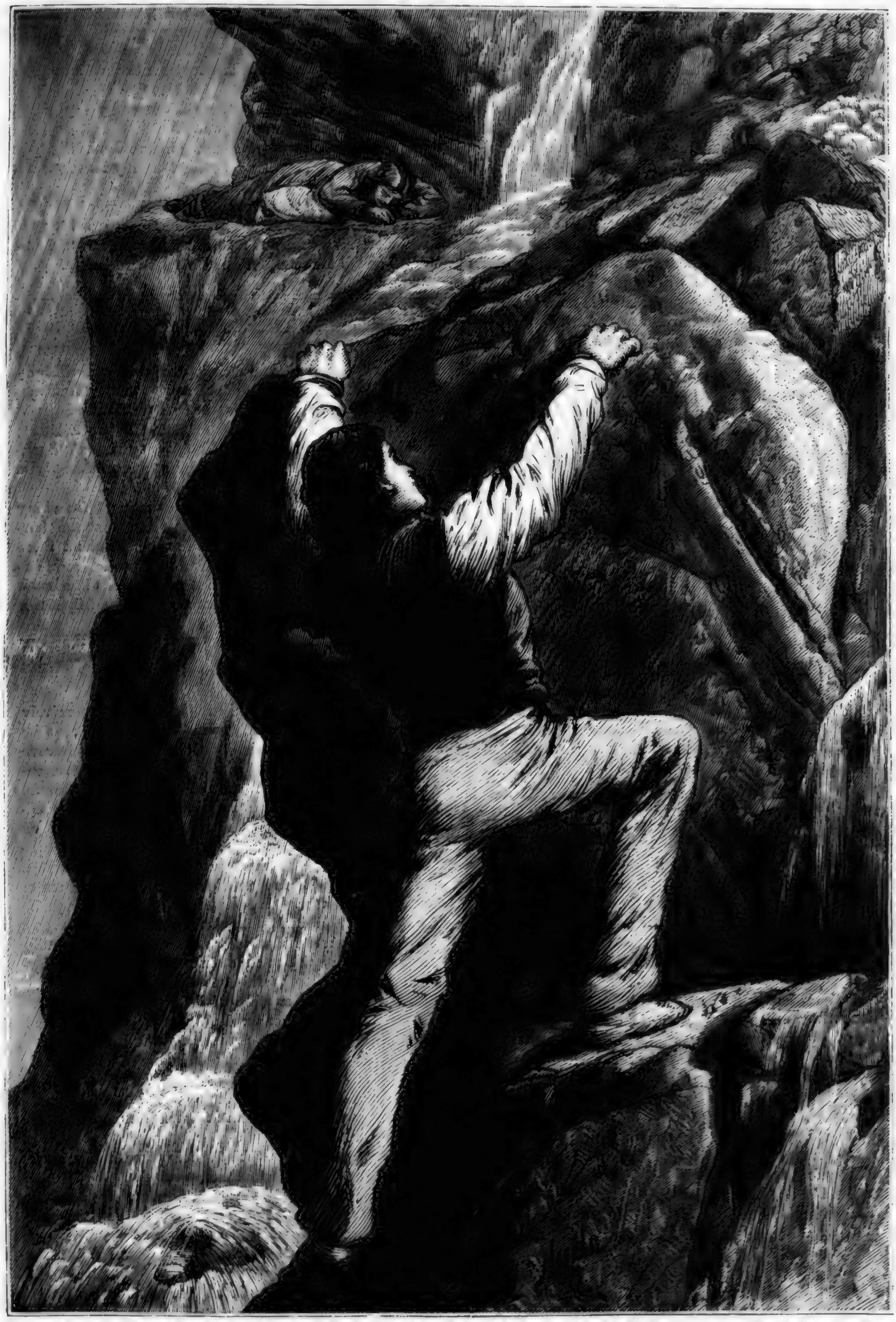
"You are *sure* Miss Hollis went up the mountain, Pomp?"

"Seed her go, Mass Red'sley, sartin suah. Mass Lathorpe hyar tell you same t'ing. De dear Lord sabe her up on dat ar jag."

"The nigger says the torrent sweeps it after a heavy rain," Mr. Lathorpe explained. "I thought it might be advisable to send some one to look after her."

"Good Lord! on the cliff in this tempest!" All the danger of the position rushed across Arthur Redesley's mind like a vivid flash. "Get help, for God's sake, and follow. Bring ropes, and come around to the foot of the cliff; there'll be no stemming the watercourse by this time up there. See to it, will you, Lathorpe? and for heaven's sake, hasten!"

He waited for no answer. He dashed from the house



THE WORK OF A STORM.—"IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL IT HE HAD PULLED OFF HIS COAT AND BOOTS—ANOTHER INSTANT AND HE WAS CLIMBING UP THE PERPENDICULAR FACE OF THE CLIFF."—SEE PAGE 346.

and was swallowed up from sight by the driving sheets of rain—the outside gloom.

Mr. Lathorpe looked away where the forest tossed up its arms, lashing and tearing itself in a dangerously suggestive way. The conquering Englishman had little relish for the risk of life or limb it promised, but he was seriously uneasy on Helen's account. He sent his own servant and such other assistance as was at hand—half a dozen able-bodied men in all, and all stimulated by the promise of munificent reward—while he himself passed three very miserable hours of suspense in his comfortable apartment at the hotel, afterward.

How the difficulties of that rough way were overcome Art never could have told; he scarcely noticed them as he dashed on with teeth set and every muscle strained. At the foot of the mountain, where the stream broadened and lost some of its force as it made a curve toward the sea, he plunged in, without stopping for one instant to think.

The current swept him from his feet instantly; but, yielding to it, he struck out transversely for the other shore, and gained it, blinded and breathless, forty yards below. Up he went over the steep ascent where no path led, straight on, until, after what seemed an age had been scarcely half an hour, he stood at the foot of the cliff over which the cascade poured.

He looked up; for a moment the falling spray blinded him, everything seemed obscured by it; then the mist before his eyes cleared; he saw the little spar dividing the waters, and her figure upon it. He shouted, but whether she heard or saw him he could not tell. The fall was between him and her; he was thirty feet below, and almost a sheer precipice divided him from that portion of the cliff not submerged. That gained, he might reach her by passing behind the fall.

In less time than it takes to tell it he had pulled off coat and boots—another instant and he was climbing up the perpendicular face of the cliff. His progress was necessarily labored and slow; his course was zigzag, wherever he could find a projection or crevice to aid his ascent; but he went steadily upward, and reached the top at last.

The muscular effort required had been intense; his hands and feet both were torn and bleeding, and at the top he lay, half his body over the verge for a moment, pressing back the dizzy faintness which swept over him, before, with a last effort, he drew himself wholly up.

The waterfall was before him. With no more time for thought or rest, he plunged through the thin sheet nearest the rocky wall, and found, as he had expected, a clear though dripping path behind it. An instant more and he was through on the other side. He caught faintly that cry, "Oh, Art, Art, Art!" and snatched Helen back as the engulfing rush of waters closed down upon her.

He thought she had fainted, but she opened her eyes as he put her down gently on the other side of the fall.

"Oh, Art!" was all she said, with a great gush, but clung to his hand as if it were the only hope she had on earth. He thought she was frightened still, and hastened to reassure her.

"Don't be alarmed, Nella; you are safe now; the water will scarcely rise here, or if it should, there'll be help to get us off before that time."

"Oh, Art!" She clung more closely still, if that could be, to the lacerated, bleeding hand. "You did all that alone—you saved me—you suffered *this* for me! How can I ever thank you?"

"Don't try," answered Mr. Redesly, with sudden frigidity. Like all the deserving of his sex, he was shy of the gratitude he had earned. "Save that for whoever gets us off this perch; and I predict it will be your Englishman."

"Not *mine*—never that now. Oh, Art, what a fool I have been! but if you will only let me repay you—I couldn't do it, though—but if you would let me try——"

Fast dwindling into incoherency, her words brought a gleam into Art's face.

"Let you repay, Nella? There is one way—by giving me what I have saved. Will you?"

"Will I? Oh, Art, dear Art, gladly, thankfully!—as glad and thankful for being brought to my senses, as for that narrow escape from death."

To say, however, that her after-knowledge of Mr. Lathorpe's lukewarm action did not add frigidity to the negative he received would not be truth; but if gratitude had impelled her to take Art, love had been there before.

BINDING THE WHEAT-SHEAVES.

A PRETTY pastoral English picture this—one that an artist like Winslow Homer would love to paint. It is not difficult to locate the scene, for that antique diamond-paned window was surely never found on this side the Atlantic, and the bright-faced maiden who is assisting the rather ragged boy to twist the sheaf bands, is unquestionably a daughter of Albion.

With the general introduction of reaping and threshing machines, the romance is all gone from the season of harvest—in this country, at least; but in rural England there are still isolated spots where the old-fashioned sickle is still brought into use to cut the ripe grain, and where such scenes as that shown in our picture may still be witnessed.

DINING IN PARIS.

In no other city in the world can one dine as expensively or as cheaply, and yet so well, as in Paris. It must not be thought, however, that the quality of the dinner will improve in direct ratio with the greater cost thereof. Some restaurants have the universal reputation of being the best in Paris, and they keep up their good name as much by the excellence of their wares as by the exorbitance of their charges. The stranger who walks in to dine at one of these establishments, cannot fail to have set before him as expensive a meal as he need wish, but he will be by no means certain of having a good dinner. The dishes will probably each be perfect of its kind, but they may or may not be in harmony with each other; and the excellence of a dinner, artistically speaking, depends quite as much on the latter as on the former condition.

Unless the diner is capable of doing it for himself, the task of composing the *menu* devolves on the waiter, and even at the Café Anglais or the Maison Dorée it is not every waiter that can compose a *menu*. Of course, there are men at both these houses who are fully capable of ordering a dinner that shall be perfect in every point; but they do not, nor could they, place their talent at the service of every one who comes in to dine.

As an illustration of this, take the following dinner, given to two casual customers at the Maison Dorée:

Marennes; potage à la Reine; sole au vin rouge; vol-au-vent de volaille; perdreaux rôti; salade (barbe de capucin et betterave); aubergines farcies; mousse au chocolat. Every dish was perfection, particularly the sole with red wine; but the association of chicken soup, chicken vol-au-vent, and roast partridge in so small a dinner, shows a want of knowledge in the first elements. And yet the restaurant in question is second to none, and only differs from the Café

Anglais in that it is not quite so aristocratic, and the prices charged are slightly, very slightly, lower.

When these same two casuals dined at the latter establishment, there was a set *menu*, as follows: Crécy au tapioca; merlan de la Méditerranée, sauce tomate; noix de veau à la jardinière; cailles rôties; salade (laitue); fonds d'artichauts à la sauce blanche; soufflé glacé au chocolat. The soup was not good, through mere carelessness in the manipulation—mixing thoroughly the tapioca and the purée of carrots together before serving. The artichokes were positively bad; on the other hand, the quails were the best the present writer ever ate, which is saying much, and they were roasted to a turn—but each quail cost five francs.

Frenchmen swear by the Café Anglais, and even rival restaurateurs are free in admitting that establishment to be the best in Paris. I am willing to bow before such testimony, however conflicting with my own repeated experience; but, nevertheless, I think that the casual visitor in Paris will not make a very great mistake by leaving out of his programme a dinner at the Café Anglais.

There are numbers of other restaurants in Paris which, without having the same reputation as the two just mentioned, run them very hard for excellence in all respects. Among these I would give the palm to the two establishments kept by the Bignons—the Café Riche and the Café de Foy. At the former, we had placed before us, at five minutes' notice, the following dinner:—Huitres; crevettes; bisque d'écrevisses; sole au vin blanc; tournedos à la Bordelaise; perdreaux et alouettes rôties; haricots verts en salade; glaces; and I defy the most fastidious to have found fault with any one of the dishes.

As for ourselves, after having dined in the same casual manner at about a dozen other establishments, we reserved our last evening to dine once more at Bignon's, when this was the *menu*, as faultless in execution as the first: Huitres; consommé à la royale; filets de soles à la Vénétienne; suprème de volaille, filet de chevreuil, sauce poivrade; fonds d'artichauts farçis; parfait au café. This dinner cost seventy-five francs, including, of course, the wine—two bottles of Château-neuf du Pape, 1868, a drink fit for the gods.

It certainly cannot be denied that dinner for two at seventy-five francs is extravagant, but to say that that dinner was dear would be an untenable proposition. Some may object that we ought to have had at least two kinds of wine, and, without doubt, much may be said on either side of the question; but, as it is one purely of taste, and as we were happy before, during, and after dinner, I think I need say no more on the subject.

At the other Bignon's, the Café de Foy, this is what we had for dinner: Croûte au pot; maquereau à la Vénétienne; salmi de bécasses; noix de veau, rôtie; salade (escarolle); tomates farcies; fondue au Parmesan. Here also the execution was first rate; and, I may remark in passing, that the veal we get in this country can as little compare with French veal as the mutton of any country can with our Southdown. English veal is insipid, and scarcely eatable without bacon and stuffing, whereas a roast cushion (*noix*) or loin of French veal needs no such adventitious aids, and is by itself a most succulent and tasty morsel.

Passing over our dinners at what may be called intermediate restaurants, such as Voisin or the old Vefour, we come to the well-known Brébant or Café Vachette, which enjoys some reputation among the cheaper class of houses. The dinner we had there consisted of Julienne; merlan frit; filets d'agneau à la jardinière; grives rôties; salade; cardons à la moelle; parfait au café. The cost was considerably below that of our dinners at the higher class of restaurants, but the execution, as well as the *mise-en-scène* of this dinner, was still more below the others. The imperfection of every dish, the heat of the room, and the crowd of diners, left us no choice but to pronounce this the worst we had yet had.

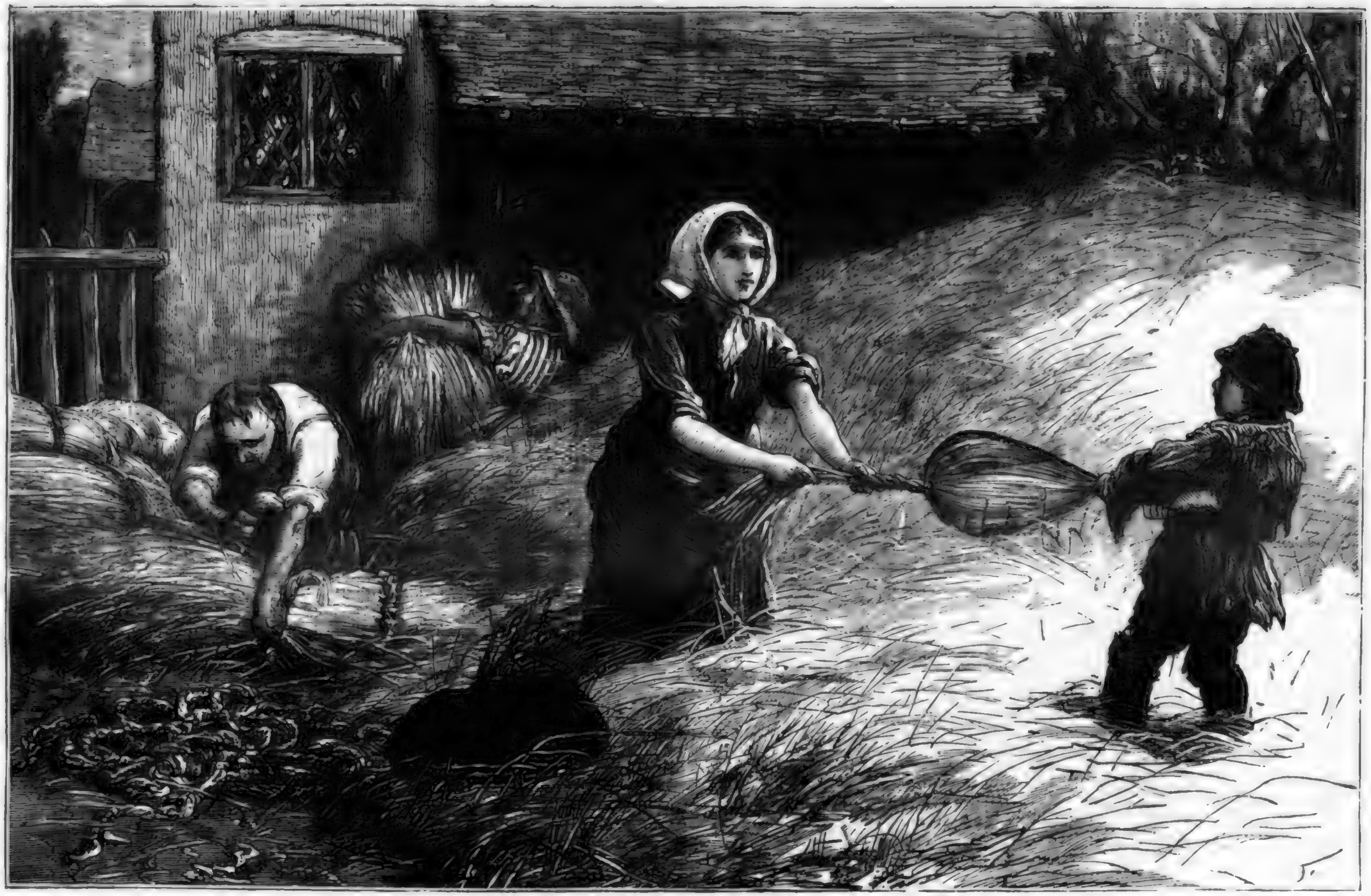
Still I am assured by French connoisseurs that it is possible to dine well at the Brébant by ordering dinner beforehand. Any one may dine well anywhere if he have time and money at his disposal, but I maintain that the true test of a restaurant is to be able to walk in, of course at the canonical hours, and get a good dinner right off; and here I should mention that on every occasion we neither ordered our dinners beforehand nor composed the *menu* ourselves, but always left it to each restaurateur to serve us what he pleased.

By the advice of an intelligent Frenchman we put to this test an unpretentious restaurant out of the beaten track of the *haut ton*, in the unaristocratic and commercial quarter of the Boulevard Poissonnière, at the corner of the faubourg of that name. It is kept by a man named Notta, of whom more anon. He gave us for dinner, Brunoise; soles à la Joinville; filets de chevreuil aux truffes; poulet rôti; salade (laitue); points d'asperges à la crème; parfait au café. Without reckoning the wine—some first-rate Pichon—our dinner cost about eight francs each, which is neither extravagant nor dear, for everything was excellent and well cooked. The fowl was, even for a French fowl—the best in the world—a lovely bird, and roasted to a turn. The salade was perfection; and this is not often the case, even at the best restaurants, where it is usually mixed by the ordinary waiter. Ours, we found, Mr. Notta had himself prepared, and the superiority of it was easily accounted for when our host, who speaks English remarkably well, informed us that he was a cook by profession, and had been for some years *chef* to a noble marquis—who, he went on to say, had honored his restaurant with a visit when passing through Paris with the marchioness. A proud day it must have been for mine host, to receive an English lord and his wife at his *bourgeoise* establishment. As for ourselves, we fully determined to follow so noble an example; and as we never would miss dining at Bignon's when again in Paris, so would we not fail to pay Mr. Notta a visit, and thus secure two good dinners, and average our expenses at the same time.

The very cheap restaurants about the Palais Royal, where one gets four or five dishes and dessert for about two francs were also tried by us, but our experiment was more curious than satisfactory. On the other hand, at the *Bouillon établissements* set on foot by the Paris butcher Duval, now deceased, we found the maximum of excellence, both in the quality of the victuals and the cooking, combined with the minimum of cost. The accommodation is rather rough, but clean, and the mode of getting a meal is made somewhat complicated by a system of checks, tickets and stamps eminently French in its organization; but if you would have a wholesome and decent dinner for the least amount of money, go to one of Duval's sixteen establishments, and you will not be disappointed.

WILLOWS FOR BASKET-MAKERS.—A peculiar branch of industry flourishes in the Muldenthal, Germany, between Zwickau and Glauchau. This is the growing of willows for basket-makers. The dearest sort, the green osier, goes chiefly to Bavaria, and is there used for basket-work. The coarser sort is made into ordinary baskets, etc., in the valley where it is grown. The acre of willow brings in about twenty pounds, but requires a great amount of care and work in its cultivation. This industry has been carried on there ever since the twelfth century.

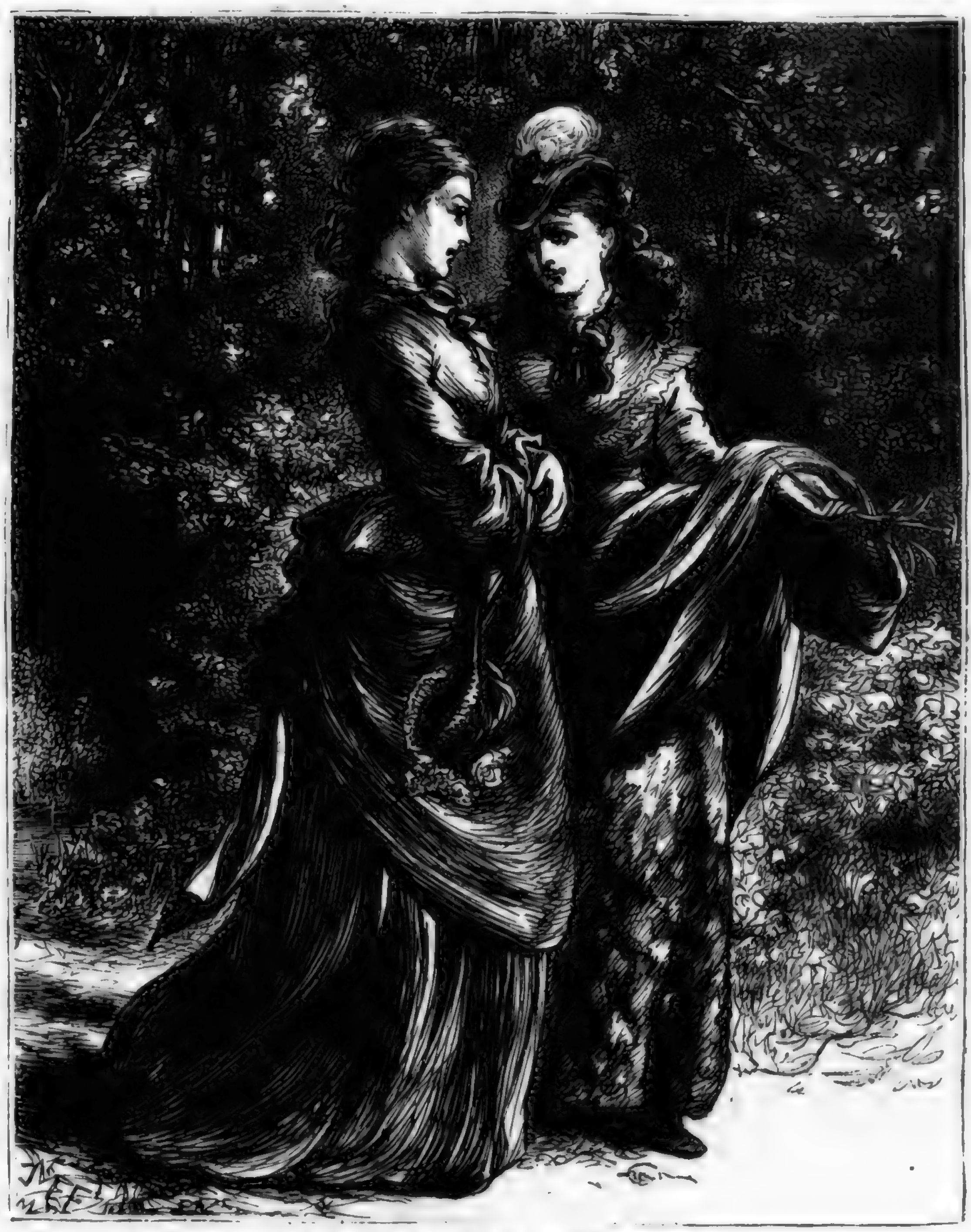
XUM



AMONG THE WHEAT-SHEAVES.—SEE PAGE 350.

TEMPTED.

THE sun was sinking in the West,
Yet paused before he sank to rest
To kiss the lily's mouth.
The lily, which all day had lain,
Love's tender martyr, all but slain
In that fierce, scorching drought.



"HE STARTS, FOR FROM THE CLOISTERED WALK,
THERE DRIFTS THE SOUND OF WOMEN'S TALK."

A convent garden, and around
Its glory, like a dark thread bound
About a nosegay's bloom,
A deep and cloistered walk did run,
Impervious to the Cuban sun—
A place of fragrant bloom.

And up and down the walk there paced
A monk, with sombre, downcast face,
And tonsured head bent low.
Young and of goodly mien was he,
And in his dark eyes one might see
The latent Spanish glow.

He paused and frowned, and stepped aside,
Between the portals high and wide
That gave upon the church;
The parting sunlight flickered low,
But lingered yet, as if to show
The object of his search—

The image of a man, whose face
Showed pain and strife o'ercome by grace,
A victory deadly-wise;
Saint Anthony, the tempted, this,
Whom Satan wooed with smile and kiss,
In woman's fairest guise.

Long gazed the monk, then bow'd his head,
And as he turned he softly said:
"The saint stood—I might yield.
Dear Lord, I give Thee thanks and praise,
That safe in convent walls, my days
Thy mercy still doth shield!"

He starts, for from the cloistered walk
There drifts the sound of women's talk,
The patter of their feet.
"Alas! some visitors," he sighs,
And, tender dews still in his eyes,
He moves the guests to meet.

First comes a woman whose rare grace
Of form and bearing, and whose face,
Have won a world's renown.
The prior of the convent walked
Smiling beside her, as she talked;
The monk frowned and looked down.

The laughing troop swept gayly on,
Nor till the whole were past and gone
Did Ambrose raise his head;
Then, in the stillness that befell,
A low voice said, "Oh, who can tell
The day I shall be dead!"

He turned in quick surprise, and there
A woman stood, nor young nor fair,
With sad and wistful eyes;
With eyes whose wondrous, half-hid light
Seemed like a watchfire in the night,
Telling where danger lies.

Moved by some new and sudden power,
Whose force he knew not till that hour,
The monk drew softly nigh;
And half despite himself spoke out,
"My daughter, whence that weary doubt,
Why do you wish to die?"

Slowly she turned and met his eyes,
With neither anger nor surprise,
And slowly then she said:
"Why should I wish to live, oh priest!
When all the joy of life has ceased,
When love, life's life is dead?

"You know not, you—how should you know
What makes the glory and the glow
The light of man's brief day!
You know not, you—how should you know
The desolation, darkness, woe,
When that light fades away!

"How can I speak to you of this—
You, who must never feel the bliss,
The rapture love can give?
You, sworn within this convent's bound
To wear away your life's poor round,
And die before you live!

"Oh, monk! you pity me, and I,
Whose only future is to die,
Oh, how I pity you!
For in my memory lives an hour,
Crowned with love's languid passion-flower;
Such hour you never knew!

"And I am well content to die,
For life is dead, and why should I
Cling to life's poor remains?
Priest! I have answered your demand,
And yet you cannot understand
My triumph or my pain.

"Yet take one parting word from me.
Implant it in your memory,
Engraft it on your mind:
The love that you've foresworn, is all
Of Paradise that, since the fall,
Poor man may hope to find!"

With mirthless, mocking laugh she ceased,
And glided past the silent priest,
And through the porch alone;
While from the vaulted roofs around,
Faintly rang back that mocking sound,
Sadder than any moan.

And Ambrose, shudd'ring, turned and ran
As if the enemy of man
Pursued him hard and fast;
Nor paused till prone before the shrine
Of tempted Anthony benign
His body he had cast.

"Oh, saint! if thou be saint indeed,
Help me in this my bitter need—
Now help me, saint!" he cried;
"For they are thronging fast and fell,
The mocking, jeering hosts of hell,
And clinging to my side!

"'Crowned with love's passion-flower,' she said,
And life that knows not love is dead—
The love that I've foresworn!
Love's look, love's touch, love's clinging kiss,
Did she, or do these tell of this?
What furies in me burn!"

The darkness fell, the night stole on,
And but that now and then a moan
Confessed him living still;
One might have fancied that the monk,
In that night's fiery strife had sunk,
And passed from human ill.

The night stole on to deepest dark,
Nor human eye was there to mark
The wonders that befell;
Nor, save to his confessor's ear,
That tale, half wonder and half fear,
Did Ambrose ever tell.

Perhaps Saint Anthon's statue spoke,
And by some wondrous power broke
The spell the woman wove.
Perhaps, in gracious gift from Heaven,
To that tormented man was given
A full and perfect love.

The dark night held its secret close,
But when the morning sun arose
To find the lily dead,
The monk came forth with pallid face,
Yet radiant with some mystic grace
Like glory round his head.

Crowned like a victor did he seem,
And looking on him, one might dream
Of Michael's mighty power;
Of him who lions met unarmed,
Or they who walked through fire unharmed,
Their safety God's own dower.

But as he marked the lily dead,
He beat upon his breast, and said,
"I too, was well-nigh slain!
Oh, grant, dear Lord, St. Anthon, pray,
That such temptation in my way
May never stand again.

"That never more that voice, those eyes,
So full of tender pain, shall rise
Between my soul and heaven;
For never twice from such a strife
May mortal man come forth with life,
Not twice is victory given."

Mrs. J. G. Austin.

A golden rule for a young lady is to converse always with your female friend as though a gentleman were of the party, and with young men as if your female friends were present.

IRISH MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Any one who has lived among the Irish people will know that with them love is by no means an overmastering passion. The instances of crime committed with love as an incentive are rare; you seldom hear of Pat stabbing his sweetheart in a fit of jealousy, or pummeling his more fortunate rival to death, as is the case elsewhere.

In general, and particularly in the north of Ireland, marriages are arranged in a cool, mercenary spirit, which does not leave much room for romance. They are generally conducted by the fathers and mothers of the contracting parties, in the presence of either the landlord or agent, and the scenes are sometimes in the highest degree comic. The parents haggle over the terms of the agreement, without the slightest regard for the feelings of the young people, who are looked upon as so much live lumber. A pig, a cow, or a sheep, has often been the cause of breaking off a match nearly concluded; even a goose has been known to turn the scale.

Very lately, in a certain province in Ulster, a well-to-do farmer had for some time been dividing his attentions pretty equally between two fair ones—one a widow, the other the only daughter of a rich pig-jobber. The cause of the gentleman's vacillation was that each of the candidates had the identical qualification—a cow and two pigs. The matter was at last decided by the girl's father throwing in a *boneen* (young pig), which at once decided the matter, and the widow was non-suited.

A friend told me an amusing anecdote of two of his tenants who were arranging a marriage between their respective children. Both were wealthy cattle-drovers, and the matter in dispute was not beasts, but hundreds. After much haggling over the terms, the matter ended by the father of the young man saying: "Give another hundred, and faix, by me soul, you may dirty the boy." I add, for the information of those who do not know the custom of an Irish fair, that when an animal is finally sold, the buyer always rubs a piece of mud on its quarters. This is called "dirtying the baste"; hence the *apropos* expression of the drover.

In a rather retired part of the south of Ireland, near to the once famous Skibbereen, a curious and not uninteresting custom prevails, called "shrafting." It takes its name from Shrove (otherwise Shraft) Tuesday, on which day a regular matrimonial "Tattersall" is held, where all the "likely" boys and girls in the parish are on view, and all the "matches" in the year are made. For days before there is quite a stir in the neighborhood, and a twitter runs through the entire female population. There is a universal stitching and buying of ribbons; every girl you meet on the road holds out her hand for a sixpence; and you can't speak to a domestic servant without her hanging out signals of distress. Indeed, there is this objectionable side to the proceeding, that it disorganizes one's establishment; for just as you have caught and trained a neat-handed Phyllis for yourself, she is sure to be pounced on and carried off by some of the coastguards, who always attend the shrafting from the fishing village near at hand.

The shrafting is in itself a pretty sight, and would furnish a subject for the pencil of any wandering artist, if such came that way. The girls stand in a row on the village green, under the spreading branches of a fine old copper beach-tree. There is every expression on their faces—anxiety, curiosity, timidity, dull stupidity, sharp, shrewish interest; and here and there you come on such a pretty country beauty, with that indescribable half-arch, half-shy look in the eyes which Maclise has caught in perfection. At a little distance are clustered a lot of shame-faced looking men—"the boys," as they are called—all in their Sunday suits, and evidently ill at ease, eying with some distrust the superior attractions of the coastguards who are, like the red-coats, favorites among the ladies. But that, in reality, matters little, as the real conduct of the affair is in the hands of "the powers that be," the fathers and mothers, who haggle and quarrel over their respective children, sometimes breaking up the negotiations abruptly, and carrying off either son or daughter, as the case may be, as they would an unsalable beast from a fair.

Of course, little bits of romance crop up here, as elsewhere; cases of money *vs.* love, and young hearts sold to the highest bidder, just as they are in a fashionable drawing room. By-the-by, what wouldn't our fashionable mothers and worn-out *chaperones* give for a shrafting to be held once a year? How much trouble and expense it would save; and what glorious fun it would be!

A DAY AT POTSDAM.

There is no place in all the German Empire so rich in historical associations and so suggestive as this city of Potsdam. Everything in and about the palace remains just as it was in the days of Frederick the Great—the gorgeous structure that he built at the close of the Seven Years' War to show that his treasury was not impoverished, and surmounted by three colossal figures holding high in the air the Prussian crown, and representing the kingdoms of Austria, France and Russia; the little desk in the old palace on which he sketched his grand campaign; the upright machine where he measured with his own hands the height of the men drafted for the army service; the narrow seats along the entry-way which he quietly substituted in place of the comfortable lounges on which he once found the persons in attendance reposing; the marvelous great hall, built of shells, and pearls, and corals, and precious stones, and crystals, and minerals of every sort, at a cost which no one but himself ever knew, every bill being burnt as soon as it was paid; the stand by the old piano, with the music-score written by his own hand resting there, where he used to play the flute so persistently; the plain bed in which he slept; the row of chairs with their soft, velvet cushions, appropriated to his dogs, and on which they slept; the arm-chair in which he died, marked with blood drawn by the lancet applied in his last hours with the hope of prolonging life; the very stool on which his feet rested at the moment when the soul of that strange and mighty man went off somewhere into eternity—nothing has been disturbed for a hundred years, and, unless some great political revolution sweeps away these relics of the past, nothing will be disturbed for ages to come.

Outside the palace, perhaps the most interesting memorial is the old windmill, which the owner refused to sell to the King, and which the civil courts forbade him to touch without the proprietor's consent, still standing in its place, and sacredly cherished as a monument of the law's defiance of despotic right.

There once came to King Nebuchadnezzar the vision of an image, "whose brightness was excellent, and the form whereof was terrible"; portions of which were of fine gold, and silver, and iron, and another part made of common clay. It is a fit emblem of the men whose shades continue to haunt the palaces of Potsdam.

On a bright, sunny morning of October, we stood in the pleasant little room at Sans-Souci, where Frederick and Voltaire used to dine together, quietly, day after day, discussing over their wine all sorts of topics—the great warrior measuring weapons with his friend in the field of philosophy

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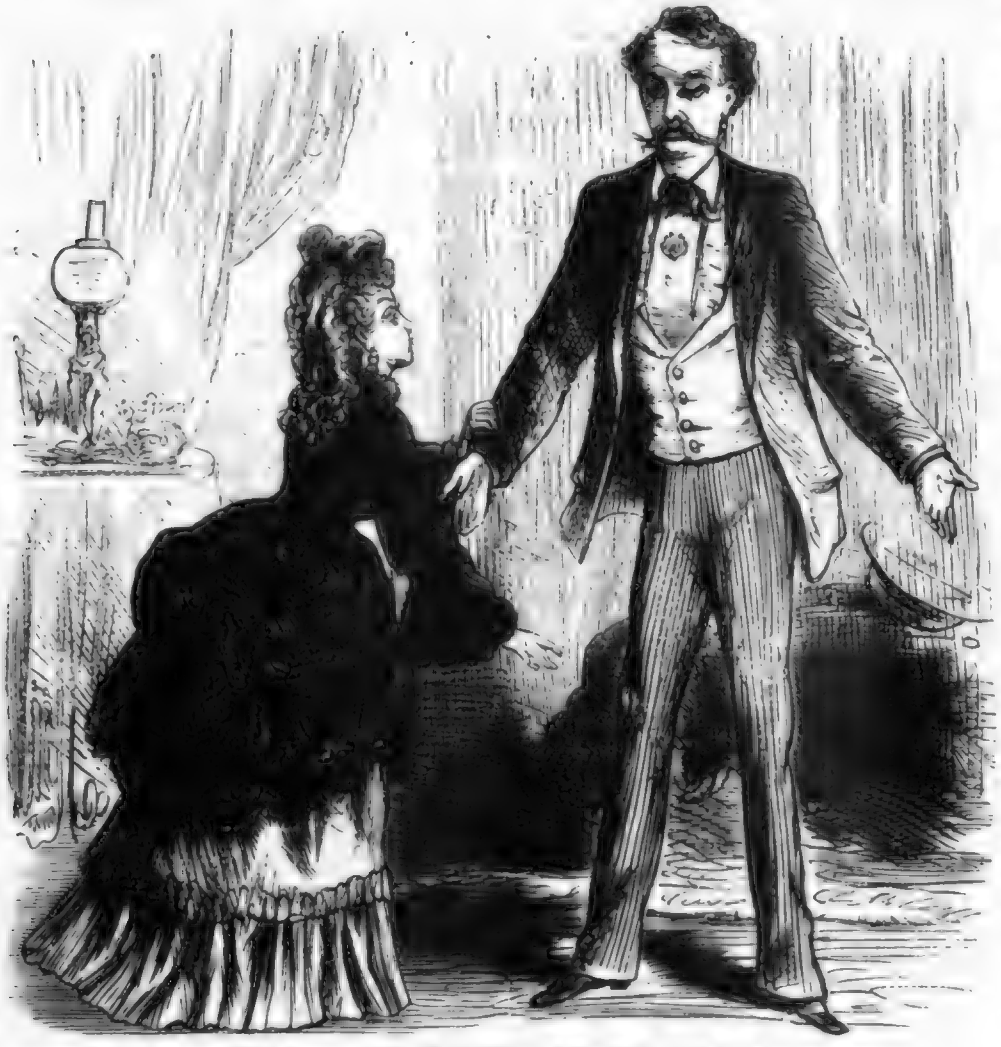


THE ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

JACK (proposing)—"*And you won't feel ashamed because I am so tall!*"
DORA (with an eye to the main chance)—"*All the better chance for you to 'come down' liberally, dear.*"

as vigorously as he ever crossed swords with his foes on the battle-ground (firm friends they were at first, and bitter enemies afterward).

Then we strolled into the snug apartment where the scoffing Frenchman studied and meditated and wrote; and everything seemed so natural and home-like, that we could not help feeling as if the two strange old gentlemen had just stepped out for a moment, and might return again in *propria persona* at any time.

We do not wonder that Voltaire was so disgusted when, on his return to Sans-Souci from a journey, he found his little study strangely transformed by the new carvings that adorned the walls.

"What does this mean?" inquired the astonished Frenchman; not dreaming that the King had been informed of the loose way in which he had been talking while he was abroad, and the wretched return he had made for the hospitalities that had been heaped upon him by His Majesty.

"First, you see the storks," Frederick replied; "they represent the man who goes running about from place to place. Next come the parrots, who rattle away and gossip at random, talking of many things when they should be silent. Then there are the squirrels, who are fond of nibbling nuts and sweetmeats all the time, as you are. And there is the monkey, who looks so much like you;" all which extraordinary metaphorical embellishment is as fresh to-day as it ever was, and tells its story as vividly as ever.

There is another great man who has left his mark here, and he also reminds us of Nebuchadnezzar's image. As we stood by Frederick's writing-desk, we asked how it happened that, while everything else had been carefully preserved, the cloth lining of the desk-lid was gone, exposing the rough wood underneath, and were told that when Napoleon took possession of the palace, he tore off the cover and carried it away as a relic. But this was not the worst thing that he did. Afterward we visited the tomb where Frederick the Great and his savage old father sleep peacefully side by side in their coffins, one made of marble and the other of zinc, without any ornament or emblem, or even a name to distinguish them. Into this tomb Napoleon once came at midnight, in full uniform, and as the pale light of the candle fell upon the plain zinc box that held the bones of the man whose frown was once so terrible, he laid his hand solemnly upon the coffin, and said:

"If this man were alive, I should not be here"—thus acknowledging Frederick to have been even mightier than himself.

This was sublime; but who could have thought that, after this, Napoleon the Great could have been capable of stealing the sword which the dead warrior carried in his battles, and which, up to that time, had always laid upon his coffin, the only outward symbol of his glory? But this Napoleon did, and took the sword off into France. What became of it, no one knows.

Frederick never meant to be buried where he now lies; he had selected a quiet little grassy nook, by the side of his favorite horse and his pet dogs, whom he loved so much better than he did his father—not without cause—but, while the marble monument and the carved burial-stones show where his favorites lie, the place which he chose for his own resting-place is vacant.

We might write at length of the splendors at Potsdam, but we have room to speak of only one thing further, and that is what is known as the Raphael Gallery, so creditable to the royal personage to whom Prussia is indebted for its existence.

"My people, of course, cannot travel over all Europe to see the finest works of art that are scattered about in various places," he said, "and I will therefore employ, at my own cost, the painters I can find to make copies of all Raphael's pictures, and place them here in a gallery, where everybody can see them;" which accordingly he did, and wonderfully good copies they are.

There are many grand things in this Prussian dominion. Every child must be sent to school as soon as the age of six years is reached, and if the parents are too poor to buy the books and whatever else may be needed, the Government provides them.

THE trial is not fair where affection is judge.

AN INDIAN CHILD'S GRAVE.

The Indians of various tribes differ greatly in their mode of disposing of the dead; but there are scarcely any who do not treat their departed friends with great respect and care. In some tribes the bodies are laid for a time on raised platforms, out of the reach of prowling beasts, till the work of decay has left only a skeleton. Then, after a lapse of years, a great trench is dug and lined with furs, and in this the skeletons are all gathered and laid for a final rest, as of men, divested of all that is more gross, waiting to enter on a new life.

This idea of the new life pervades all. In some the dead body is made to assume the posture of an unborn infant, as if to indicate its awaiting a new birth, and it is placed in a jar or sack to typify the womb.

In other tribes, young infants are buried in the road leading to the village, that the spirit of the child, unjustly, as it were, deprived of a due course of life, may glide into some woman passing above, and make another effort to live the years allotted to man.

Other tribes, again, shrink from committing the delicate child to the cold earth. The weeping mother makes a cradle, and, binding her babe securely in it, goes into the wood, and, selecting some sapling, bends down the top, and fastens securely to it the body of the loved darling; and then, relaxing the tree, sees her little one spring heavenward to meet decay amid the birds and blossoms, in the pure, fresh air that kissed the tree-tops, far above the world and all that is coarse and cruel and ravenous. The thought is almost too poetical a one to credit to the Indian mind; but visitors at the Centennial may remember such an aerial tomb. We are less surprised that a French poet—Delille, we think—made the custom the subject of a touching and tender poem.

THE FAIR ROSAMOND.

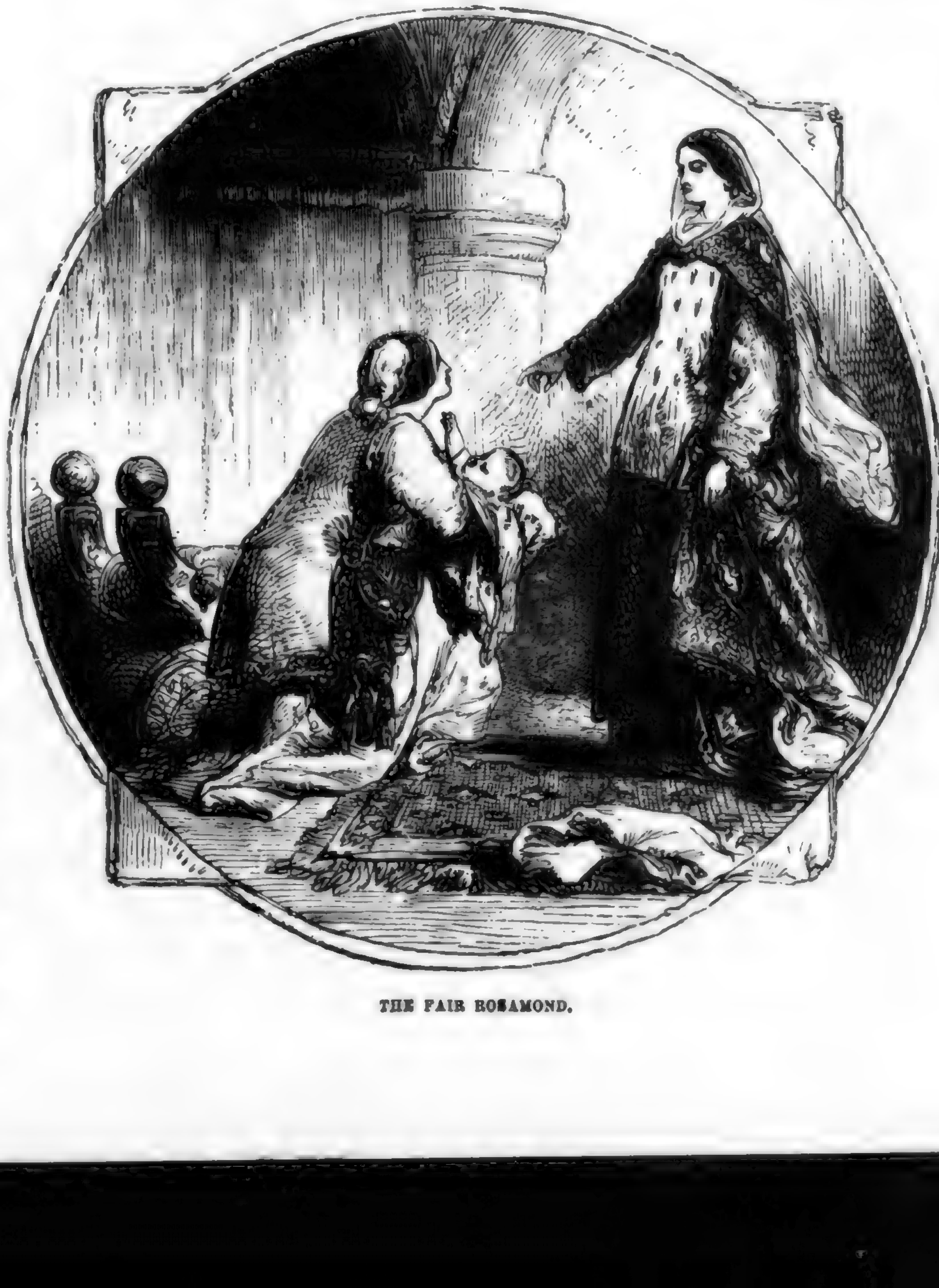
Rosamond Clifford, commonly called "Fair Rosamond," was the daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, and the favorite mistress of Henry II., of England.

According to popular tradition, she was first brought before the King's notice through the collusion of her brothers, who desired to advance their own fortunes by means of their sister's beauty.

She lived at Woodstock, where Henry frequently visited her, and where, according to some writers, she was found and poisoned by Eleanor, queen of that monarch. Other writers claim that she was confined in the nunnery of Godstow, through the agency of the jealous queen.

Our engraving represents the Fair Rosamond kneeling, with her babe, William Longsword, in her arms, imploring mercy of the enraged Queen. Rosamond had two sons by Henry—William, called Longsword, and Jeffrey, who became Archbishop of York. She was buried, in the year 1177, in the church of Godstone (of which she had been a benefactor), opposite the high altar, where her body remained until 1191, when Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, caused her bones to be removed thence with every mark of disgrace.

There is a tradition that, to secure her from the jealous fury of his justly enraged wife, Henry had a maze made to conceal her from all but himself, in imitation of the maze of the Minotaur. But a spy supplied the clue, and the death of the Fair Rosamond was the result.



THE FAIR ROSAMOND.

A FLOGGING-HORSE.

We reproduce, in an engraving, one of the many relics of medieval times still extant in the seats of learning in Europe. Though now fallen into desuetude, it was in active operation during the last generation, when both parents and pedagogues were believers in the axiom, "spare the rod and spoil the child."

The flogging-horse is one of the ancient grammar-school customs of England, more honored in the breach than in the observance. Our illustration represents the stool or altar of punishment, which was formerly in use at the free school in Lichfield—the school at which Addison, Ashmore, Garrick, Johnson and Wollaston received their education. When our artist visited this venerable temple of learning a few years ago, there was a head-master receiving a good salary, *but no scholars.* The flogging-horse, here delineated, stood in the lower room, covered with dust.

XUM

DEBBIE'S DOWER.

SO you're determined on having your own willful way about it, Debbie?" said John Fayre, as he stood by the great kitchen-table at which his niece was busy, and looked down at her with extreme displeasure.

Debbie's plump little hands fluttered nervously over the great, blooming peaches she was packing in their dainty baskets for the city market, and her scarlet lip quivered a little; but her golden-brown eyes were very steadfast as she raised them to the sarcastic face of her uncle.

"If you put it that way, Uncle John," she said, "I am quite determined. I have *promised* to marry him."

"Very well," said John Fayre, in his cold voice; "I have nothing more to say," and was silent; watching her in a kind of icy anger, as she busied herself about his business.

A cool air played through the great, old-fashioned kitchen, with its heavy rafters, black and polished with time and cleanliness, and its oaken floor, scoured with golden sand. A low-browed casement, with diamond-shaped panes, stood open, and was wreathed with a great vine that wantoned over the old gray stone wall of the farmhouse, and gave glimpses of great bunches of grapes, like deep-hued amethysts, lurking amid its emerald banners. A huge table, white as a slab of marble, and bathed in the dancing sunlight quivering through the vine, stood by the window, and on it, great stacks of bloomy peaches, golden atlases of luscious plums, vast apples like enchanted emeralds, with streaks of vivid rose flushing through them, gleaming masses of glittering honeycomb, and great, cool leaves plucked from the vine outside, their dewy green deepening into suggestions of fire and gold, to lay between the fruits in packing.

John Fayre's orchards extended their fragrant alleys over many an acre, sloping across the bosom of a hill, that, like some enchanted mound, was bathed all day long in a full tide of golden light; and John Fayre was a rich man; for, as Aladdin plucked gems from the boughs in the radiant garden of the genii, he gathered riches, admittedly by the aid of Debbie, from his fruit-trees. Whose brown, dimpled fingers stored the mellow fruits so daintily for market that his wagon was a delight to the eye, but Debbie's? Who watched the young trees, and brought a quick wit to his aid in his management of them? And who made his butter and cheese proverbial amongst buyers? Why, who but Debbie?

And now, because Debbie did not choose to be happy in his way, and wed his old crony, Squire Jogram, but must needs promise herself to a poor young fellow, with a bare hundred acres of worn-out land, and no stock to speak of, he was nursing a wrathful flame in his bosom that gave a little scorch to every person who came near him in those bright days of early Fall, and was full of cruel heat to poor Debbie.

"I couldn't have been more vexed if it had been Allie!" he thought, leaning against the wall, and thinking how pretty Debbie looked in her gay chintz—a brown little beauty, with wavy, bronze hair, pellucid brown cheeks, flushed with scarlet; large, brown eyes, sweetly bright; soft, red lips, and quivering dimples flickering round them.

Something wrung his bosom as the name of his only child, his sweet Allie, flitted through his mind. Well, *she* would never live to cross his will as Debbie was doing—at least so the doctors said; and it was but poor comfort John Fayre found in the thought.

He looked at Debbie, and, for the first time, the soul of the man darkened under the gloom of an envy blacker than Egyptian darkness, more bitter than the waters of Marah in the wilderness. The very light of purest health, and, despite his displeasure, happiness, radiated about the girl, while his Allie, the best-beloved of his soul, was fading, as some bright spirit might fade and vanish in "the radiance of glory." The first snow of the year would fling its pearly drifts across her grave, and "his house would be left unto him desolate"; for wife, or other child than her, he had none.

There were the grim shadows of the coming change, even in the room with him; for her familiar presence, sharing Debbie's fragrant task, no longer brightened the old kitchen; her feeble step seldom strayed there now.

And so, presently, he drove slowly away down the old road, overarched with maples that made a shaking canopy of fire and gold above his head, and out into the vapory Fall sunlight; contrasting the two girls as he went, and opening his heart wide to the scorpion of Envy, which lashed a heart formed for nobler guests, even as he nourished it.

He drove past his stretches of rich pasture-land, the shady alleys of his great orchards, and looked on all with bitterness. Allie's they were never to be; and Debbie, if she married Charlie Tent, should have no dower from him—obstinate, ungrateful girl that she was! And, in his present mood, he almost cursed her in his heart.

Debbie, left behind in the kitchen, flitted to and fro, with no idea of the feelings battling in John Fayre's breast to make her miserable, but her happy thoughts a little shaded by the knowledge that her promise to Charlie was not agreeable to him, and still a little further darkened as she thought of her darling cousin Allie; yet the undercurrent of brightness shone in her eyes, lightening, if not dispelling, the shadows.

Aunt Dora's voice came softly across the passage, as she read to Allie in the shady old dining-room; but otherwise an ineffable quiet rested on the house. The bustle of harvest was fairly over, and Debbie had little to do, after clearing away the *débris* of flowers and fruits from the great kitchen-table, but go to the spring-house with a lordly dish of pies that were to cool their flaky crusts and mellow juices in that shady spot against dinner-time.

She took down her coarse straw hat from a peg, when a sudden "gee-whoa"-ing and trampling of feet made themselves audible outside; and through the fluttering vine she saw a pair of oxen, with great, soft eyes, and skins like creamy satin, yoked to a rough hayrack; and a vignette of a tall, bronzed young man, with resolute black eyes, and crisp, dark hair, and a toilet that spoke loudly of the need of feminine hands in his home, looking in at her through the frame of vine-leaves, that shook like tiny banners of emerald, fire and gold, as he laid his muscular hand on the window-sill.

"Oh, Charlie!" cried Debbie, "is that you? Come in."

"I can't," said Charlie. "Come out to me, Debbie; I want to speak with you."

So Debbie tripped out to him, the oxen turning their great eyes on her meditatively, as she patted their fat sides in passing.

"Debbie," said Charlie, who looked like a handsome statue of bronze in the rosy light, "don't touch me, or I shan't be able to say what I came on purpose to tell you."

She put out both her hands to him in her innocent gladness; but she drew back, startled by his words and air, as he spoke.

"What is wrong, dear?" she said, timidly; and she trembled a little, for there was a woeful look in Charlie's resolute face that she had never seen there before.

Charlie Tent smiled bitterly.

"Debbie," he said, "I have come to give you back all the sweet promises you ever gave me. My dear, I can never hope to make you wife of mine. For the second time your uncle has brought the very anguish of desolation on our roof."

Debbie glanced at the rusty band of crape round his coarse straw hat, and drew closer to him, with a shudder.

"I will not take my promises back," she said, resolutely. "I know what he has said, Charlie. You shall not leave me as poor Tom did my sweet Allie. Whatever hardship and trouble may darken your life, I claim my right to share it. Oh, the joy to feel that Uncle John has not the right to separate *us* as he did your brother and Allie! And oh, darling, to think that what has come and gone has not softened him!"

"Curse him!" said young Tent, with a look on his dark face that was not good to see; but it slowly faded, as he glanced into Debbie's great, loving, brown eyes, raised so tenderly to his. His face was young, but the visage of a man who had worn away his youth in bitter, unrequited toil—a half-frenzied wrestling with the earth for bread, that, when eaten, was bitter, because partaken of in loneliness and despair.

Debbie's eyes filled with tears as she studied his face, and she slipped her hand into his.

"You would be so lonely without me!" she said, softly.

He clasped her suddenly in his arms, lifting her and straining her to his breast.

"My only love!" he said. "The only brightness of my life!"

He as suddenly released her, and drew back, folding his arms across his broad chest.

"Debbie," he said, "your uncle has bought up the mortgage on my land, and has foreclosed it. I have not a rood of land or a dollar in the world, this moment."

"Has he done this thing?" said Debbie, breathlessly, her dilated eyes full of indignation.

"Yes; he told me so not ten minutes since; and he had the effrontery to say he did so to prevent *you* from marrying into certain misery. Debbie, as I listened to him, and thought of Tom and Allie, and the work of ruin he was just fresh from, I longed to strike him dead where he stood. 'Do you think you have secured Allie's happiness?' I said to him, instead. Ah! I almost laughed to see him shudder, as he lashed his horses past me. I stung him then!"

"And have you no home now?" said Debbie, biting her quivering lip to steady her voice. She had not looked for this new blow.

"None," said Charlie Tent; "so, Debbie, I must leave you. The world is wide, and my will is strong to tear some prize from Fortune yet. I may find my grave under the Indian seas, as Tom has done, or, perhaps—no, I won't anticipate success," he said, bitterly; "it seems as though my life were utterly accursed!"

"And I?" said Debbie.

"You will, in time, forget me," he said, bitterly.

She looked at him silently, and his injustice smote him instantly.

"Forgive me," he said, gently. "The torment of my grief spoke; not my heart, my love."

A sudden light stole into her pretty face. She took his iron hand in her little dimpled hands, and looked at it, and from it to his haughty, resolute face.

"You will conquer," she said, "and I will wait—wait and hope."

A ray of inner light brightened Tent's dark face.

"I am content," he said. "I look to the future with *something* new-born in my breast of your sweet words that is almost hope."

The shadow of the old house lengthened out, broad and cool, before they parted, and Charlie guided the oxen, his no longer, from the gate of the rich man who had robbed him of all but the fair jewels of love and honor; while Debbie watched him, in mingling tears of hope and sorrow, her heart quailing as she looked to the misty future—that future whose impenetrable vail is ever spanned, to the vision of youth, by the great and radiant rainbow-arch of Hope.

SUCH a Thanksgiving-day—or, rather, night! Every one said nothing had been seen like it for half a century. The drifts lay piled against the fences. The bare boughs rattled in the roaring wind like the "Iron Forest" of Longfellow. The moon flew through vast masses of pale clouds of a sickly dun-color, that showered down occasional flurries of fine snow, stinging as it dashed into the faces of the few wayfarers.

Through the simoons of snow whirled up by the wind, and flying through the country like ghastly pillars of spectral smoke, household fires shone rudely, sending ruby pathways far out into the night. It was a night for the rich to rejoice, for the poor to mourn and lament as they crouched in cellar and garret beneath the lash of the relentless frost, and the chill embrace of gaunt famine.

"You *will* go, after all," said the innkeeper of the "Corners Tavern," and the man he spoke to laughed in his face.

He was a stout, bronzed, handsome man, with heavy beard and mustache of curling jet, glittering white teeth, and flashing eyes of great sweetness and power of expression.

"Go!" he exclaimed. "What should keep me? Why, man, if it were raining thunderbolts, I'd out in them rather than linger on my way to-night."

He seemed impatient even of the idea, and, standing in the gloomy bar-room, buttoned his great-coat resolutely across his chest, and drew his fur gauntlets on, watched by the hotel-keeper, and a loose-jointed fellow with a huge frame, and a small, mean face, who was sitting by the roaring stove, smoking.

"Well, if you're set on it," said the host, "I've got no call to prevent you, only I don't noways like the idea of riskin' Firefly in them tarnation drifts; she's a real smart critter, and worth a sight of money."

"Pshaw!" said the dark-eyed stranger, laughing. "Dick Tate, you're as near as ever! Why, I'll pay you twice her value if anything happens to her! Come, get her round!"

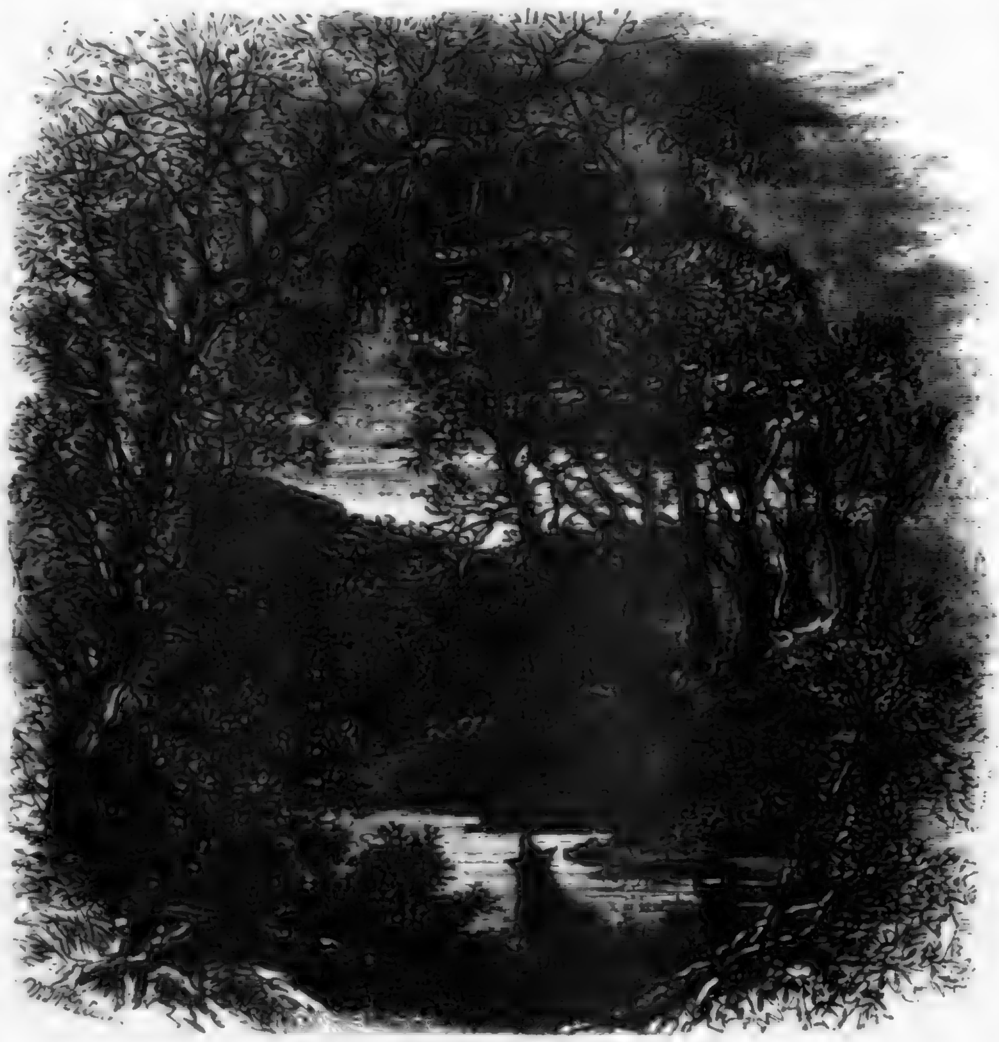
The man's good-humored face expressed considerable astonishment.

"Appears to me I ought to know you!" he said, surveying his guest attentively. "Sakes! but you *do* favor poor Tom Tent that was drowned at sea last year!"

"Do I?" said the stranger, carelessly. "Ah! what do you say, friend?"

This to the man at the stove, who had risen, and was mumbling something close by his side.

"I was sayin' that you might as well give a poor chap a ride as far as you're goin'," said the other, twisting his slouching shoulders, and looking through the frosty pane at the wild scene without. "I've a long tramp before me, and I had the ague powerful bad in the Fall. It's left me kind of shaky like."



AN INDIAN CHILD'S GRAVE.—SEE PAGE 357.

"All right," said the stranger, cheerfully. "Come along; welcome. What a Thanksgiving night it is!"

He stood, looking out at the hurrying tempest silently, while Mr. Tate went to send round the cutter and mare—the fast-trotting darling of his heart.

Alternate blackness and light fell across the dreary landscape, as heavy clouds swept over the melancholy moon, and the countenance of the stranger varied in sympathy with the changes without.

"Strange!" he muttered, "but all this day my heart has beaten with hope until I felt intoxicated with joy, only to be plunged the next moment into a blackness of terrible anticipation of some evil, vague, but vast, and close upon me. I wonder if this night, looked forward to for five such weary years, is really to be the great Thanksgiving of my life." He fell into a fit of musing, from which he was roused by a crash in the room behind him. He turned with a start, and saw his proposed *compagnon de voyage* stuffing more wood into the stove, the red glow from the open door of which illumined his face more strongly than the glimmering lamp had done.

"What a villainous countenance!" thought the stranger. "He has a brow like a bison; and those sparkling eyes, like spots of fire, flaming from under that tangled mass of red hair, don't improve him. What a devilish glow the red reflection of the fire throws over him! and what thews and sinews the fellow has! He must have the strength of a Samson!"

Suddenly, conscious of his observation, the man looked up and met his eyes.

"There's nothing like a good warm afore a start on such a night," he said. "I wonder where the poker is?"

"It was there a while ago," said Tate, who had just entered, carrying a great, luxurious buffalo-robe.

"It ain't no odds; I guess there's a good, smart fire on now."

He seemed to enjoy it, holding his mighty hands over the stove, and crouching close to it, as though the frost was nipping his very heart.

"You'd best have something hot afore you start," said Tate, suggestively glancing at the array of bottles behind the dingy bar.

"Very well—two tumblers of spiced wine and water," said the dark-eyed man, with a quick, compassionate glance at the gaunt, ill-clad form by the stove.

The wine was brought, swallowed eagerly by the shivering creature, and more leisurely by the other, who paid for both out of a large, black wallet, plethoric with bills and gold coins, which he thrust into his vest-pocket with the careless air of one of those men upon whom money is ever flowing in a Pactolus stream.

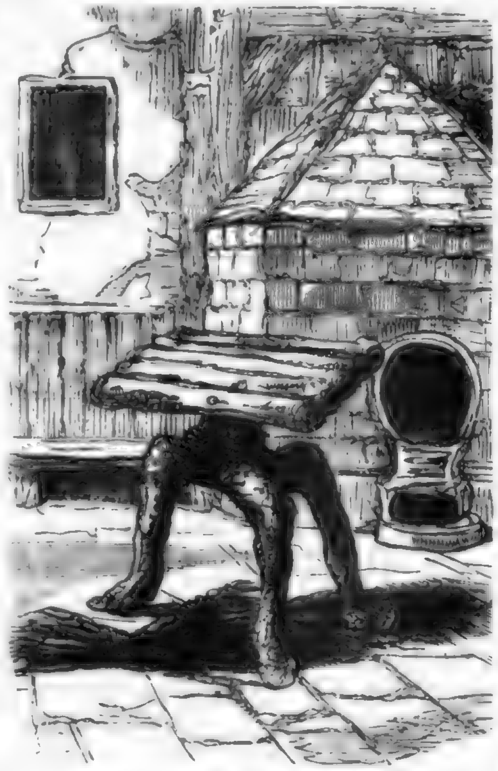
The landlord came out on the little gray stoop to see them off, and held Firefly while the two men jumped into the cutter. A whirl of drifting snow surrounded them, and Firefly snorted and winced as the sword-like frost struck her satin hide.

The white country-road was almost obliterated by piled-up drifts, and patches of pine forest showed through the mad eddies like ebon patches on the dazzling white of the spectral landscape. A few lights gleamed—household stars—in the distance, but it was a weird and solitary scene.

"Take care of yourself!" roared Tate, as Firefly plunged through the drift about the doorway, and the stranger looked back with a smile.

"All right!" he cried. "I'll send Firefly safe back in the morning."

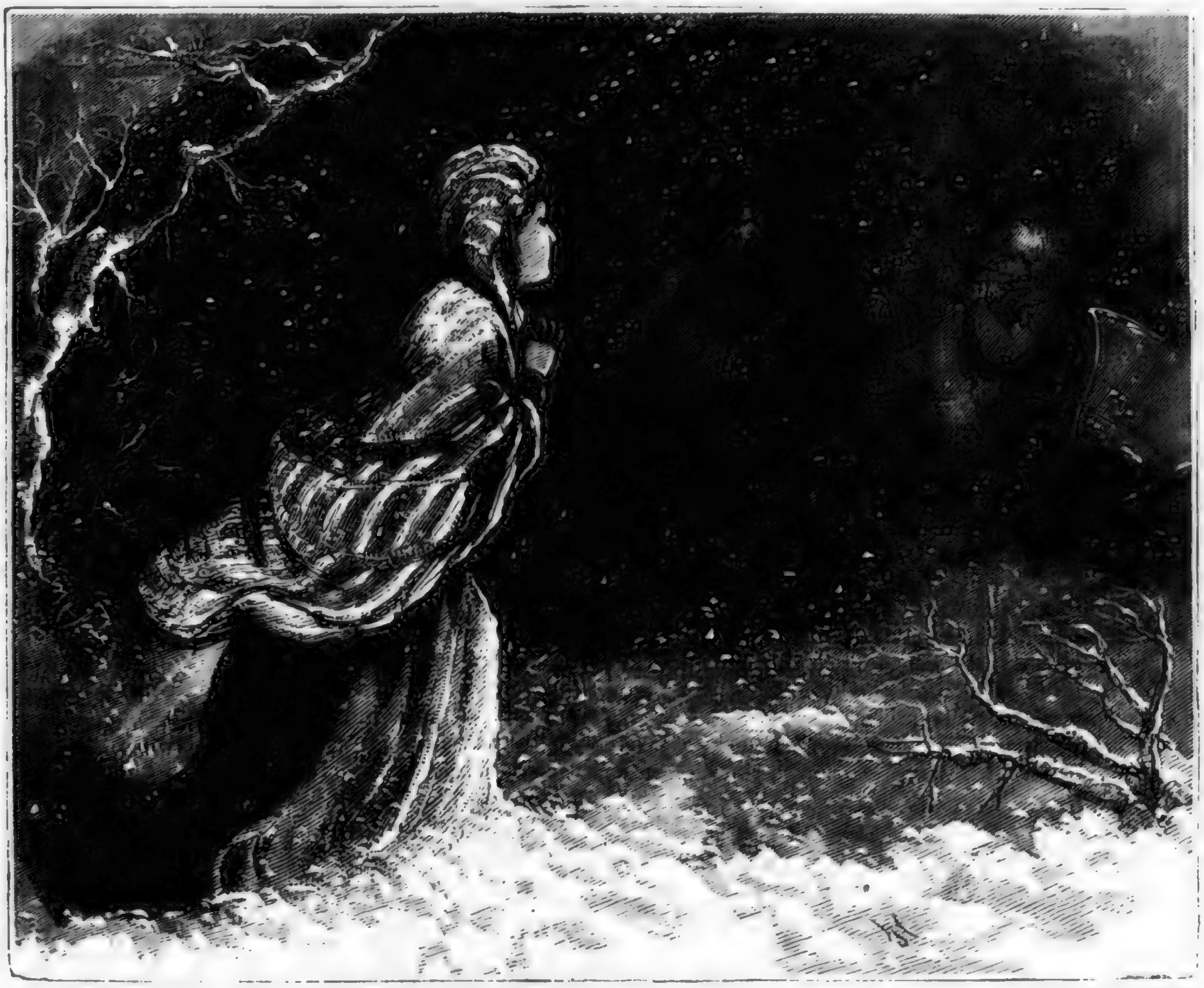
It was not of his pet mare that the good-hearted innkeeper was thinking, however, as he returned to the bar.



A FLOGGING-HORSE.—SEE PAGE 357.

"I don't like the looks of that loafing critter that took such a sudden notion to go on such a night as this, after loafing round here for nigh a week! A good-hearted chap, that other one, and free with his dimes. Sakes! but he's as like poor Tom Tent as two peas!"

A LITTLE figure, battling with the treacherous drifts, opposing a strength that seemed more than human to the howling wind and tempest, which had grown fiercer as the night advanced; a little form to be abroad under that wild sky in the desolate night-watches, alone, but for a huge dog of the colie species, which panted through the drifts at her side, snapping at the great flakes that fell, and occasionally uttering a low bark of inquiry or encouragement as he looked up into the face of his companion.



DEBBIE'S DOWER.—"WITH THE TENACITY OF DEATH ITSELF, COLIE CLUNG TO HIM, TEARING AND LACERATING HIS THROAT HORRIBLY, AND BEARING HIM TO THE GROUND WITH THE WEIGHT OF HIS HUGE BODY."—SEE PAGE 358.

"Colie, good fellow," she said, patting his huge yellow head, "we'll soon be at Charlie's now, won't we?"

The dog recognized the name by a short bark and leap, plunging into a drift, out of which he scrambled, covered with snow, and frisked about after that unwieldy fashion peculiar to dogdom.

She paused for a moment to rest, and strained her eyes through the drifting snow, anxiously.

"I ought to be near the turn now," she said, "if, blinded and confused by this whirling storm, I have not passed it. Great mercy! what shall I do if I have lost my way in this bitter cold? Hark! What was that?"

A shout for help, so near that she started with terror; and Colie uttered a furious bark, and flung himself forward like a stone from a catapult.

"Colie, Colie!" cried the girl, alarmed at his desertion; but as the cry for help rang out again, she labored on a few paces, her heart throbbing with terror. She could not see the length of her arm before her, and ere she had a second for consideration, she found herself the witness of a terrible scene.

Two men, hand-to-hand, were struggling in a deadly conflict beside an overturned cutter, half-buried in a vast drift. The horse had broken the traces, and was wildly plunging to regain secure footing, snorting and gasping with terror. They were both powerful men, but one loomed up in the shadowy light like a gaunt giant, and with a glance the girl saw which way the conflict would terminate.

The giant, for such he looked, was armed with a stout, short iron bar, which he was endeavoring to swing in order to bring it crushing on the head of his enemy, who, though a powerful man, was but as a child in the grasp of the other, whose demoniac face appeared to the girl unearthly and unutterably horrible, in the ghastly light.

"At him, Colie!" she screamed, obeying a resistless impulse, and Colie flew at the bare, knotted throat like a thunderbolt.

He staggered under the shock, and, releasing his victim, turned to battle off the dog; but with the tenacity of death itself, Colie clung to him, tearing and lacerating his throat horribly, and bearing him to the ground.

Exhausted and horrified at the fearful spectacle, the girl moved forward a step, and fell in a dead faint at the feet of the stranger, whose life she had been, thanks to Colie, the means of saving.

He stooped over her, while the aggressor howled and writhed in the deadly grip of Colie's fangs. The moon sailed for an instant through a rift in the hurrying clouds, and poured its light on her quiet face, as white as the snow on which she lay.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Debby Fayre! Alone, and on such a night? What can it mean?"

The dying girl opened her eyes, radiant as stars, and turned them on her father and her aged aunt, who were watching by her couch.

"Is she come yet?" she said, quickly. "I am dying."

"She will be here soon, I trust, my darling," said John Fayre, bending over her until his grizzled locks touched the golden billows of hair that floated over Allie's pillow; "but don't speak of dying; I can't bear it."

"Oh, yes!" said Allie, smiling, and turning her scarlet cheek until it rested on his rough hand, "you can, dear father; it is such a little thing, after all. Why, I feel to-night, for the first time, the real meaning of Thanksgiving. Oh, why did Deb venture out in such a storm?"

The wind literally roared against the house, and the angelic face of the girl quivered with pain, as she thought of her cousin out at such a time.

"I wish I could have gone myself for the doctor," said Fayre, anxiously; "but that was impossible!" with a glance at his bandaged foot, which had been crushed beneath a wagon-wheel a day or two before.

There was a pause, and Allie suddenly raised herself on her pillow, and turned her dilated eyes on her father.

"She is coming," she said, "and there is a footstep with her; I know!"

"It's the doctor, love," said Fayre, gently, but paling grayly as he watched his daughter's face.

It was an awful thing to him to watch it brightening in the reflection of that celestial glory which shines across the awful chasm on the departing saint.

She lay back on her pillow, listening, with her brilliant eyes fixed on the door, which opened slowly, and disclosed Debbie standing on the threshold, with a ghostly face, and garments white with snow. A dark shadow at her shoulder in the passage beyond, on which the eyes of the dying girl rested.

"Let him come to me!" she cried, in a voice that rang through the pretty white chamber. "Father, you will not prevent it now! Tom Tent is not dead, but alive!"

Tom Tent came past Debbie, and stopped at the foot of the little bed, but it was at John Fayre's face he looked—looked with his soul in his dark eyes, and, interpreting the birth of the lifelong anguish in them, John Fayre dropped his face on the golden masses of his daughter's hair, and spoke no word.

Tom came to the pillow, and looked at the dying girl, who stretched out her arms, smiling.

"Thanksgiving night, my beloved," she said; "the last and best of my life!"

He looked at her for a moment, and then he flung himself on his knees beside her, and took her hands in his. They were cold and clammy with the dews of death; and, maddened by the anguish of the instant, he sprang up and turned on John Fayre.

"So," he said, "is *this* what you banished me to toil for gold for, John Fayre? What to you now are your hoarded riches, or to her and me the wealth I wrung from the earth for her? Oh, slavish fool! to your god Mammon you have sacrificed her sweet life and my happiness."

John Fayre answered or moved not. The heart that could not soften had broken, and he was *dead!*

Allie's eyes had closed, but when they cried out the dreadful truth, she looked up and moved her face until it rested against the gray head lying at rest beside her.

"Poor father!" she said, softly; and then more faintly yet, "Kiss me, Tom, my own, and my good, darling Debbie."

And so, as the Thanksgiving-day faded into another, Debbie came into her dower as heir-at-law to the wide lands of John Fayre and Alice, his daughter. Before another Thanksgiving had come, she had wedded Charlie Tent; but Tom was a wanderer on the face of the earth, having settled most of his wealth on Debbie, in grateful remembrance of her rescue of him that mournful night from the grasp of the robber; and John Fayre's name ceased out of the land.

RUATARA, A MAORI CIVILIZER, AND HIS CRUSOE-LIKE CAREER.

The Maoris of New Zealand are a remarkable people in many respects, evincing an aptitude for civilization seldom found in the wild tribes.

Among the Maoris who were most impressed with the advantages of civilized life, and labored to elevate their countrymen, was Ruatara, a native of the northern island, and chief of four districts near the Bay of Islands, from which he could lead to battle four hundred braves.

This chief, possessed of quick perceptions, sure discernment and solid judgment, a stranger alike to fear and weakness, resolved to introduce agriculture and build a city in the European style.

In 1805 he shipped as a sailor on the whaler *Argo*, and then on the *Albion*, to learn navigation. After a stay at his native place he again started out on the whaler *Santa Anna*, that class of vessels being alone known to him. He was set ashore on Bounty Island, with fourteen men, to kill seal; but, as the ship was unable to return and pick them up, they were long there in great distress. They lived on such wild birds and seals as they could kill, but suffered terribly for want of water, having none except such rainwater as they could catch. Three of the party died, but Ruatara and the survivors were at last rescued by the *King George*, and soon after taken up again by the *Santa Anna*, after a five months' stay on the island.

The vessel reached England in 1809, and here Ruatara fondly hoped to be able to see the king, and get the royal aid in his plans of civilization. He little knew the difficulties in his way. There was no one to counsel or aid him; and, cheated of his hard-earned wages by the captain of the *Santa Anna*, he re-embarked on the *Ann*, a convict-ship proceeding to Australia. Here he met the Rev. Mr. Marsden, a missionary, and found one able to appreciate his motives. This clergyman initiated him into the English mode of cultivation.

After being robbed by another whaler, Ruatara at last returned to his village, with seed wheat and agricultural implements. He explained to the chiefs that the ship-biscuit was made from this grain, and distributed some among them. The wheat, when planted, came up well; but the Maoris, impatient to enjoy the crop, pulled it up, expecting to find a large quantity of grain at the root, supposing that it grew like potatoes. Finding none, they accused Ruatara of being an impostor. He and his uncle Shunghee, however, harvested their little crop, and threshed it; but, as they had only a small handmill, they failed to make flour. Undaunted by this, he sent to the friendly missionary for a larger mill and more implements; but, though sent, he never got them, the vessel having been plundered.

For five years he struggled on against the ignorance and routine of his countrymen. At last, in December, 1814, the brig *Active* brought the missionary. Soon after the arrival of the long-desired supplies, Ruatara welcomed his friend, gave him a site for his mission in the village of Rangihoua, signing the deed to the society with a facsimile of the tattooing on his own face.

Ruatara's success was now complete, and the neighboring chiefs were eager petitioners for seed and plows and spades.

He then aided the missionary in taking ground against murder and cannibalism. He also induced his countrymen not to seek redress for wrongs done them by indiscriminate massacre, but to apply to the English governor.

His great ambition now was to raise wheat to ship to Port Jackson, and obtain in return the agricultural and building implements he needed. Large fields were broken up and planted, his city traced out. Dressed in European costume, with a sword at his side and an armed guard, he exercised a most salutary influence over his countrymen, and seemed intended by Providence to change the face of the island.

But these hopes were destined to be speedily dissipated. In February, 1815, he was suddenly taken ill, and died on the 1st of March, at the age of twenty-eight. His wife at once hung herself, and was buried beside him. On the site of his city a half-acre lot was reserved as his cemetery; and this spot is held sacred, no one being permitted to cut a tree or bush, or even set foot upon it.

MY WIFE, AND HOW I WON HER.

THROUGH the folding-doors yonder you can see her. What a picture she makes sitting in the glow of the firelight, with the baby on her breast! She's the handsomest woman in the State—the very handsomest. Did you ever see a more perfect face? Her cheeks look like pink sea-shells lying against the dark velvet of her chair. I wish you could see her eyes once! When she smiles, they gleam like morning stars!

And such a figure, too! She'd look every inch a queen in her linsey-woolsey, only she wouldn't wear the stuff for a kingdom. She's as uplifted in her tastes and habits as any princess royal might be. None but the very daintiest and most elegant apparel suits her; soft, noiseless silks, costly Indian webs, and old laces worth their weight a hundred times in gold.

And yet, day in and day out, at home and abroad, she wears that old turquoise brooch! You wonder at it, no doubt. Well, thereby hangs a tale, which you shall hear.

Draw your chair closer, and fill up your meerschaum. This Turkish fine-cut is exceptionable. Object to the smoke? Bless my life—no! She likes it. Sensible women always do.

See how serenely she rocks herself and soothes her baby to sleep, unmindful of our very existence. Her babe and mine. My son and heir. Chancellor Trowbridge, Junior! Don't it give a fellow a comfortable feeling of importance to know that his name will live long after his own body is put away under the marbles? I tell you, old boy, that a bachelor's life is no life at all!

The story? Ah, to be sure. We'll have it at once. That old port there is strong. It flies to a fellow's brain, and makes his tongue run like a wild colt. I didn't go beyond a third glass, either. But we'll have the story.

It begins with the old turquoise brooch. I bought the clumsy, showy trinket just twenty-five years ago. I was a boy then, the callow down of manhood just sprouting on my chin. We lived in a little cottage in the heart of a green, grazing district—mother and I—and she made butter-pads, and sold them at the village-market for a livelihood. I did nothing, of course.

Mother was a widow, and I her only son and idol. She would as soon have taken out her Sabbath gray silk, and defiled it by the labor of a wash-day, as she would have suffered me, her only son—the hope of her fond heart—to tend the cows and run errands.

She did all this herself, toiling cheerfully from dawn to dark, that I might sit undisturbed in my cool upper chamber, and write verses by the window, through which the purple lilacs tossed their fragrance.

Writing verses was my vocation. I was mortally sure of it and so was mother. When I came down at twilight to enjoy the dainty supper that always awaited me, I brought my day's work with me, in the shape of a number of closely filled sheets, and, while mother sat on the dairy steps and molded her golden butter-pads for the morrow's market, I read aloud to her what I had written.

How plain I can see her now, her sad eyes lighting with pride and pleasure as she listened.

"Ah! Chancy, my boy," she would say then, "what a great man you will be one of these days!"

Poor, fond, blind mother! What a wondrous thing her love was—so great, so true, so hopeful, that it glorified poor me, and made me a hero! And heaven knows I was shamefully undeserving of her devotion. A vain, egotistic dreamer, taking my ease, and pleasing my fancy, while she toiled for bread.

My one comfort, looking back upon my youth, is the thought that, whatever my errors and frailties were, I never caused the mother who worshiped me one single pang, never gave her an unkind word. But, bless me, how I ramble! Jennie, that's my wife yonder, says I never can come to the point, and she's about right.

But here we go for a fresh start. I wrote my verses, and got them into form, and mother molded her butter-pads, and both of us dreamed our dreams of my immortal fame. Meantime I fell in love.

It happened after this wise: One Summer afternoon I set out for the rectory. Mr. Ives, besides being a divine, was both author and scholar, and being a stanch friend of mother's, I decided to go to him for help and advice touching my literary schemes.

I reached the valley through which the river runs, and was in the act of climbing the hill upon which the old rectory stood, gray and ivy-grown amid its ancestral oaks, when a great clatter, and a woman's shrill cry for help, brought me to a sudden standstill.

Right down the hill-path came a runaway horse, with a little shell of a carriage rattling at his heels, and in the carriage a woman. I can see her this minute, her white hands tugging at the reins, her face like marble, her golden hair streaming out like a banner.

I was a good stout youngster, and no coward, so I made a rush for the colt's head at once, and succeeded in catching him by the bit, just as he was about to dash down the

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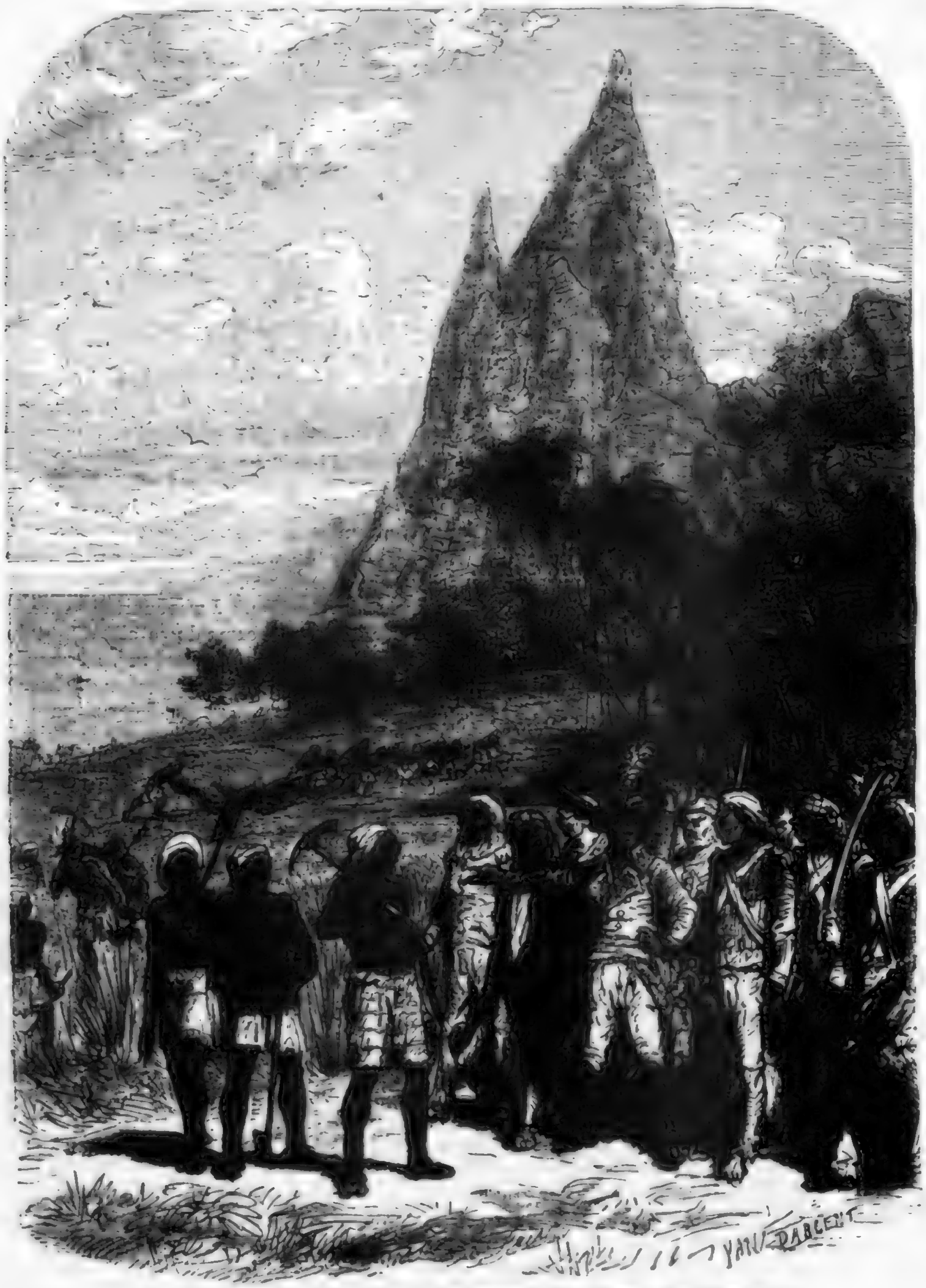

RUATARA, A MAORI CIVILIZER, AND HIS CRUSOE-LIKE CAREER.—SEE PAGE 362.

ravine. I mastered him, and saved the girl from harm, but I got my shoulder wrenched out of place in doing it.

What did I care? I would willingly have risked my life for her the moment she turned her face upon me. Then and there I fell in love; and, old fellow, you may laugh, but one's first attack goes hard.

I was dreadfully in earnest, and she was all smiles and encouragement. Forgot to tell you her name? So I have. Jennie Ives it was, and she was the rector's daughter, just returned from school and a European tour.

Every afternoon after my adventure found me at the rectory, and Jennie seemed always glad to see me. She sang for me, and danced with me, and we strolled together by moonlight in true lover-like fashion.

At last I made up my mind to propose. Mother, who was my confidant, encouraged me.

"Of course it is right you should speak, Chancy; it is not generous to keep the dear girl in doubt, as I am sure she is fond of you. No sensible girl would refuse *you*, my boy."

A new suit was bought for the occasion, and I went to the village barber and had my hair cut and oiled.

"I ought to take her some sort of present, mother; there's a brooch at Sturtevant's—I noticed it to-day—that would be the very thing, only, maybe, you can't spare the money?"

Mother looked anxious.

"How much does it cost, Chancy?"

"Only thirty dollars, mother, and it is perfectly lovely."

Thirty dollars was a fortune to my poor mother; the butter-pads brought in money rather slowly. She looked sad and distressed, but when her work was done she went to the old oaken chest, and took out the yellow jar in which she kept her treasure.

"I'm afraid we can't spare it, Chancy," she said, anxiously counting over the contents.

Nevertheless, when I stood arrayed in my new suit, and ready to start, she put the money in my hand.

"There it is, my good boy, and God bless you."

My heart swelled, and tears dimmed my sight. I turned in the door and looked back.

"Mother, I won't take it; I'm selfish to have thought of such a thing."

"My darling, hush! Take it and welcome, and Heaven grant you all the happiness you deserve."

She kissed me, and watched me out of sight, her pale face all alight with adoring love.

I went by Sturtevant's and bought the showy trinket that had attracted my fancy, and then made my way to the rectory. Jennie was out in the grounds. I joined her and put my present in her pretty hand.

"I want you to wear it for my sake."

Her starry eyes flashed with surprise; but, seeing my embarrassed pain, she said, kindly:

"Oh, how pretty it is! To be sure I'll wear it, Chancy; but really I'm sorry you bought it."

I felt dreadfully hurt; but I was determined to "face the music," and be done with it. Down on my knees I went, and poured in rapid recitative the declaration of love which I had composed and learned by rote weeks before.

Jennie's great eyes widened, and at last she broke out into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, Chancy—oh, you silly boy! I never thought of such a thing as this! I like you ever so well, and I was grateful to you because you saved my neck that afternoon; but, my dear child, I'm already engaged. I shall marry Dr. Palmer in September."

I was up and off in an instant, my very heart on fire with insulted pride. I heard her voice calling, but I did not look back; I went straight on to the river. It flowed on between the verdant shores, its blue waves all a-glitter in the moonlight. My pain was too keen to bear; I took off my new coat and plunged in. But, old friend, dying is not such an easy thing as *we* fancy, in our egotistic discontent. The water filled my ears, and gurgled down my throat, taking away my breath. I could not swim, and as I felt myself going down to certain death, I forgot my wounded love and cried out lustily for help.

One of the harbor guards heard and came to my relief, and succeeded in dragging me out, more dead than alive, but infinitely grateful that I had failed in my rash purpose.

I sneezed and snorted, and was drenched with hot liquor, and somewhere after midnight found myself able to keep on my legs. I got into my drenched garments, gathered up my new coat from the sands, and turned my face homeward. I feel a sort of pity for myself, even to this day, when I think what a figure I must have cut!

The "wee sma' hours" were wearing away when I reached the cottage, but a full moon shone, with the lustre of noonday, over the green pasture-lands, the sleeping kine, the wooded hills; over the low portico, covered with trailing rose-vines, the white light fell; and on the step sat mother, waiting and watching for my coming.

I hurried on, eager to pour my sorrows into her sympathizing ear. I spoke—she did not move or answer. I bent over her and took her hand; it was like ice, and the face that looked up to the Summer stars wore that solemn serenity which never belongs to life. Mother was dead!

Her death brought me to my senses. I threw my verses aside, and went to work in sheer desperation. Constant labor, ceaseless action, brought resignation

MY WIFE, AND HOW I WON HER.—"ONE OF THE HARBOR GUARDS HEARD, AND CAME TO MY RELIEF AND SUCCEEDED IN DRAGGING ME OUT MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE."—SEE PAGE 363.

Jennie Ives married her doctor and went off to Europe again, and after that the slow, uneventful years wore on. I never had a second love-dream. Old Diogenes in his tub was never a more surly misanthrope than I. I led the life of a hermit, and fairly hated women.

A score of Summers had strewn their blossoms over mother's grave when, after years of travel, I again found myself in my native land and at my old birthplace. There stood the little cottage, all covered with vines; there lay the pasture-land where mother's cows used to graze. I was a rich man, partly from my own efforts, and partly from a fortune inherited from a deceased relative; so I bought up half the country, and builded myself a very palace on the pretty hill that overlooks the river.

You'll come down for the shooting this Autumn, old friend, and see for yourself what a snug box it is.

Well, I lived there all alone in my glory, shutting my heart and my doors in the face of all human sympathy for three dreary years, and then fate found me out.

One September afternoon I was lying in the grass under the old walnut-tree, watching the lazy flow of the river, and dreaming bitterly of days gone by. There was music down

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in the village, and the streets were full of people. The war had not been long over, and some sort of charity fair was in progress for the benefit of the soldiers' orphans. I lay in the afternoon sunshine, listening to the music, my heart full of bitter discontent. With all my wealth I was wretchedly miserable.

A sweet voice, as clear as the note of a linnet, broke in upon my dreams.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you Mr. Trowbridge?"

I started to my feet. A woman stood before me, with a face like a pearl, a dress of brown silk, and, in the old lace at her lovely throat, my turquoise brooch!

For an instant I lost my breath.

"I think you are Mr. Trowbridge," continued the sweet voice.

And the brown eyes flashed on me like two luminous stars.

My dead heart gave a great thrill.

"I am Mr. Trowbridge," I answered. "I beg your pardon, madam, but I haven't the honor——"

"No, no—you don't know me, of course," she put in, simply. "I am Jennie Palmer, and I live at the old rectory yonder. I came home from Paris a month ago, and I happened to hear your name. Mr. Trowbridge," and the starry eyes gleamed on me again, "do you remember this old brooch I wear? Ah! I see you do. I have worn it ever so many years—ever since I was a bit of a girl—and mamma told me the story. It was such a wretched story, and I've always felt *so* sorry for you, Mr. Trowbridge; and all my life I've hoped I should meet you some day. I think mamma treated you shamefully, though, of course, it was right she should marry papa. And when I heard you were living up here all alone, and wouldn't be friendly with any one, I just made up my mind to make you a visit. I've come, you see, and I want you to treat me civilly; and mamma wants you to come down to the rectory to supper, and go with us to the Orphans' Fair to-night. Mr. Trowbridge, *please* say you will!"

She held out her soft little hand, and I took it, of course, and escorted her up to my own domicile; and an hour later I accompanied her home to the rectory, and was heartily welcomed by my first love—a fair and portly matron, the mother of four or five stalwart sons.

"My dear Chancy, how glad I am to meet you again! And, bless me! how you *have* improved! I never dreamed you would make such a distinguished-looking man. You'll forget and forgive the past, of course. Jennie wears your turquoise brooch, you see—she has worn it for years. I'm sure you and she will be the best of friends."

She was right. I found the daughter a hundred times more winning than ever the mother had been, and I soon loved her with a love whose strength and tenderness put my egotistic boyish passion to shame.

I asked her to be my wife, and she put her hand in mine, and answered, simply:

"Yes, Mr. Trowbridge, I will be your wife. I have thought of you so much, and worn your old brooch so long, I don't think I could ever have cared for another as I care for you."

I gave her precious gifts—diamonds and pearls—for her marriage gems, but she would pin her bridal laces with the old turquoise brooch; and she wears it now, as you see, as she sits yonder, with our son upon her bosom.

LORD HERBERT says that a student of anatomy cannot be an atheist. "The body is the greatest miracle of nature." Atheism is an exhausted receiver. In it the mind cannot use its wings, the clearest proof that it is out of its element.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.—A NORTH ITALIAN SCENE.

THE village fountain lies hard by the cluster of little cottages with thatched and sloping roofs and whitewashed walls that peep out from between the trees, and at this evening hour it is thronged with women, young and old, in quest of their nightly supply. A great chattering may be heard; the well is a trysting-place for young men and maidens, and a place of gossip for the old women; it is noisy.

The *conca* is filled in a few minutes, and then lifted to its place on the head; lifted, not painfully or clumsily, but with a movement full of that grace for which these strong and hardy girls are so specially remarkable. Watch her now as she descends the steep and stony path upon the village. Her figure—strong and beautifully measured—sways gently upon its hips, her knees are straightened slightly, and her toes are pointed that she may the better feel her way as she comes down the hill. The way is rough, and the stones roll from under her, neither dare she look to her steps by reason of the burden on her head; yet her bare feet tread none the less firmly, nor fear to cling to the rocks. The brown column of her throat grows erect to support a shapely head from out-curved and goodly shoulders, and, beneath a soft, silken kerchief which she wears loosely across the top part of her figure, the breasts swell tenderly. One arm rests curved on her hip, as though to steady her gait; and, even through a sleeve of soft, stout stuff, the firm molding of the flesh can be distinctly traced. The other arm hangs at her side, and seems to emphasize the graceful motion of her limbs.

The erect and alert grace of these Italian peasant girls, which can scarcely be realized unless one has seen them at home, is doubtless due in great measure to their practice of carrying all burdens upon the head.

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

By M. S. C. S.

Edward Townsend to his friend Jack Farnham.

"DEAR JACK: Prepare yourself for a surprise. I am really engaged at last to Nellie Trafford. I suppose I ought to ask you to congratulate me, but I am not sure that I want any congratulations. The fact is, Jack, that the arrangement is not one of my own making, but one to which I am a party from sheer force of circumstances, and so, instead of being in that blissful state peculiar to newly engaged men, I'm as blue as thunder.

"Of course you have known for years that the respective heads of the Townsend and Trafford families have had a marriage between their only surviving children in view. That it has been, indeed, the pet plan and project of two men whose friendship, from boyhood to middle age, has never been marred by anger or discord.

"But you have heard me vow, again and again, that it should never come to pass. That I would never ask Nellie Trafford or any one else to be my wife unless I felt for her that love which a man should feel toward the woman he is about to marry. But, as I have said before, Jack, stress of circumstances has been too much for me, and I have miserably yielded. It has all come about in this way: You know well enough how I have been living since my return from Germany. Driving fast horses, giving wine-suppers, betting on anything and everything which offered a chance for a wager—in short, making a fool of myself generally, while my profession has been but a profession in name, a mere excuse for doing nothing. Every now and then I would have a scene with the governor, who has reasoned and stormed alternately. I have repeatedly promised to do better, but with no result.

"The crisis occurred last evening. You see, I went to the Fall races, expecting to retrieve some of my losses and make enough to pay some of my debts. I thought I had hedged in such a way that to lose was impossible; but the devil's own luck was against me, and every horse I backed was beaten out of sight. Of course I was terribly cut up about it, but there was nothing to do but to make a clean breast of it to the governor, and ask him to help me out. Well, we had a stormy time of it, and it ended in his declaring that he utterly refused to pay one of my debts, or, in fact, to have anything more to do with me, unless I was 'willing' to settle down and become respectable. That the best thing for me to do was to get married at once. He then proceeded to tell me that I had always known his wishes in regard to Miss Trafford. That he did not think the young lady would object to the arrangement—first, because it was her father's wish, and she always obeyed him implicitly, and, second, that in his opinion she would not object to me as a husband on my own account. Jack, did you ever hear of such a glaringly cool proposition as the above?

"Well, the sequel is short, and so, partly because I was in a bad scrape, and partly because I believed he was right, and that it would be a good thing for me to marry, I consented. So, this morning I went around to see old Trafford, to ask him for the hand of his daughter.

"The old fellow was evidently quite delighted at my proposition, and said that 'it had been his dearest wish that he might live to see the son of his old friend the husband,' etc.; adding, by way of conclusion, that I 'might come again this afternoon, and see the young lady herself, just as a matter of form; though he felt perfectly certain that he could say Yes for her, as she always did what her father wished.'

"Well, this afternoon I called again, went on my knees in due form, and was accepted. But, Jack, it was terribly awkward! Nellie came down-stairs as pale and white as a ghost, with great dark lines under her superb eyes which told of the bitter struggle that had been carried on in that proud, womanly heart.

"Poor girl! she knows it is perfectly useless to attempt to oppose her father's wishes, for his will is as inflexible as iron. Yet, I do not believe he really means to be unkind; he only thinks it quite proper that he should select a husband for his daughter—that's all. But yet, Jack, I could not help being unpleasantly reminded that I was, after all, the real cause of her trouble; for if I had not consented first to this heartless arrangement, nothing would ever have come of it.

"There is another thing, too, which makes it all the harder, and that is that Nellie and I have always been the very best of friends until now. Don't despise me, Jack, for my weakness; I used once to believe with you that there was such a thing as real love; but my few years' experience of fashionable society have done much to unsettle my belief. Nobody marries in New York for love; that is a species of insanity which is not tolerated here. Not that the contracting parties actually hate each other, but their regard is a very weak solution of what real affection ought to be.

"I suppose I have become demoralized by these disgraceful examples, or I would never have, for an instant, consented to this arrangement. Yet, I am not so utterly ruined as to be lost to a sense of shame; I have an unpleasant consciousness that my manhood is at a discount.

"Then, when I think of you, my old friend, rising rapidly in your profession, and making a name for yourself that many a young man envies; and of that bright home of yours, over which that sweet little woman so gracefully presides, and then of my own idle, aimless, useless life, it seems, somehow, as if we had drifted so very, very far apart since those old college days. But I must close. Good-by, old fellow! Yours, affectionately, NED."

"NEW YORK, November 18th, 187—.

"DEAR JACK: Your letter of the 4th, containing your best wishes, reached me safely. The fact is, congratulations have been about the only thing I have heard for the last two weeks. Though our engagement broke upon the fashionable world in the most unexpected manner, yet, as soon as it could recover from the first shock of surprise, it fairly deluged us with well-wishes.

"It has been a pretty hard ordeal for us both, but particularly for Nellie. I have actually pitied the girl. As for me, I am considered to be an awfully lucky fellow, and there isn't a man in our set who wouldn't give all he is worth to stand in my shoes. And it is no great wonder, either; for Nellie is handsome, rich and accomplished, and one of the few fashionable girls I know of who retains the respect of every man of her acquaintance.

"I suppose you are anxious, Jack, to know how we are getting along. Well, you would never dream, to see us together, that we were engaged. We never have talked a word of love, and I have never kissed even her hand. I am glad to say that that wearying constraint of manner which made the first few days of our engagement unendurable is fast disappearing, and we now treat each other as ordinary acquaintances.

"In fact, there is nothing at all remarkable about our conduct except a degree of indifference that would scarcely be tolerated between friends. Of course, we try to display a faint degree of interest in each other when we are out, both being too proud to let the world guess the truth. It is all a terrible farce. It is bad enough for me, in all conscience; but what must it be for *her?* But I can write no more to-day. Good-by. NED."

NEW YORK, November 30th, 187—.

"DEAR JACK—Well, I am growing quite resigned to my fate. The truth is that it is not so bad, after all, this being engaged, if a man is lucky enough to get a *fiancée* like Nell. You see, I am gradually finding out what fine traits the girl has, now that we have dropped that formal manner which was the bane of our existence when we were first engaged, and are really becoming quite good friends. That must sound odd enough—'becoming a friend of your *fiancée*,' but I can assure you it is quite an agreeable thing.

"Of course, as engaged people, we see a great deal of each other. There is a ride in the Park every pleasant afternoon; then a reception, or a German, or the opera every evening. And, by-the-way, she is a remarkably fine girl to take out; always looks elegantly, and appears so deucedly well, that a man would be more than human if he wasn't proud of her.

"Thus she is dead-certain of being a leading belle wherever she goes, and it is only with the exercise of some precaution that a fellow can have any dances to himself, if he does happen to be engaged. Sometimes it is rather aggravating to have other men monopolize her to such an extent, especially when such a fellow as Tom Bartine persists in hovering around for an entire evening, as he did last night at Wickes's reception.

"But Jack, a most peculiar thing occurred the other afternoon. I won't venture any explanations, but will

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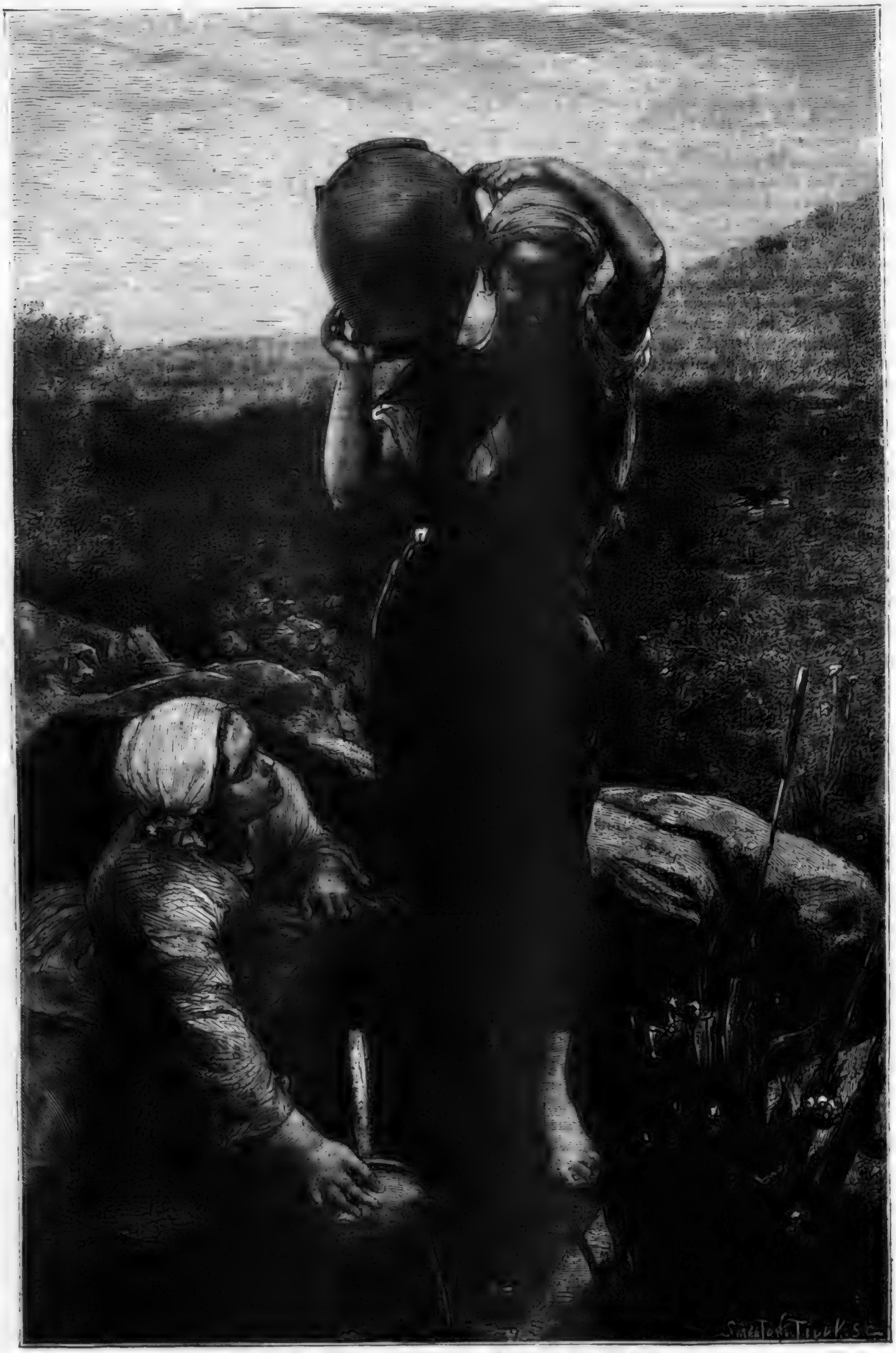
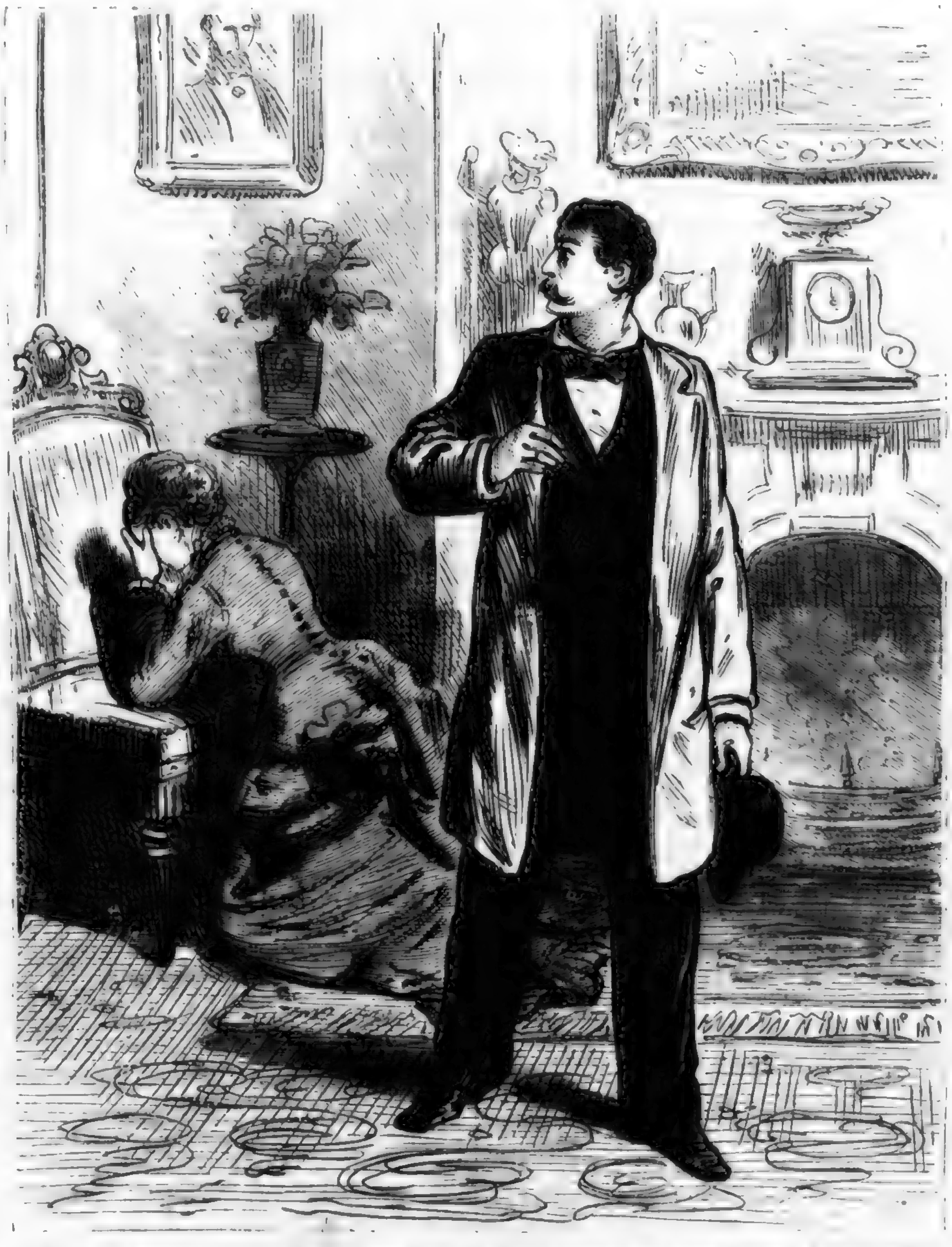

Smeeton Tilly. S.C.

AT THE FOUNTAIN—A NORTH ITALIAN SCENE.—SEE PAGE 366.

just relate the affair as it happened. You see, I was coming up-town in a cab, when, happening to look out of the window, I saw the Traffords' carriage turning the corner into one of those rather disreputable streets on the east side of Broadway. Wondering at what it was doing there, especially as Nellie was the only occupant—for I caught a glimpse of her lying back among the cushions—I told my driver to follow the carriage. It stopped before an old tenement shanty, and I saw Nell, closely vailed, alight quickly and hurry into the house, carrying something in her hand.

"Following her as quickly as I could, I saw her enter a room on the fourth floor. I know it was a mean thing to do, but the temptation was very strong, so I stood very quietly outside the door, and listened to what was going on inside.

"As nearly as I could judge from the conversation, the occupant of the room was a sick woman—one, I guess, whose life hadn't been allright. Jack, I wish you could have heard the way Nell talked to that woman about a better life, and the love of God for sinners! You know I am not much on sermons generally, but that was one which would have drawn tears from a stone.



AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.—"I WAS RUSHING LIKE A MADMAN FROM THE ROOM, WHEN, HAPPENING TO LOOK ROUND, I SAW NELLIE ON HER KNEES BEFORE A LOW CHAIR."—SEE PAGE 366.

"Just as it closed, I crept down the rickety stairs, got into my cab, and rode home. But, somehow, ever since, those words have been ringing in my ears in a most peculiar fashion.

"By-the-way, Jack, I have made up my mind to leave liquor and cards alone. I have sold Victor, too, though that cost me a pang, as he made his mile, the last time I had him out, in 'thirty-six. But Nell don't like men that drive fast horses. Write often, old fellow. Yours, affectionately, "NED."

"NEW YORK, December 20th, 187—.

"DEAR JACK—Of course you know the news, for you have seen by the papers of father's failure. Yes, Jack, the old firm of Townsend, Caxton & Co. is irretrievably smashed up; there is not so much as one dollar of the old concern left. Thank Heaven, mother has some little money of her own, which can't be touched. It is not a great deal, but it will support the two old people in a quiet, plain way.

"As for me, I am not going to be a burden on them any longer. I am about to make a strike for myself. There is a small town out in Illinois where there is a good chance to commence practice with an old uncle of mine. I'll never make a fortune, but I can get a living. Of course, Jack, I have been honorable enough to release Nellie from her engagement. I sent her a note the day after the crash came, telling her that 'I supposed she would only be too glad to be released from an engagement always distasteful to herself, as her father would probably not insist on her marrying a beggar.'

"It was rather bitter, I admit; but, Jack, will you believe me when I say that the loss of property, position and all is but a trifle to me compared with the loss of *her?* Don't think me a lunatic; it is the solemn truth. Yes, I have suddenly waked up to find myself, almost against my will, as madly in love with this woman as it is possible for a man to be, and only when too late, too late! Actually, I haven't been to see her since this happened—almost a week—because I have not dared to trust myself. But I am going this afternoon, for to-morrow I leave for the West—not permanently, but in order to make arrangements—and I must see her before I go. But I can write no more now. Good-by. NED."

"P. S. (*Evening*)—I have torn open this envelope to add a postscript, which I could not let this letter go without. You see, I went around to Nellie's this afternoon to say

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good-by. Actually, Jack, it seemed as if I could never drag myself up the steps to the house—such a terrible, worn-out feeling, as if I had grown to be an old man in a week.

"Well, I meant to be very careful; but at the sight of Nell, all my composure vanished, and before I knew what I was saying, I was telling her, in the wildest fashion, 'that now that it was all over between us, I would give my life to tell her that she was the world to me, and to hear one little word of love from her lips, but that I had come to say good-by—good-by for ever!'

"Then, before she had time to answer—for my brain seemed to be going away—I was rushing like a madman from the room, when, happening to look round, I saw Nellie on her knees before some low chair, her head buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. For an instant I stood like one struck dumb; but in another, Nell was in my arms, and——

"Jack, you know more about me now than any other living man; and, though you are the dearest friend I have on earth, yet there are scenes too sacred even for your loving eyes. So here the curtain falls. Only, Jack, if I go to Illinois it will not be alone. E. S."

ELIZABETHAN TRAVEL.

THE art of road-making was not known in the realm of Queen Elizabeth. What they were pleased to call roads then were deeply-rutted tracks, almost or altogether impassable in bad weather. The country was still generally uninclosed, and all that could be done when the ruts became too deep for endurance was to essay a fresh track by the side of the old one.

Some statutes, indeed, had been passed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, designed to improve certain thoroughfares of notorious badness, and an Act of more general application had been passed in the reign of Queen Mary; but little or nothing had come of them. The description given in the preamble of the statute of 1555 remained still true: "Highways are both very noisesome and tedious to travel in, and dangerous to all passengers and carriages."

We have not yet learned to control our rivers, and it is still possible sometimes to see wide lakes extending over the land—but this was a common Elizabethan spectacle. Often then, and many a time after, locomotion was completely intercepted by floods. Not so very seldom might it be said that the "contagious fogs"

> "Falling in the land,
> Have every pelting river made so proud
> That they have overborne their continents:
> The ox hath, therefore, stretch'd his yoke in vain,
> The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn
> Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
> The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
> And cows are fatted with the murrain flock;
> The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,
> And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
> For lack of tread are undistinguishable."

At such times one's journey could only be pursued by the help of skillful guides, and even so at some risk. To take a late illustration. Thorsby, who died in 1715, tells us in his diary how the rains had "raised the washes upon the road near Ware to that height, that passengers from London that were upon the road, swam, and a poor higgler was drowned, which prevented me traveling for many hours; yet toward evening, we adventured with some country-people, who conducted us over the meadows, whereby we missed the deepest of the wash at Chestnut, though we rode to the saddle-skirts for a considerable way, but got safe to Waltham Cross, where we lodged."

Such being the roads—so "founderous," as some one calls them—what would the vehicles be?

Carriers' carts of a sort did struggle along; but, for the most part, movement was accomplished on foot or on horseback, and conveyance of goods by pack-horses. Horse-litters were occasionally used. Coaches are said to have been introduced by Boomen, Queen Elizabeth's own coachman; but they were little better, as Mr. Smiles remarks, than carts without springs, the body resting solid upon the axles. And those who used them paid a bitter penalty for the luxury.

At one of the first audiences which the Queen gave to the French Ambassador, in 1568, she feelingly described to him "the aching pains she was suffering in consequence of having been knocked about in a coach which had been driven a little too fast, only a few days before."

About a century later, the public vehicles were popularly known as "hell-carts," and, no doubt, well deserved the name. One grave objection to wheels was, it seems, that they broke up the roads! "King James," says Mr. Roberts, "proclaimed that carts and wagons with four wheels, carrying excessive burdens, so galled the highways and the very foundations of bridges that the King denounced them to the judges as common nuisances, against the weal public, and the use of them an offense. By this proclamation of James I., in the year 1622, no carrier was to travel with a four-wheeled wagon, but only with a cart having two wheels, and only to carry 20 cwt. Any one transgressing this was to be punished."

At Weymouth, in 1635, "the authorities passed a by-law, that no brewers were to bind the wheels of their carts with iron, as it wore away the pitching of the streets. Precisely similar was the complaint against hackney-coaches, 1638, viz., that they broke up the streets. . . . It having been thought proper to ordain, in the year 1662, that the wheels of each cart or wagon should be four inches in tyre, this was found to be impracticable, for in some parts the ruts could not receive such wheels, nor could carriages pass. A proclamation staid the prosecution of offenders till the further order of Parliament."

In the Elizabethan age, the fact was that the roads could not bear the coaches, and the coaches could not bear the roads; so there was but little traffic in that way, that fearful institution, the stage-coach, being a later birth of time.

We have an incidental picture of the traveling equestrian of the seventeenth century, in a book quoted by Mr. Smiles, called "The Grand Concern of England Explained in Several Proposals to Parliament," published in 1673, denouncing stage-coaches and caravans. The writer, said to be one John Gressot, of the Charterhouse, insists that stage-coaches were ruinous to trade, "for that most gentlemen, before they traveled in coaches, used to ride with swords, belts, pistols, holsters, portmanteaus and hat-cases (a heavy cargo this!), which, in these coaches, they have little or no occasion for; for, when they rode on horseback, they rode in one suit and carried another to wear when they came to their journey's end, or lay by the way; but in coaches a silk suit and Indian gown, with a sash, silk stockings and beaver hats, men ride in and carry no other with them, because they escape the wet and dirt, which, on horseback, they cannot avoid; whereas, in two or three journeys on horseback, their clothes and hats were wont to be spoiled; which done, they were forced to have new very often, and that increased the consumption of the manufactures and the employment of the manufacturer, which traveling in coaches doth in no way do."

Certainly it was not all plain sailing for the equestrian.

It was often as much as he could do—nay, more—to get along. Here is a fourteenth century instance: Archbishop Islip, riding from Oxford Palace to Mayfield, Sussex, in 1362, fell from his horse in a wet and miry lane between Sevenoaks and Tunbridge, so that he was wet through all over. In that pitiable state he rode on without any change of clothes, and was seized with paralysis. Think of his poor Grace, the Prelate of all England, utterly dank and bemudded! And things were scarcely a whit better three centuries after: "Eight hundred horse were taken prisoners in the civil wars in Lincolnshire while sticking in the mire."

Add to all the perils from ruts and sloughs and floods those from highwaymen. The waters were only sometimes out; the robbers always were, professionals or amateurs. The woods that then abounded afforded these gentlemen an excellent cover, which they turned to good account. So early as 1285 some attempt was made to circumscribe this accommodation. It was enacted, says Mr. Smiles, "That all bushes and trees along the roads leading from one market to another should be cut down for two hundred feet on either side, to prevent robbers lurking therein." On the Buckinghamshire proverb, "Here if you beat a bush it's odds you'ld start a thief," Fuller, in his "Worthies," observes: "No doubt there was just occasion for this proverb at the original thereof, which then contained satirical truth, proportioned to the place before it was reformed; whereof thus our great antiquary: 'It was altogether unpassable in times past by reason of trees, until that Leofstane, Abbot of St. Alban's, did cut them down, because they yielded a place of refuge for thieves.' But this proverb is now antiquated as to the truth thereof, Buckinghamshire affording as many maiden assizes as any locality of equal populousness. Yea, hear how she pleadeth for herself, that such highwaymen were never her natives, but fled thither for their shelter out of neighboring counties." We may quite admit the truth of Fuller's latter remark, without believing that highway robbery was at all rare in the county of which he speaks. Certainly in the olden times the Chiltern Hills were notorious for the bandits that haunted them. "We passed through many woods," writes Brunetto Latini, Dante's tutor, of his journey from London to Oxford, "considered here as dangerous places, as they are infested with robbers, which indeed is the case with most of the roads in England. This is a circumstance connived at by the neighboring barons, on consideration of sharing in their booty and of these robbers serving as their protectors on all occasions, personally and with the whole strength of their band. However, as our company was numerous, we had less fear." It was to establish order, or do what he could in that line in this thieves' lair, that the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds was originally appointed. But in all parts of the country a meeting with those who

"With a base and bolsterous sword enforced
A thievish living on the common road"

was a very common traveling experience; and so it was common to go armed.

THE TERRACE OF THE PALAZZO REALE, AT NAPLES.

One of the most interesting views in the world is the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the distance, from the terrace of the Palazzo Reale. This spacious piazza was reduced to its present form in 1810, when four convents, which formerly stood upon its site, were removed. On one of its sides is the royal palace, on two others are the palaces of the Prince of Salerno and of the Prefect of Naples; the fourth, forming a semicircle, is occupied by the Church of Saint Francesco di Paola and the porticoes leading to it. In the centre of the square are two colossal equestrian statues of Charles III. and Ferdinand I. of Bourbon. The two horses, and the statue of Charles, are by Canova; the statue of Ferdinand, by Cali. The history of the figure of Charles is an epitome of the political changes of Naples itself. It was originally modeled as a statue of Napoleon; it was afterward altered so as to represent Murat, and finally converted into that of Charles.

In the small square of the royal palace, beyond the Theatre of San Carlo, on each side of the entrance to the gardens, are two statues of horses in bronze, cast at St. Petersburg, and presented to Ferdinand II. by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Each horse is held by a naked male figure. In the same garden is an artesian well, which produces 300,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

The piazza is laden with flowers, and such flowers! The very tropics would seem to have exhausted themselves in a supreme effort to yield their choicest and best floral gifts for the festoon by the borders of the loveliest of lovely bays. In the distance Vesuvius, rising cone-like from out the deep-blue waters, emits a thin white smoke from its summit, like a fairy plume. Half-way up its sides, coquettish cottages with red tiled roofs peep from behind vails of greenest vine-leaves. The blue ocean meets the azure sky at a trysting-place of pinkish white—the pink of an Alpine sunset. Saucy feluccas, with quaint sails of many hues, dot the bay. Ships of every flag under the sun ride at anchor, while a grim Italian ironclad, like a huge, sleeping watchdog, guards the fiery Neapolitans, whose passion for revolution is but banked up, as it bursts forth at fitful intervals, resembling an eruption of the red-hot molten lava of their now slumbering volcano.

To lean upon the gilded railing of the piazza, and gaze outward and beneath, is a sensation to be remembered at once and for ever. Across the bay lie Capes Miceno and Campanella, with the islands of Ischia, Procida and Capri, swooning in blue water. Beneath, the Marinella—a long, open beach, extending from the port of the Castel del Carmine to the Ponte della Madalena, once the headquarters of the famous lazzaroni—a class now almost extinct—the Molo, built in 1302 by Charles II., is one of the favorite promenades of the seafaring classes. Till within a few years ago, the Molo was the famous resort of the *cantastorie*, who read, sang and gesticulated tales of Rinaldo and his paladins, out of a medieval poem called "Il Rinaldo," to a motley audience seated on planks or standing.

The *cantastorie* are now to be found on the shore of the Marinella, beyond the Molo Piccolo—the Villa Nazionale, *the* favorite promenade of Naples. Its length is 5,000 feet, and its width about 200. It forms a long strip, separated from the sea by a parapet. The first half is in Italian style, the remainder an attempt to imitate the less formal pleasure-grounds of England, by the introduction of winding paths, grottoes, a small loggia toward the sea, and two small temples to Virgil and Tasso. The sea air proved so injurious to the statuary, that the famous Farnese Bull was removed to the museum, and replaced in 1825 by the large granite basin from Pæstium, which forms the centre fountain.

On every side the eye is greeted with some charm of color, some subtle delight in form, some *bizarre* yet all-satisfying object. From the graceful *abandon* of the lazzaroni, to the newest and most correct fashion from Worth's, may be espied from the terrace of Palazzo Real; while on the warmest day in Summer comes a cool breeze across the bay to caress the glorious exotics which disport themselves along its matchless terrace.

XUM

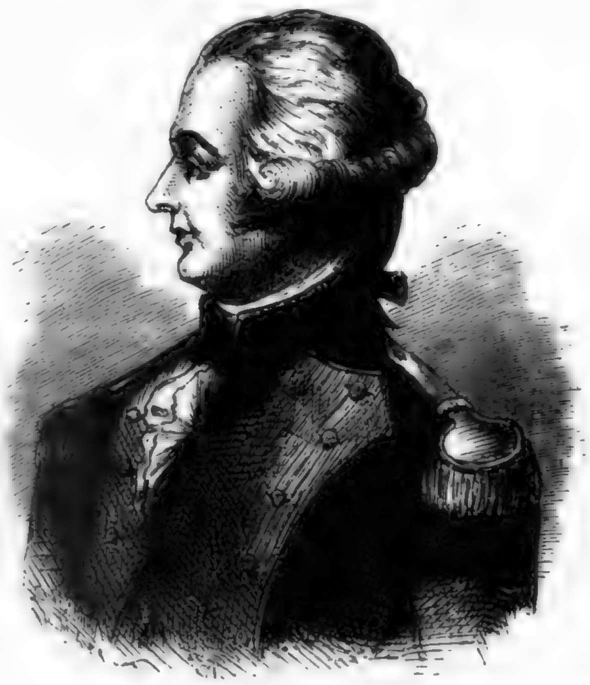
HISTORY OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

It is customary, in every attempt to trace the early history of electricity, to go back to the properties of amber as known to the ancient Greeks, and to speak of the twitching of a frog's legs, as observed by the more modern Italians; but in talking of steam, we can think of nothing better than a kettle as having first suggested the expansive power of hot vapor, and its possible application to machines.

Who it was that first observed the bumping of the cover of a water-kettle can never be known; but it is certain that the earliest philosophers saw in the escaping steam a potential energy which some day would be chained to a crank and be made to show its power.

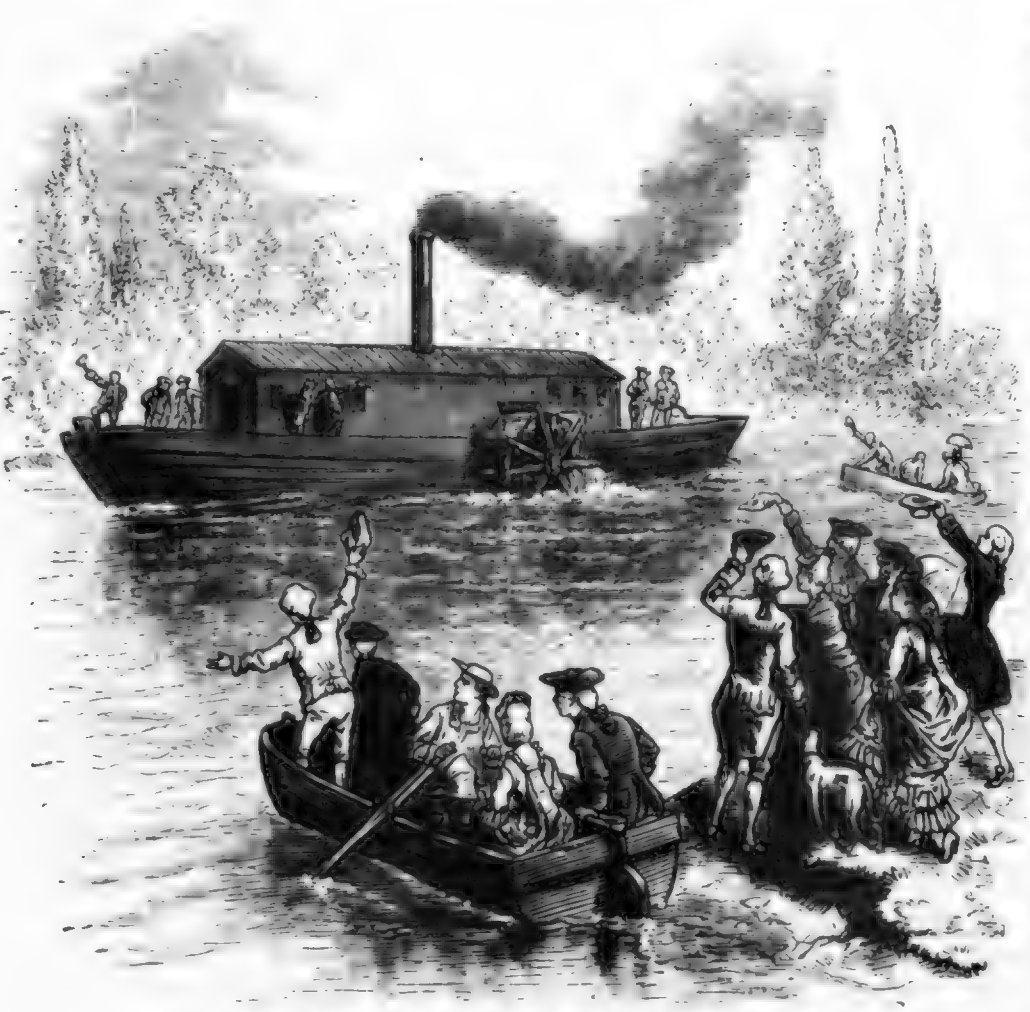
The ancients early applied paddle-wheels to the propelling of vessels, and Roger Bacon, in 1250, suggested the use of steam as a motive power for this purpose. Denis Papin was probably the first to actually apply steam to the propulsion of a vessel. As early as 1690, Papin urged the feasibility of constructing steamboats, and before the year 1707 he had completed a model, with which he navigated the Fulda as far as Münden, where that river joins the Weser. In order to proceed further down the Weser, it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Hanoverian Government, and to obtain this authorization Papin wrote to Leibnitz, explaining the importance of his invention, and the desire he had of taking his vessel to London for further experiment. This correspondence with Leibnitz has been preserved among the archives of the library in Hanover, and I have had the rare privilege of examining it, and of authenticating the truth of Papin's claim to the actual construction and completion of a steamboat at that early period.


THE MARQUIS DE JOUFFROY.

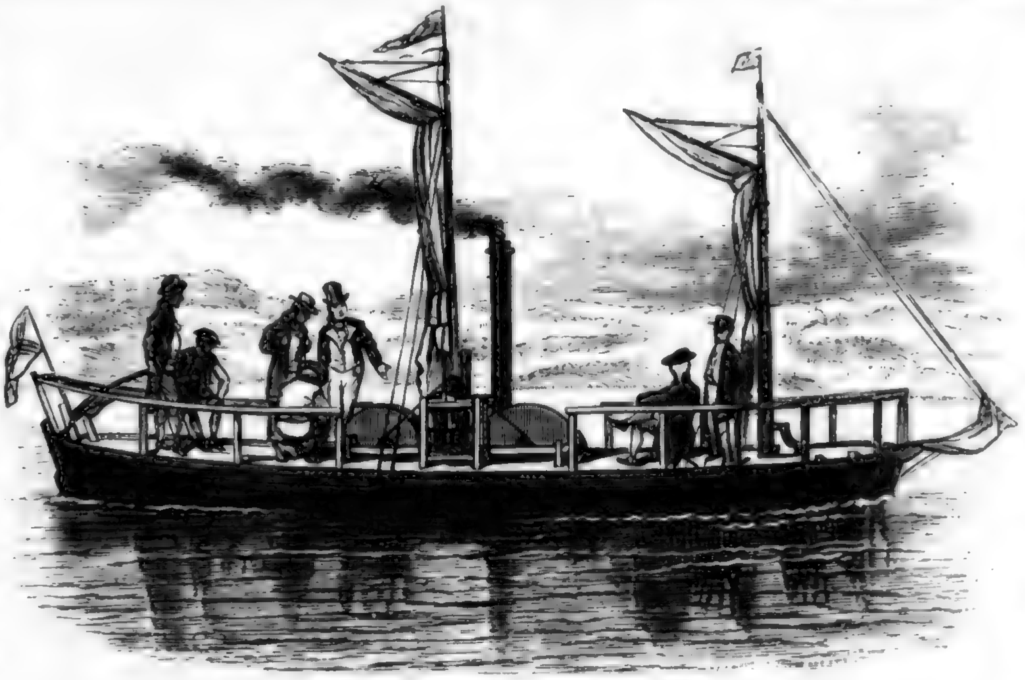
Leibnitz at once appreciated the vast importance of the invention, and supported the petition of Papin for permission to sail down the Weser by every means in his power. In his letter to the Ministers of State in Hanover—the original of which I saw in the library there—Leibnitz says that "the machine of Papin will enable one man to accomplish as much work as several hundred boatmen."

Strange to say, the very reasonable request of Papin was refused. The letter was returned, with the indorsement that the Council find many scruples to the granting of the request, and therefore decline it. What these scruples were, they do not condescend to state. It is another illustration of the immense mischief that ignorant men, dressed up in brief authority, can inflict upon their generation. All that Papin desired was to navigate the Weser to the open sea, and thence to bring his vessel to London.

As soon as the boatmen at Münden heard of the action of the Hanoverian Government, they went on board of the steamer at night and utterly destroyed it. Papin was mobbed, and barely escaped with his life, and what became of him is not known with certainty; he is supposed to have fled to England, and to have


TRIAL OF THE MARQUIS DE JOUFFROY'S STEAMBOAT ON THE RIVER SEINE.

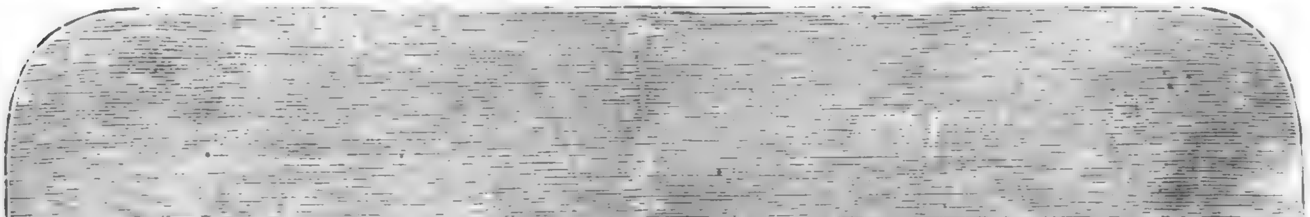
died there in great misery.



MILLER'S DOUBLE PLEASURE-BOAT, 1788.

In the pamphlets published at the time, and in the correspondence with Leibnitz, are preserved drawings of the machinery which Papin proposed to use on his steamer. It was certainly a crude attempt, and would have required numerous modifications to bring it into practical shape; and I was greatly interested to find on the margin of one of the pamphlets, notes and comments by Leibnitz, together with drawings of pistons and valves, which the great philosopher thought would have been an improvement on Papin's imperfect contrivance. Leibnitz fully appreciated the value of the application of steam as a motor, and could have contributed important suggestions if Papin had not been driven from the country.

When the attempt to introduce steamboats on German waters was repeated, more than a hundred years later, it met with furious opposition from boatmen, who claimed that their avocation would be ruined. The mob fired at the first steamers on the Rhine, and it was not until after several serious conflicts and the aid of the military that it was safe for any one to show himself on the deck of a passing boat. Nearly thirty years elapsed after the failure of Papin's efforts, before further progress was made. In December, 1736, Jonathan Hulls patented a marine steam engine, proposing to employ his vessel in towing. He published a descriptive pamphlet in 1737, containing a sketch of a Newcomen engine, with a system of counterpoises, ropes, ratchets and grooved wheels, giving a continuous motion. There were no masts and no sails on this craft, and only one wheel, at the stern. The



THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE THAMES, 1814.

Newcomen engine was not adapted to produce continuous revolution of a wheel, and the great amount of fuel required to get up steam was a serious objection. The British Admiralty condemned the invention as impracticable, and it soon passed into oblivion.

William Henry, of Chester County, Pa., tried a model steamboat on the Conestoga River in 1763, but it appears to have left slight impression on the history of the times.

In 1753 the French Academy of Sciences offered a prize for a dissertation on the best substitute for sails in the navigation of ships. There were several competitors for this honor, but the highest award was conferred upon M. Bernouilli, who demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that the application of steam to navigation was an impossibility. It must, however, be said in his justification that the only engine known at the time was Newcomen's, which everybody must agree was entirely unsuited to use on steamboats. One of the other competitors for the prize was the Abbé Gauthier, who maintained that steam was the best agent to be employed for propelling vessels, and he supported his thesis with great originality and power.

The defects of Newcomen's engine, the enormous quantity of fuel required, and the extreme difficulty of transforming the intermittent motion into regular and constant power, were for the time insurmountable obstacles to the substitution of steam for sails or man-power. Such was the condition of affairs, when a new actor appeared on the scene.

The Marquis of Jouffroy returned to Paris in 1775, after an exile of several years on the Island of Sainte Marguerite, where he had employed his time in watching the labors of the galley-slaves and in reflecting upon the possibility of substituting some other power than that of man in the navigation of ships. It is claimed for him that he never heard of the attempts of a Spaniard, Blasco de Garay, made in 1543, in the presence of Charles V.; and in fact, the exploits of this Spanish claimant to fame appear to have been of such an apocryphal nature that they may be overlooked in any history with entire justice, as the statements regarding them have to be received with great reservation.

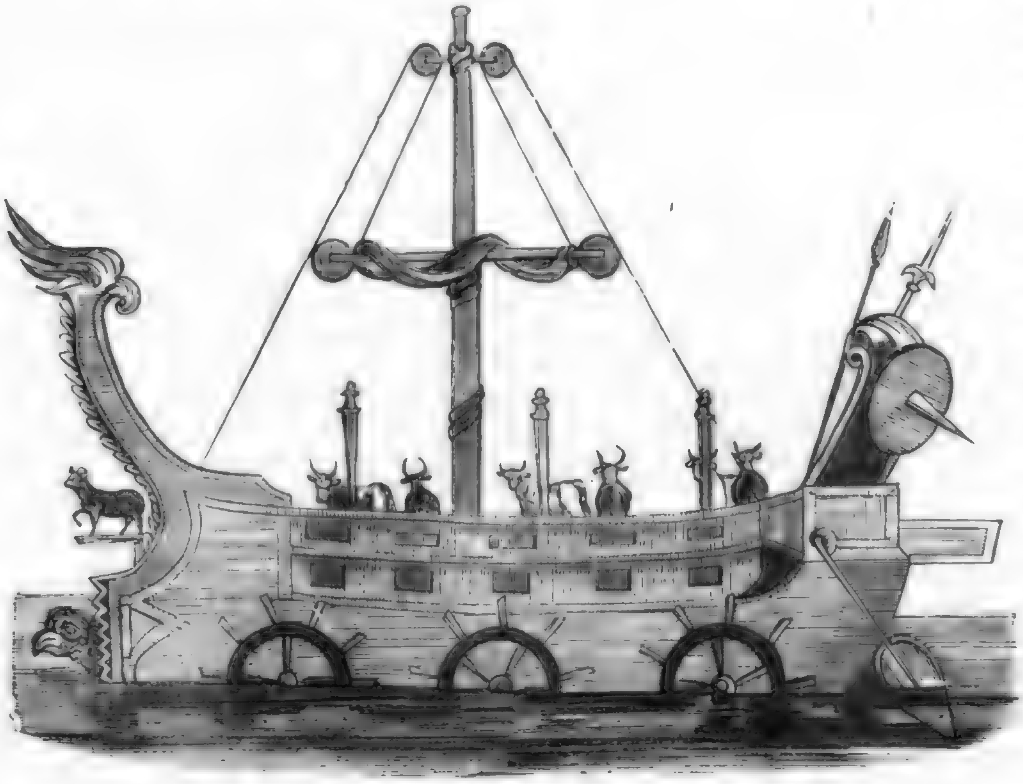
In the meantime, the defects of the Newcomen engine were gradually supplied, especially by the labors of Watt in England. Watt diminished by three-fourths the consumption of fuel, greatly increased the intensity of action, and materially reduced the size and weight of the engine.

When the Marquis Jouffroy reached Paris in 1775, he found at the works of the brothers Périer one of Watts's engines, recently imported from Birmingham. He subjected this machine to the most careful study; and, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, there were at the same time two other noblemen in Paris who were equally interested in the subject, and materially aided, by their advice and assistance, to keep alive the flagging zeal of all concerned. These were the Count d'Auxiron and the Chevalier Charles Monnin de Follenai. Compatriots, neighbors in the county, both captains in the Lorraine Legion, comrades at the School of Artillery, D'Auxiron and Follenai had conceived the project of using a jet of water from the force-pump of a steam engine as a motive power for vessels. The idea took full possession of them, and in 1770 they decided to put their plan into practice; and Count d'Auxiron quitted the military service in order to devote all of his time to the enterprise. He drew up a plan and specification for the construction of a ship to be provided with a steam pump; and, armed with these documents, repaired to Paris to submit them to the Ministry.

These plans found much favor with the high authorities, and the Minister Bertin promised to grant to the Count the exclusive privilege of applying steam to navigation. Letters patent to this effect were issued on the 14th of May, 1772, for the period of fifteen years, provided a plan satisfactory to the Academy of Sciences was put into practical operation. Armed with this document, Count d'Auxiron hastened to organize a company in order to provide the funds necessary to build the boat and construct the engine. In this matter he was greatly aided by his old friend and comrade, M. de Follenai, through whose efforts the requisite money was contributed.

The Act of Association was concluded May 21, 1772; Count d'Auxiron binding himself "to construct a steam pump by means of which a vessel loaded with merchandise could be made to sail up stream in a more rapid and commodious manner than could be accomplished by sails, oars or horse-power." Operations were commenced at once, and in December, 1772, the vessel was built; and in January, 1773, the boiler of the steam engine was ready to be put on board.

In the meantime, these preparations were watched with great disfavor by the watermen and boatmen of the Seine, and it was necessary to place a guard at night to prevent a repetition of the excesses committed at Münlen in 1707. The hostility of the boatmen was so great, and manifested itself in so many ways that it was very annoying to the workmen, and somewhat retarded operations; but finally everything was ready for the trial trip, when an unexpected misfortune, very probably occasioned by the treachery of one of the mechanics, put a sudden end to the undertaking. During a September night, in 1774, the boat



DON JOSÉ NAVARRO'S OLD SPANISH WHEELED BOAT, entirely disappeared beneath the waters. On the previous evening one of the workmen carelessly or intentionally let fall a massive piece of machinery weighing 130 pounds. Soon afterward all work for the day was suspended, and no one was left to guard the ship. The iron had caused an opening in the bottom, and during the night the water rushed in at such a rate as to sink the ship.

This proved the death-blow to the enterprise and to the inventor. The loss of the ship gave rise to much suspicion, and even the unhappy inventor was accused of having connived at it—a charge which he repelled with indignation. The anxiety occasioned by the wreck of the enterprise so worked upon the mind of d'Auxiron that he was seized with an apoplectic attack from which he died, at the early age of forty-seven, in 1778.

When the Marquis of Jouffroy returned to Paris, he was introduced to the heirs of d'Auxiron by Follenai, and, by mutual agreement, the exclusive privileges accorded to d'Auxiron by the Government were transferred to Jouffroy. The latter immediately set to work to carry out his plans. He and Follenai organized a new company to construct what they called a pyroscaphe, and in this matter they were greatly encouraged by the Marquis Ducrest—a nobleman of much influence at court, and a physicist of considerable repute.

Jouffroy could not have had a protector more useful to his purposes than this active and versatile person, whose imagination was at once fired by the idea of such an important invention. Thanks to his zeal, the project of navigation by steam soon became known to the best people in Paris, and a meeting was called at his house to consider how the enterprise could be best carried out. In this assemblage the most important personages were Périer, Jouffroy and Follenai.

During the discussion it appeared that Périer had a very different plan which he proposed to carry into execution, and he was able to persuade the majority to take his side of the question.

This was, for a time, a serious blow to Jouffroy. Périer was given the means to build a ship, but when it was put to the trial, it utterly failed, and the friends who had previously stood by him now deserted the failing scheme. In the meantime, Jouffroy had retired to the country, where, supported by a few faithful adherents, he commenced the construction of a steamboat according to his own notions. Unfortunately he went back to the most ancient times for his model, and spent years of time and stores of wealth in the vain attempt to adapt steam power to oars of every conceivable form of construction.

This was the same stage in steamboat navigation that has been described in the history of railroads, where cogwheels were deemed indispensable to prevent slipping on the track, and the cars recall the crutch locomotive first attempted in England. Jouffroy finally abandoned oars, and turned his attention to paddle-wheels, in which he was more successful. The engine had two cylinders, and the manner of transmitting motion to the wheels from the two pistons was similar to that originally adopted by Papin in 1707. The steam-engine had large dimensions, as the piston had a stroke of five feet, and was twenty-one inches in diameter. The boat was also as large as those now in use on the Rhine or Rhone.

It was at Lyons, on the River Saone, that the Marquis Jouffroy made his first trial trip with the pyroscaphe or steamboat on the 15th of July, 1783. The river which Cæsar called *lentissimus Arar* on account of its gentle current, was admirably adapted to the purposes of an experiment. On the 15th of July, 1783, in the presence of 10,000 spectators, who gathered on the banks of the river, and in view of the members of the Academy of Sciences invited for the occasion, the vessel moved with great regularity up and down the stream without any detention or accident. But the Government, after referring the matter to the Academy, declined, in 1784, to grant a patent; whereupon Jouffroy went to England to try his fortune with the people of that country, and did not return to France until the Consulate, when he made the acquaintance of Robert Fulton, and a free interchange of ideas took place between these two illustrious men.

In 1816, Jouffroy received permission to form a company, and the Count of Artois allowed Fulton to give his (the Count's) name of "Charles Phillippe" to the first steamer, which was launched on the Seine, August 20th, 1816. But the enterprise, as well as that of a rival company, ended disastrously, and the marquis retired after the July Revolution to the Invalides, where he died, in 1832, of cholera.

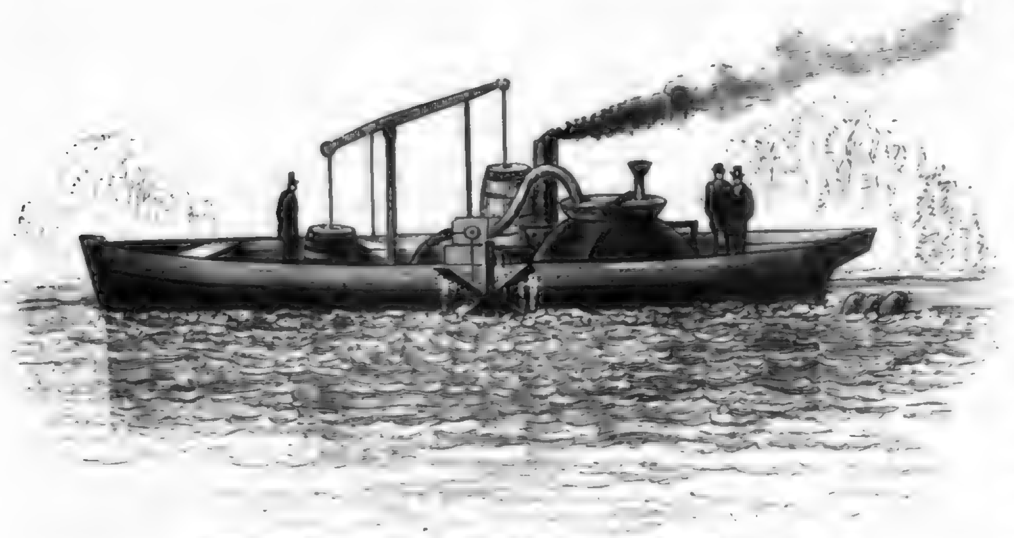
He published several works, and his claim to the discovery of steam navigation was acknowledged by Arago, and in 1840 by the French Academy of Sciences. It is also well-known that Fulton had a high opinion of the Count's inventive genius.

The next inventor was an American, James Rumsey, born in Maryland about 1743, and who died in London, England, December 23rd, 1792. In September, 1784, he exhibited on the Potomac, in the presence of General Washington, a boat which was worked against the stream by means of mechanism. Rumsey subsequently gave his attention to steam as a motive power, and in March, 1786, propelled a boat on the Potomac by a steam engine which secured motion by the force of a stream of water thrown by a pump at the stern. In December, 1787, the experiment was successfully repeated on a larger scale.

He went to London, where a boat and machinery were built for him, and he obtained patents for his inventions in Great Britain, France and Holland. A successful trip was made on the Thames in December, 1792, and he was preparing for another experiment when he died. Another American, John Fitch, worked at this problem at the same time with Rumsey, and had an experimental steamer on the Delaware in 1786. As John Fitch is generally regarded as the pioneer of steam navigation in America, a short sketch of his life, compiled from Whittlesey's memoir in "Spark's American Biography," will not be out of place. He was born in Windsor, Connecticut, January 21st, 1743, and died in Barlstown, Kentucky, in June or July, 1798. In the early years of his life he worked on a farm, then as a sailor on a coasting vessel, and later as an apprentice to a clock maker. He served during the Revolutionary War in various capacities; and at its close, was engaged as a surveyor of wild lands in Kentucky and Virginia. In April, 1785, the idea occurred to him of propelling a carriage along an ordinary road by the force of steam. After a week's study, he became convinced that this was impracticable, and he turned his attention to the application of steam to the propulsion of vessels.

He tried to interest the Legislatures of Maryland and Pennsylvania in his schemes, but with little success. Disappointed in these efforts, he formed a private company, and in April, 1786, succeeded in having ready for trial a working model of a steam engine with a one-inch cylinder. With this contrivance be moved a skiff in the Delaware at a satisfactory speed.

In March, 1787, a bill vesting in John Fitch exclusive rights in the steamboat passed the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and similar laws were enacted in Delaware and in New York. In August of that year, a new steamboat, with an engine of twelve-inch cylinder, was tried on the Delaware. Though the boat did not attain sufficient speed to



THE FITCH PROPELLER ON THE COLLECT, NEW YORK, 1796.

answer the purpose of a packet, the trial proved conclusively the efficiency of steam as a motive power for vessels. This experiment showed that it was only necessary to enlarge the machinery in order to insure perfect success.

An unfortunate controversy with James Rumsey at this time somewhat interfered with the prosecution of his designs.

Several boats were built during the following year, and finally in 1790, a steamer was successfully tried, which was run as a passenger-boat on the Delaware, making, during the season, more than 2,000 miles, at an average speed of 7½ miles an hour. More money was required for further improvements, but the stockholders had spent so much on previous experiments, that they refused to respond to the new assessments, and Fitch was at one time actually in want of the necessaries of life.

He was an enthusiast, and a firm believer in the future triumph of steam power. He repeatedly asserted that the passenger traffic of the great Western rivers would one day be carried on exclusively by steam; that ships of war and packet ships would navigate the Atlantic by steam; and that some one to come after him would reap fame and fortune from his invention.

One discouragement after another followed Fitch in the declining years of his life, and he was sometimes looked upon as half a lunatic. His misfortunes and lawsuits so preyed upon his mind that he finally terminated his life, some say, by taking opium, and others, by leaping over a fall into the waters below. This melancholy event took place in June or July, 1798, and ended a life full of incidents and of vast importance to the world.

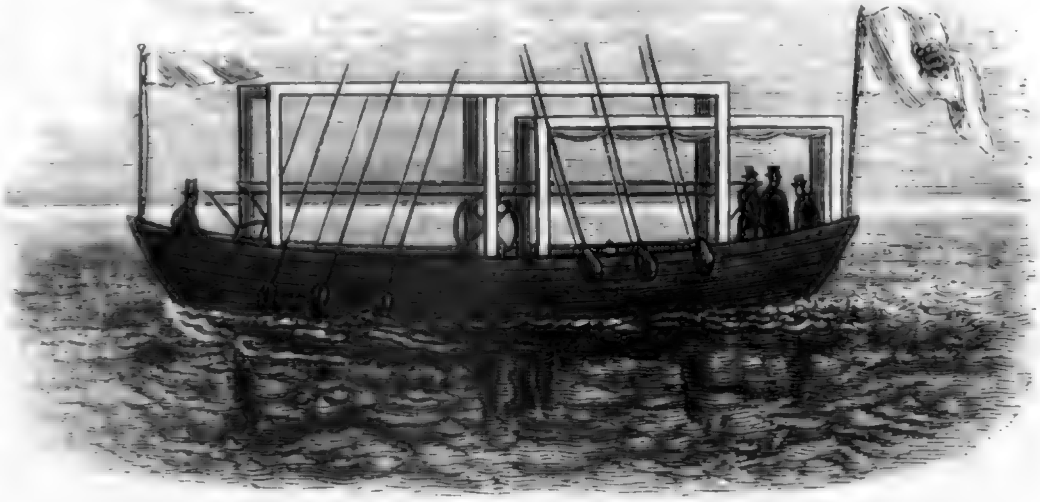
In 1788, three Scotch gentlemen, Patrick Miller, James Taylor, and William Symington, obtained a speed of five miles an hour with a novel vessel on Dalswinton Loch. In this vessel two connected hulls were driven by a single paddle wheel placed between them and turned by a small engine. Patrick Miller had devoted a large fortune to experiments and researches in the construction of boats, and had introduced many improvements in their hulls and methods of propulsion. The double boat with a wheel between was a particularly favorite idea of his, and he won a bet against a neighbor who stuck to oars while Miller used a wheel.

While Miller was experimenting in this direction, James Taylor became a resident of his family as a tutor to his children. Taylor soon became interested in the enthusiasm of his employer, and assisted him in hunting up information on the subject of navigation. It was not long before steam was suggested, and by the assistance of William Symington, who was a practical engineer, an engine was constructed which was moderately successful, and would have been more so if an awkward method of applying the power had not been used.

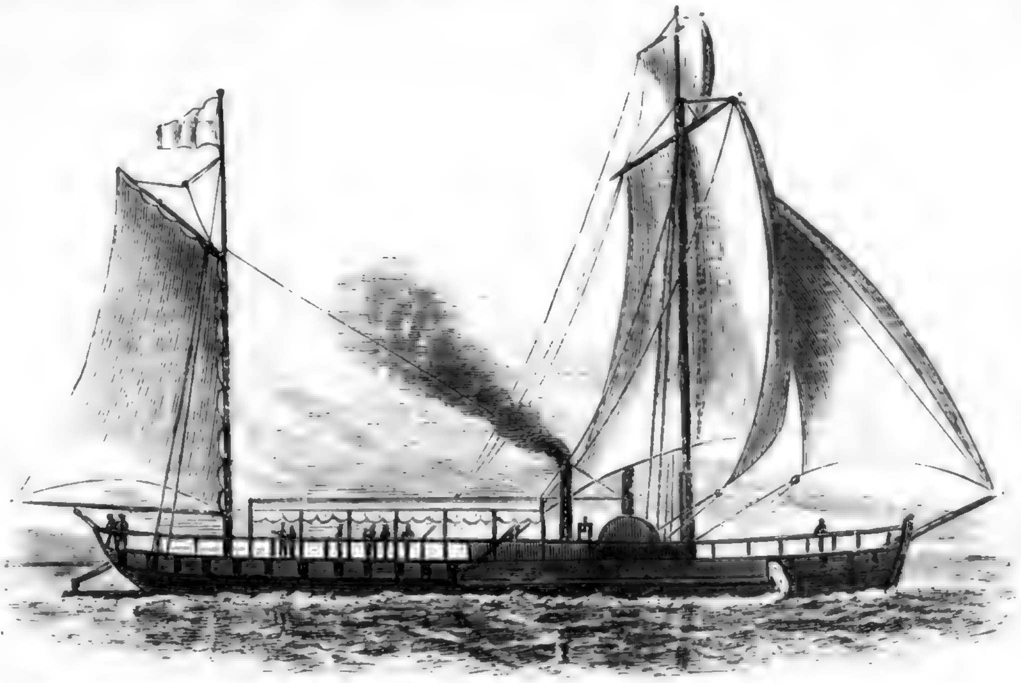
In 1801, Symington built for Lord Dundas a steamboat for towing on the canal, which was used successfully in 1802. It had a stern wheel, driven by an engine 22 inches in diameter of cylinder, and of 4 feet stroke. It drew vessels of 140 tons burden 3½ miles an hour, but was laid up soon afterward in consequence of a fear that the banks of the canal might be seriously injured by the waves.

We come now in our recital to a name which is so intimately associated with the early history of steamboat navigation as to be familiar to all readers. Few of the persons previously mentioned would be recognized as having contributed anything to this important invention; but when we speak of Robert Fulton, every American child knows whom we mean, and what it is that gives his name such great celebrity.

Robert Fulton was born at Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pa., in 1765, and died in New York, February 24th, 1815. His parents were poor Irish emigrants; and, having lost his father at the early age of three years, his education was confined to learning how to read and write at the village school. He was sent, at an early age, to Philadelphia, to learn the trade of jeweler. The occupa-



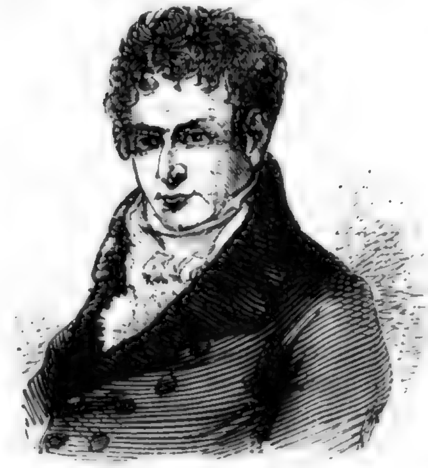
JOHN FITCH'S FIRST BOAT, "PERSEVERANCE," ON THE DELAWARE, 1787.



THE "PARAGON" STEAMBOAT.

tions of his apprenticeship did not prevent his cultivating a remarkable natural talent for design, painting and mechanics. His progress in painting, especially, was so great, that at the age of seventeen years he was able to earn considerable money taking likenesses and painting miniatures. He went from one public inn to another to sell his pictures and take portraits, and finally set himself up as an artist at the corner of Second and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia. Having in this manner procured a small capital, he bought a farm, where he established his mother in tolerable comfort.

Returning to Philadelphia, he made the acquaintance of Samuel Scorbitt, an influential citizen, who, struck by the talent of the young artist, advised him to go to London to study under Benjamin West. Benjamin Franklin, whose acquaintance he also made, gave him the same advice. Fulton resolved to follow the counsels of his friends; and, with means furnished by Mr. Scorbitt, embarked upon his voyage in 1786. His hopes were not blasted, as Benjamin West received him kindly, and at once installed him in his studio.



ROBERT FULTON.

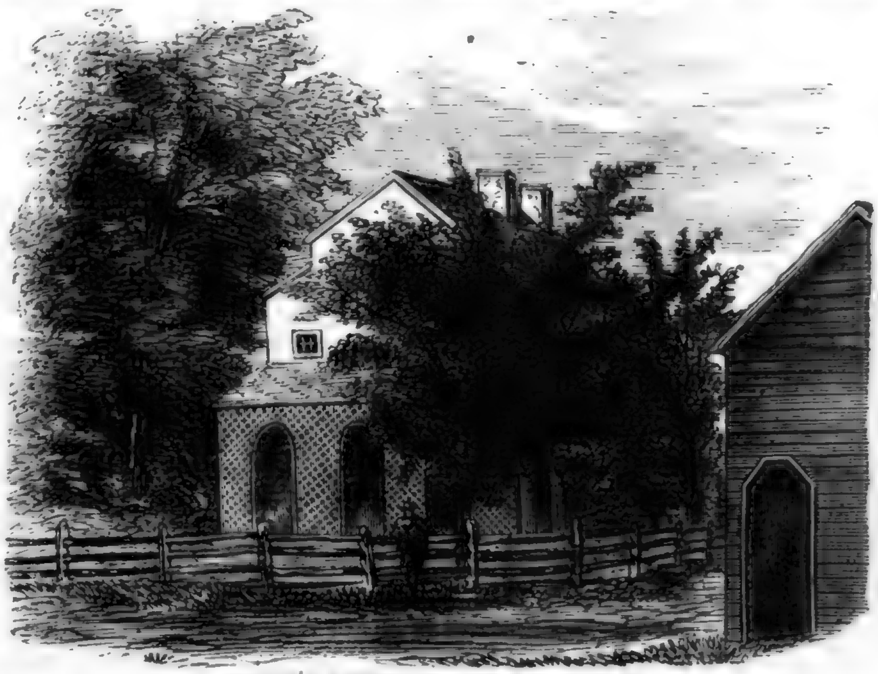
But it was not in Fulton's nature to devote himself for a long time to the brush. Despairing of attaining eminence in this profession, he gave it up abruptly, to devote himself exclusively to mechanical inventions. He staid for some time in Exeter, and subsequently for two years in the manufacturing town of Birmingham, where he was employed to make the drawings of the machinery used in the mills. He here made the acquaintance of the Duke of Bridgewater, and of Earl Stanhope.

In 1788, having decided to turn to practical account the mechanical knowledge he had acquired, he returned to London, where he accidentally made the acquaintance of James Rumsey, previously mentioned. The latter was at great pains to explain the importance of applying steam to navigation, and Fulton strove to correct the manifest errors in the mechanical system adopted by Rumsey. Fulton was convinced, at that early period, of the superiority of paddle-wheels over any other contrivance, and urged Rumsey to adopt them on the steamer he was building at the time of his death.

The Earl of Stanhope was occupied at this time with experiments on the application of steam to navigation, and, having constructed a ship provided with a sufficiently powerful engine, he proposed to employ as motor the same contrivance as that which Jouffroy had failed to make work in France. Fulton did not hesitate to write to him to dissuade him from adopting this apparatus, and to recommend paddle-wheels instead; but, unfortunately, his advice was not listened to, and steam navigation was delayed many years in Great Britain.

This circumstance diverted Fulton's attention for some time from steam navigation, and he applied himself with ardor to other mechanical projects. He took up the subject of canals, and the best methods for their excavation; and he devised an improved mill for sawing marble, for which he received a vote of thanks and an honorary medal from the British Society for the Promotion of Arts and Commerce. To this period are also referred his patented machines for spinning flax and for making ropes.

Having obtained a patent in England for improvements



FULTON'S BIRTHPLACE, LITTLE BRITAIN, PA.

in canals, Fulton went to France, in 1797, with the view of introducing them there; but not finding much encouragement, he reverted to his former artistic occupations, and superintended, with Joel Barlow, the illustrations to the "Columbiad." It was at this time that Fulton devised the submarine boat called the "Nautilus," connected with which were submarine bombs, afterward known as torpedoes. A favorite idea of Fulton was that "The liberty of the seas will be the happiness of the earth"; and to attain this he thought such destructive engines as torpedoes would prove the best agent. He offered his invention to the French and Dutch Governments without exciting their favorable attention. Negotiations were subsequently opened with him by the British Government, which induced him to visit London in 1804.

A commission, at the head of which was Sir Joseph Banks, reported that the submarine boat was impracticable. In October, 1805, Fulton was permitted to experiment on a brig of 200 tons burden, with a bomb of 170 pounds of powder. In fifteen minutes from the application of the contrivance the explosion took place, and the brig made no more resistance than a bag of feathers, and went to pieces like a shattered eggshell.

Notwithstanding this success, Fulton was disappointed in his hopes of Government patronage, and was on the point of embarking for his native land, when he made the acquaintance of Robert R. Livingston. Mr. Livingston had been sent to France to conclude the treaty of the cession of Louisiana, which proved so advantageous to the United States. He had previously devoted much attention to the development of steam navigation, and in 1797, with the aid of an Englishman of the name of Nisbett, and of the engineer Brunel, afterward celebrated as the builder of the Thames tunnel, had tried several models on the Hudson.

Under Livingston's direction, the various mechanisms applicable to the propulsion of ships had been tried, and, full of confidence that some one of them was destined to succeed, he applied to Congress for the exclusive right to navigate American waters with steam vessels. This patent was granted, upon condition that he made a successful invention within a year. He called in the assistance of John Stevens, of Hoboken, who experimented, with encouraging success, with a small vessel driven by a high-pressure engine, a sectional boiler and a single screw. He also tried twin screws, the steamboat having a length of 68 feet and a breadth of 14 feet. This machinery, which was shown at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, is retained in a good state of preservation at the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey. Placed in a new hull on the Hudson in 1844, this engine produced a speed of eight miles an hour.

To return to Robert Livingston's efforts: No sooner had this eminent lawyer made the acquaintance of Fulton than he appreciated the talents, ingenuity and worth of his new friend, and immediately entered into an agreement with him to make a series of experiments more exhaustive than any previously attempted.

The vessel of Livingston and Fulton was completed in Paris, toward the beginning of the year 1803, and everything was ready for the trial, when, on the morning of the appointed day, one of the workmen burst into Fulton's room before he was up, to announce that the machinery had proved too heavy for the boat, and that it had gone to the bottom of the Seine during the night. Fulton rushed to the scene of this grave disaster, and, after twenty-four hours of unremitting labor, succeeded in saving the greater part of the machinery. He immediately set to work to construct a new hull, taking care to have it strong enough for the weight it was to bear. This was one hundred feet long and eight feet wide.

On the 9th of August, 1803, this vessel navigated the Seine in the presence of a considerable number of spectators, among whom was a committee appointed by the Academy of Sciences for the purpose, consisting of Bougainville, Bossut, Carnot and Périer. An eye-witness has given us, in a periodical of the day, an account of this interesting trial. The writer says: "On the 9th of August, the trial of a new invention was made, the complete and brilliant success of which will prove of the utmost importance to the navigation and commerce of the interior of France. For two or three months there has been seen at the quay a vessel of a most singular appearance, provided with wheels like a chariot, to be rowed by steam power. At six o'clock in the evening the inventor set in motion this vessel, and two others attached to it; and for an hour and a half they ascended and descended the river for considerable distances and with great facility. One of the boats in tow took on board a distinguished company of scientific men, who will doubtless give a full report of the success of the enterprise. The author of this brilliant invention is M. Fulton, an American, and a celebrated mechanic."

The success of Fulton's efforts did not fail to attract the notice of experts in such matters, but the public cared very little about it; and at a time when the nation was kept in a condition of constant excitement by the accounts of the military movements of Napoleon, it was scarcely to be expected that scientific triumphs could be made to excite more than a passing interest.

The matter was brought to the notice of Napoleon, but the First Consul had formed a prejudice against Fulton, and refused to have anything to do with the new invention. He said to a confidential friend who urged him to look at the invention: "There are a set of men, adventurers, charlatans, at every court in Europe, who try to impose inventions upon the authorities for money which have no other existence save in their own imaginations; and this American Fulton is one of them. Do not mention the subject to me again."

Such a hasty judgment was unusual with Napoleon, and was very different from the reception he gave to the discoveries of Alexandre and Volta in electricity, or of the invention of a locomotive for land travel by Cugnot. The fact that Fulton was an American may have had something to do with it; at any rate, Napoleon dismissed the whole thing from his mind.

Livingston addressed a letter to the Legislature of the State of New York, making known the results of the experiment in Paris, and an Act was passed at once, conferring upon him and Fulton the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the State by any vessels propelled by steam, provided an average speed of four miles was attained.

As soon as this Act was made known, Livingstone ordered of Boulton & Watt, of England, an engine of suitable proportions for his purpose. This was completed and sent to New York in 1806. Fulton had meanwhile informed himself of everything that had been attempted in steam navigation in Europe and in the United States, and he returned to New York fully prepared to carry to a successful issue the grand scheme so favorably begun in Paris.

For the new machinery he planned a boat, which was called *Clermont*, after Mr. Livingston's country-seat on the Hudson. In August, 1807, everything was finished, and on the 11th of that month the trial trip was made. Fulton mounted the bridge of his boat, which was christened by the skeptical public with the name of "Fulton's Folly," and amid the scoffing and laughter of the multitude present, the strange craft put out into the stream. Soon the derision was turned to the most enthusiastic appreciation when it was seen that a speed of five miles an hour was attained.

The triumph of Fulton was complete, and nothing could surpass the surprise and admiration of those who were witnesses of the experiment; but he did not allow himself to be distracted by such signs of approbation. He closely studied the working of the machinery, and set to work to repair defects. After a few necessary changes and repairs, Livingston and Fulton caused the announcement to be made in the papers that the steamer *Clermont* would be ready to transport passengers and merchandise from New York to Albany on an appointed day.

This notice caused much surprise in New York, and not a single passenger reported for the journey; and Fulton was forced to undertake the voyage with no other companions than the men employed on the vessel. The *Clermont* made the passage from New York to Albany in 32 hours, and returned in 30 hours; and the papers of the period give an amusing account of the terror of the residents along the banks of the Hudson, who saw, for the first time, this puffing monster approaching on the water at night.

On his return to New York, Fulton sent the following note for publication in the *American Citizen:* "I left New York on Monday at one o'clock, and on Tuesday at one—that is to say, in twenty-four hours—arrived at Clermont, the residence of Chancellor Livingston, distance 110 miles. I left Clermont on Wednesday, at nine in the morning, and reached Albany at five in the afternoon; time, 8 hours; distance, 40 miles—an average speed of five miles an hour."

After this first voyage the *Clermont* was regularly devoted to passenger and goods traffic. It was soon overcrowded, and had to be enlarged. It was the first steamer that repaid to its owners the original cost of its construction, and so completely was the utility of the invention established that the Legislature extended the exclusive privilege of Livingston and Fulton five years for every additional boat, provided the whole term should not exceed thirty years; and in 1808 passed another Act subjecting to forfeiture any vessel propelled by steam which should enter the waters of the State without their license.

Fulton's second large boat on the Hudson was called *The Car of Neptune.* Meanwhile the power of the Legislature to grant the steamboat monopoly was denied, and what was called the "Steamboat War" was waged in the various courts for a period of several years.

Pending these controversies, Fulton constructed ferry-boats to run between New York and New Jersey: one for a Brooklyn company, five for the Hudson River, and several boats for the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. He also tried his hand at the construction of a war steamer, but in this was not very successful. The first war steamer was a heavy, unwieldy mass, which obtained a speed against the current of some 2½ miles an hour; but as the pioneer of the steam navies of the world it was regarded as a marvel, and as a most formidable engine of defense. The war having terminated before her completion, she was taken to the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, where she was used as a receiving ship till June 4th, 1829, when she was accidentally blown up.

At the same time that Fulton was engaged in the construction of this war steamer, the President of the United States employed him to make some modifications of his submarine boat. Both of these enterprises were arrested by his death.

The steamboat war occasioned much trouble to Livingston and Fulton. Many vexatious lawsuits had to be instituted for infringements of their patents. One day, while returning from Trenton, N. J., where Fulton had been in attendance upon court, the weather became very severe, and the North River was so covered with ice that the ferry-boat was detained for several hours in the stream. The exposure and anxiety brought on a severe fever, from which he had scarcely recovered when a second exposure on board of his war vessel brought on a relapse, which terminated his life on the 24th of February, 1815, at the early age of fifty years.

The death of no private citizen in the United States ever called forth such sincere testimonials of regret as were expressed as soon as it became known that Robert Fulton was no more. The newspapers of the day made the announcement in black borders; the members of the Legislature, the corporations of cities, scientific societies, literary associations, all the steamboat companies, wore insignia of mourning for thirty days, and a great concourse of people attended the funeral.

It is humiliating to be obliged to add that the services rendered by Robert Fulton were never adequately compensated. If they had been, he might have been spared for many years. Nor was it until a long time after his death that a proper pension was provided for his impoverished family.

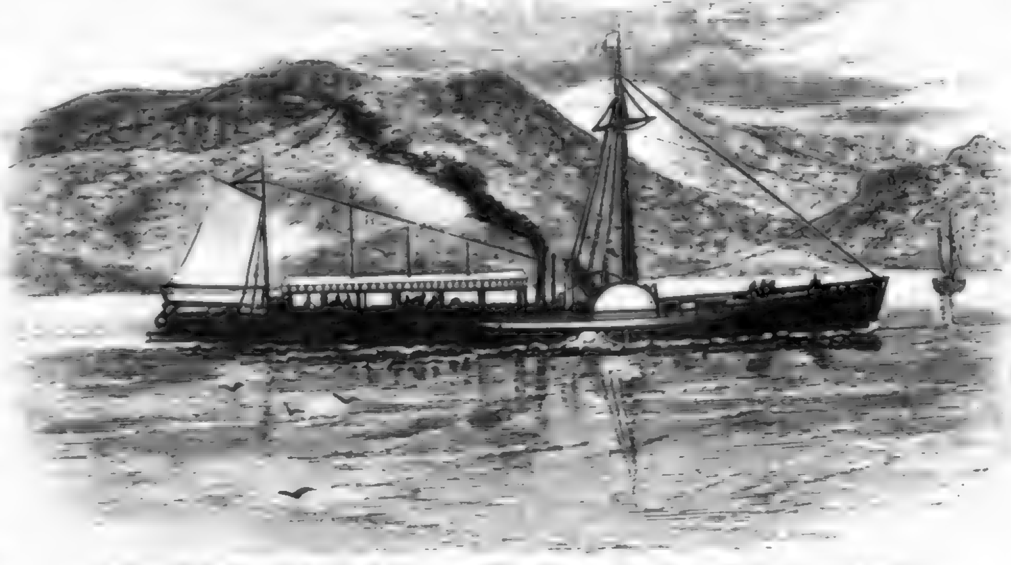
Europe could not remain indifferent to the success attained by Fulton in the United States. Although steam navigation was of more importance to us on account of our great inland waters, yet it was of equal advantage to Europe, owing to larger population and enormous commercial relations; and it was not long before attempts were made to carry the invention across the water.

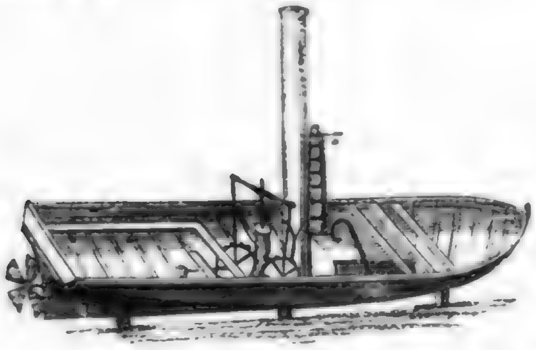
It was not until 1812, five years after Fulton's signal success, that steamboats were introduced into Great Britain. A Scotch engineer, Henry Bell, constructed at that time a steamboat, the *Comet*, which served as a transport-vessel on the Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock. It was not much more than a preliminary experiment, as the steam engine was only of the capacity of three-horse power, and the boat of thirty tons measurement. This steamboat, which was the first to carry passengers in Europe, was forty feet long and ten and one-half feet wide. The machine did not differ essentially from the disposition adopted by Fulton on the *Clermont*, and the same system of paddle-wheels was employed.

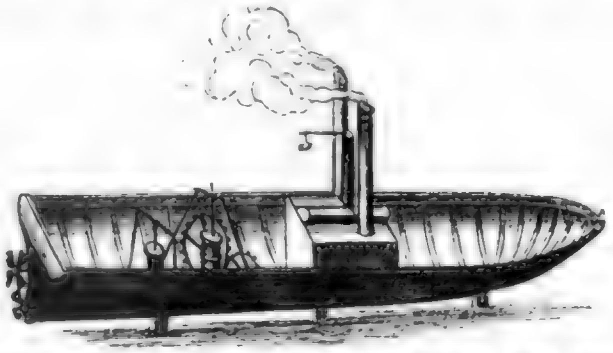
Henry Bell had, for a long time previously, attempted to introduce steam navigation into Scotland. Already, in 1800 and 1803, he had in vain solicited permission of the Admiralty to make experiments according to his notions at public expense. Meeting with no encouragement at home, he applied to several foreign Governments, among others to the United States. That which Livingston and Fulton had accomplished in America, he hoped to establish in Great Britain. He was the first in Europe to introduce steam power into the regular navigation of ships. According to letters published by Woodcroft, Henry Bell was in correspondence with Fulton after the return of the latter to the United States. Bell caused to be constructed a side-wheel steamer, which he called the *Comet*, after the meteoric phenomenon which appeared in the heavens in 1811 during the work on the ship, and which produced a great sensation in Europe at the time. After the vessel was ready for public service, Henry Bell issued the following prospectus to travelers:

> "The subscriber having succeeded, after much expense, in constructing an elegant vessel, destined to run on the Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock, which can be set in motion at will, either by sails or steam power, proposes to establish a regular line of service between these two ports. For elegance, comfort, speed and safety, this vessel deserves the appreciation of the public, and the proprietor will spare no pains to do all in his power to secure its good reputation. (Signed) HENRY BELL."
>
> "Baths of Helensburg, August 5th, 1812."

This appeal brought very little fruit. There was such a prejudice in the public mind, and such fear of the dangers attached to the use of steam on vessels, that very few were found sufficiently courageous to risk their lives on the novel *pyroscaphe;* and what added to the terrors of the situation was the menacing attitude assumed by the boatmen on the river, who pursued, with scoffing and threats, the unwelcome craft. The water *Comet* proved to be as much of a mystery as its celestial namesake in the sky, and the people would none of it.


FULTON'S STEAMBOAT "THE CLERMONT," THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL PASSENGER-BOAT.


SCREW PROPELLER, BEING THE FIRST FERRY-BOAT RUN FROM HOBOKEN TO NEW YORK—BUILT BY JOHN STEVENS, 1804.

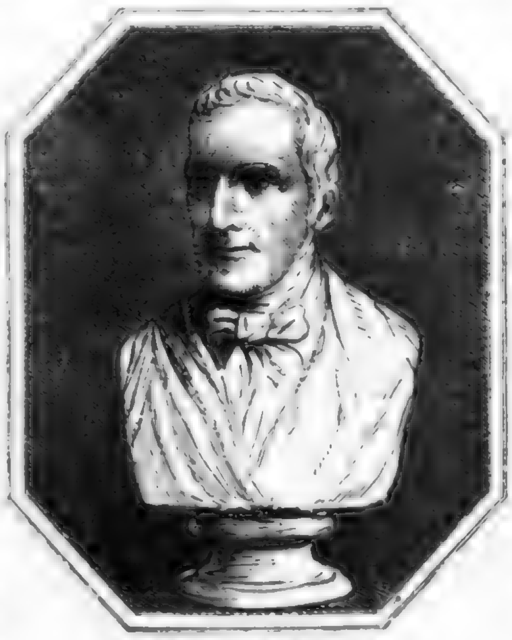

TWO-SCREW PROPELLER, THE SECOND FERRY-BOAT RUN FROM HOBOKEN TO NEW YORK—BUILT BY JOHN STEVENS, 1805.

The first year passed away under the most discouraging circumstances, occasioning great expense and loss to Henry Bell. In the meantime, however, the regularity of the service, and the patent fact that the twenty-four miles were traversed with equal security and one-third the expense of the old method, did not fail to produce an impression. In order to instruct the public, and make it familiar with steam navigation, the vessel was sent on a voyage around the coast of Scotland, Ireland and England, and by degrees the former fear and prejudice yielded to greater confidence, and large numbers of passengers availed themselves of the novel style of locomotion.

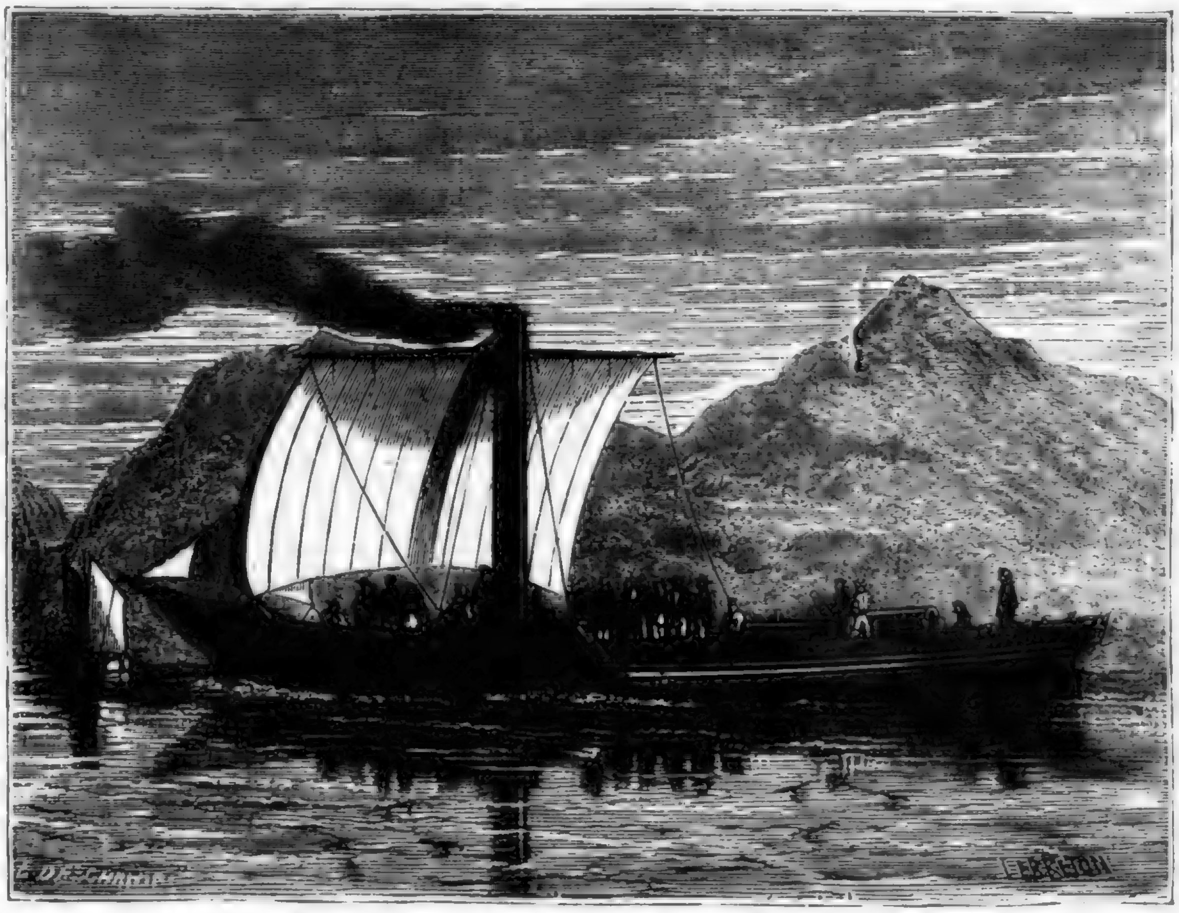
Before the establishment of the regular packet boat, the number of travelers between Greenock and Glasgow did not exceed 80 in a day; four years later it was not uncommon to count 450 passengers a day, who greatly enjoyed the excursion on the waters of the beautiful Clyde. In order to accommodate the increased travel, Henry Bell caused a much larger vessel to be constructed, which he called *The Rob Roy,* and at the same time several other boats were built.

Contemporaneously with Bell's movements in Scotland, Dawson caused a ship to be built in Ireland, to which, singularly enough, he also gave the name of *Comet.* Steam navigation gradually extended itself in Great Britain, and soon two steamers, the *Hibernia* and *Britannia,* made regular voyages between Holyhead and Dublin, across St. George's channel; thus showing that the rough waters of the open sea could be navigated as well as the even stream of the inland rivers.

In 1818, Dawson started the first steamer on the Thames, to ply between Gravesend and London, and soon afterward another steamer was added by Mr. Lawrence, of Bristol. The opposition of the boatmen and sailors on the Thames was so great that Mr. Lawrence was frightened away, and carried his boat to the river Severn. A short time afterward the same steamer was taken to Spain, where it ran on the river between Seville and San Lucar for a number of years.


JOHN STEVENS, INVENTOR.

In France, the wars of Napoleon, and the extraordinary opposition of the great general, stood in the way of an early realization of the dreams of the early experimenters, and it was not until after the conclusion of peace in 1815 that the subject was seriously taken into consideration. Jouffroy and Follenai, who had been driven from the country as enemies of Napoleon, returned from their



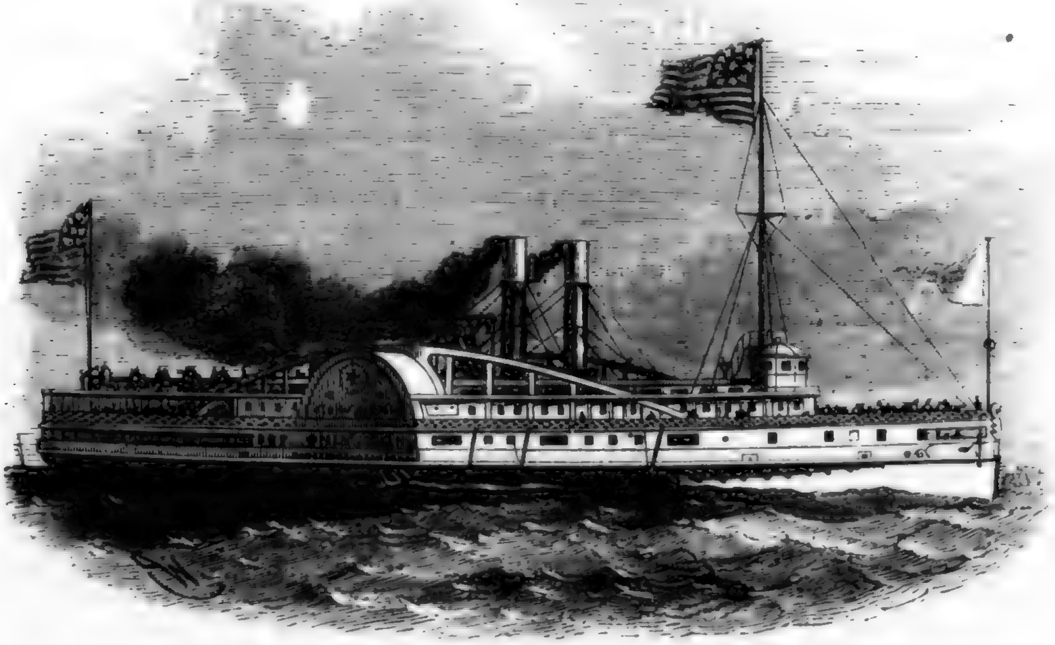
"THE COMET," FIRST ENGLISH STEAMBOAT, BUILT BY HENRY BELL, 1812.

exile, and immediately resumed the experiments which had been so abruptly terminated by the outbreak of war. The exclusive privilege of steam navigation was granted to Jouffroy, and on the 20th of August, 1816, the steamer called the *Charles Philippe* was launched at Bercy with proper ceremonies, during the *fêtes* which followed the marriage of the Duke de Berry. The steamer was towed up the Seine, and when it was opposite the Tuileries the King, Louis XVIII., and the Count d'Artois, after whom the vessel had been named, came to the window to view it, amid the acclamations of the multitude and the intense gratification of the inventor.

Fortune seemed to smile upon the efforts of Jouffroy, but only for a short duration, as he was soon involved in litigation quite as vexatious and harassing as hastened the death of Robert Fulton. The company organized by Jouffroy was ruined by competition, and the worthy inventor lost his entire fortune, and was obliged to accept the privilege of an ancient officer of the army and retire to the Invalides, where he survived to the age of eighty years, and was finally carried off by the cholera in 1832.

The rival company in Paris, in order not to be accused of infringement of patent, sent to England for a steamer already completed. The crossing of the Channel by this boat, under the command of Captain Andriel, was watched with the most lively interest, as the voyage was looked upon as extremely hazardous.

On his arrival in London in the month of January, 1816, Captain Andriel had great difficulty in encountering exactly the kind of boat he wanted. There were only three inferior vessels for sale, the largest of which, the *Margery*, was but 50 feet long, and 17 feet wide, and of 10 horse power. As this was the best selection he could make, he submitted to his fate, and on the 9th of March, 1816, started for home with his purchase, which he re-christened the *Elise*, and with a crew of ten men to navigate her.



TYPE OF AMERICAN RIVER BOAT.

The *Elise* left London Bridge at noon, and arrived at Gravesend at three o'clock in the afternoon. The next morning, Sunday, the voyage was resumed, with the extraordinary incident of the attempt of a cutter to run the steamer down, out of pure spite against this method of propulsion. The little craft lost its smoke-pipe in the encounter, but finally escaped, thanks to greater speed. The vessel stopped at Dover for repairs, and it was not until after several unsuccessful attempts, that the steamer was finally navigated across the Channel to Havre. On this voyage a fearful storm was encountered, which came very near putting an end to the enterprise. It was not until the 15th of March that the vessel was finally safely moored at Havre.

When the craft was seen off the harbor, a pilot-boat put out as usual, but when smoke was perceived, and the nature of the vessel thus made known, the pilot turned about, leaving the steamer to find its way through the channel. The pilot deemed it beneath his dignity to conduct such a monstrosity as a steamboat into port, so great was still the prejudice of sailors against any vessel not carrying sails—a prejudice which has by no means passed away among seafaring men, some of whom even now obstinately refuse to embark on a steamer, as being something beneath the dignity of a true sailor.

After various other adventures, the *Elise* was finally successfully transported to Paris, where it was made fast to the Pont Jena, March 28th, 1816.

The enterprise did not prove to be a commercial success, and the vessel was ultimately sent back to its English owners, where it was restored to its former name of *Margery*, and remained a monument to the tardy faith of the French nation in steam navigation. It was not until years afterward that regular steam service was established in France. In 1825 James P. Allaire, of New York, greatly increased the speed of steamboats by the introduction of compound engines. He built the *Sun* at this time, which made the voyage from New York to Albany in twelve hours and eighteen minutes. Soon afterward Erastus W. Smith introduced this form of engine on the great Lakes, and still later they were adopted into British steamers.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Drowned by a Devil Fish.—Several instances have come to light of persons having been drowned by the *octopus*, or devil fish, showing that the romance of Victor Hugo has as much truth as fiction in its composition. An Indian woman was drowned in British Columbia, last year, under the following circumstances: A party of Makaw Indians of Cape Flattery were returning from a visit to the Sougish Indians of the vicinity of Victoria, and camped the first afternoon on the south shore of Vancouver Island. A young woman having separated herself from the others to bathe, did not return in the evening, and after having searched for her in vain, the next morning the rest of the party were about to continue on their journey, when, on rounding the first point, they saw the body of the woman, as if seated on the sandy sea bottom, with a large octopus attached to it. The body was rescued, with portions of the arms of the fish adhering to it. There are traditions among the Indians of other cases of narrow escapes, as well as of drowning, in the same region.

Explosive Dust.—An explosion occurred about Christmas time in a candy factory in New York, the cause of which still remains a mystery. It was attributed by some persons to the ignition of the fine dust of starch used in the factory, and the suggestion of such an explanation has since called out accounts of explosions in flouring mills, collieries and similar establishments, owing to the mixture of an impalpable dust with the air. In one instance reported, they were grinding at the ordinary pace, about midday, with the windows open and no gas turned on. The explosion was quite sudden, and the flame sufficient to singe the man's whiskers; the force was so great that the door of the engine-room was blown open, though the only opening between the two rooms was a small hole through which the shafting worked. Holes were bored through the wood lining to allow a free current of air, and there has been no explosion since. The danger of fine, impalpable coal dust in colliers, and carbon in lampblack factories, has been frequently shown, and calls for greater caution in the future.

The Sugar Beet in New England.—Professor Goessman, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, has devoted much attention to sugar-beet culture, and favors its introduction in New England. He says that light, sandy loam is the best soil for the sugar beet, and does not advise other fertilizers than potash and superphosphate, as it is on these articles that the beet feeds. Eighteen to twenty tons of beets is a fair average crop to the acre, from which 1,500 to 1,800 pounds of sugar can be obtained; the cost of manufacturing the sugar from an acre of beets would amount to $28 to $30, leaving about $100 as the net result from each acre, not counting the fertilizers retained. Three hundred acres of beets is enough to supply one factory. In Germany, the farmers club together and own the factory on a mutual plan, and in that way realize the largest profit from the business.

The Preparation of Curare.—Dr. Jobert witnessed the preparation of the best variety of curare by the Indians of Tecunas, in Brazil, near the boundary of Peru. The savages scrape the outer bark very thin, of the best developed branches of the *Urari* and *Eko*, and mix the two raspings in the proportion of four parts of the former with one part of the latter. This mixture they knead with their hands, and then place in a funnel with a filter of palm leaves, and exhaust by cold water, renewed seven or eight times. The liquid extract assumes a red color; this is boiled with the stems of the *taja* and *mucura* for about six hours, until it assumes a thick consistence. Shavings of piperacae are added, and the boiling is repeated. The preparation is then left to cool by itself, when it takes the consistence of wax, and is ready for use. It is one of the most powerful organic bases known, and has long been used by the savages to poison the tips of their arrows. It has recently come into notice as a possible cure of hydrophobia, in consequence of the successful treatment of a patient in Germany. The remedy was tried in Connecticut last Winter, but although it appeared to bring temporary relief, the life of the man who had been bitten by a mad dog could not be saved.

Forcing Asparagus.—There are extensive establishments for the forcing of asparagus in Paris. According to a writer in *The Garden*, about half an acre, under glass, is devoted to the culture, and a supply is obtained from early in September to the end of April. It is forced in three ways: in houses heated with hot water; in frames sunk in the ground and heated in the same way, and, lastly, in frames plunged in warm stable manure. The frames are about four feet wide. The roots are placed directly on the manure, not flat, as they would be in the open ground, but packed as closely as possible, from 500 to 2,000 roots, according to size, going under one light. A mere sprinkling of soil is placed over them. As a result, the shoots come up very thickly. As many as five crops of roots follow each other throughout the Autumn, Winter and Spring in the same frame. The universal straw mat is used to cover the frames at night. A dozen persons are employed in a single establishment solely in gathering and bundling the asparagus for market; from which it will be seen that the business is an extensive one.

Modern Applications of Electricity.—For a long time the telegraph was the chief application of electricity, and a Society of Telegraph Engineers was established in England. At the recent meeting of this Society the President, Dr. Siemens, in his annual address, showed how difficult it is to separate telegraphy from other departments of what may be called applied electricity. He devotes nearly a quarter of his address to discussing the application of electricity for illuminating purposes, to the transmission of motive power, and in metallurgic processes. He could also with propriety have referred to the firing of mines and torpedoes by electricity, and, possibly, to the use of the battery in medicine. Recent improvements in the means of obtaining powerful electric currents seem to open up a prospect of a great advance in the application of electricity, and it does not seem unlikely that the Society of Telegraph Engineers will have to become a Society of Electrical Engineers.

Rohlf's African Journey.—Gerhard Rholf's expedition to the Libyan Desert is not only fully arranged, but it is proposed to extend the researches to the Schari, Benue and Ogowe rivers and their tributaries. It is to be hoped that the latter part of the plan will be carried out, as it will solve many of the questions raised by Stanley's discovery of the course of the Congo Dr. Rohlf has received no less than 300 applications from persons who wished to accompany the expedition, in one capacity or another. Of course the great traveler can only consider very few of them. It is doubtful whether the applicants fully appreciate the fatigue and danger they would have to endure on such a journey, or they would not be so anxious to go.

The Heroes of North African Discovery.—An interesting *résumé* of the work of the principal travelers who have made Africa known to the world has been prepared by Mr. D'Anvers in Paris. He briefly dismisses the earlier explorers, the bulk of the volume being devoted to those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The book is meant for young readers, to whom both the text and the numerous illustrations will prove attractive. But all who wish to have a fair knowledge of what has been hitherto achieved in the field of African discovery should read this interesting and instructive volume. The author promises another volume on South Africa, in which the results obtained by Mr. Stanley will be embodied.

Spontaneous Decomposition of Eggs.—Messrs. Béchamp and Eustache maintain that the membrane of the shell of an egg is impenetrable to all organisms from without, and that the production of infusoria in the interior does not result from germs from without, but arises from the evolution of microzymes which are normal to the yolk, and transform themselves into articulates, and, later, into bacteria. They state this in opposition to the views of M. Gayon, who insists that the putrefaction and fermentation of eggs is due to the penetration of the shell by the germs of bacteria from without. It is a question about as difficult of solution as that of spontaneous generation.

A New Fossil Bird.—At a recent meeting of the Geological Society of London, Professor Owen described the remains of a large bird which had been obtained from the eocene clay of Sheppey, consisting of parts of fractured humeri and other portions of the body. The texture of the shaft, the thinness of its bony wall, and the large size of the cavity, recall the characters of the wing-bones of the large cretaceous pterodactyles. It was probably a long-winged natatorial bird, considerably exceeding the albatross in size.

IRIDESCENT GLASS.—It is well known that glass, after being buried for many years, undergoes a process of devitrification, and assumes an iridescent condition, often exceedingly beautiful to the eye. The specimens discovered in the island of Cyprus by General di Cesnola, and now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, have attracted great interest and admiration, and much curiosity has been expressed to account for the peculiar effects of color. At first it was supposed that the exquisite effects were produced by colors introduced when the articles were manufactured, but closer examination shows this to be erroneous. In the process of decomposition the glass becomes covered with thin plates or delicate laminæ, like those of mother-of-pearl, and the rainbow colors are due to the phenomenon known in optics as interference of light. The lustre of opal, and the iridescence of Labrador spar, are due to the same cause. Recently these effects have been produced artificially by two French chemists, Fremy and Clemandot. They submit the glass to the action of dilute hydrochloric acid, under a pressure of about six atmospheres and the aid of heat. The product is said to be very beautiful, and it is now quite the rage in England and France. A somewhat similar effect has been produced in Germany by heating the glass with bismuth and covering it with thin plates of metal. What it formerly required ages to produce can now be manufactured at will by the appliances of modern science.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE oldest lunatic on record—Time out of mind.

SOMETHING laid up for a rainy day—An umbrella.

SWEETENING one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

How SHOULD a wife speak to a grumbling husband? "My dear, I love you still."

BOGGS says the times are so dull that it is difficult for him to collect even his ideas.

"BEAUTY and booty" was the cry of the young man, who kissed the girl and was kicked by her father.

To GET an idea of natural selection, take a view of a celery-glass after it has been once around the table.

ARTICHOKES are very good for rheumatism, and there is no doubt that hearty jokes are good for dyspepsia.

A CHINAMAN in Nevada has fenced his garden with tin cans. He thus cans his vegetables ahead of his neighbors.

ADVICE.—I never had a man cum to me for advice, but before he got thru he had more advice to offer than to ask for.—*Josh Billings.*

ARCTIC ICE.—A schoolboy wrote: "When people write about arctic ice, it is said that they refer to ice up north, which is as old as the ark."

THE MOST HONEST BET.—What was the most honest bet that was ever made? The alpha-bet. Its maker was evidently a man of letters, too.

A NEW ORLEANS editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in a car, found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

UNDERGOING AN OPERATION.—"What's the matter with your eye, Tommy?" "Oh, it's only been going through an operation at the hands of a knockulist; that's all."

BY OUR CYNIC.—At a social gathering a few days since, the following toast was proposed and drank: "In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

WHAT word is it that is composed of five letters, from which if you take two one will be left? It is shone, or stone, or crone, or prone, or any one of many similar words.

NOT ENOUGH.—Ten billions of hairpins are manufactured in this country annually, and yet they are not sufficient to prevent a hair from getting into the butter now and then.

THE NECESSARY STIMULUS.—A friend of ours doubted his ability to climb a picket-fence, but one growl from a dog gave him the necessary confidence, enterprise and alacrity.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"What is the difference," asked the teacher in arthmetic, "between one yard and two yards?" "A fence," was the reply of a member of the class. The teacher was silent.

GIVE IT UP.—What is the difference between a dandy, an optical contusion and a well in which the water is frozen? The first is a nice swell, the second is an eye swell, and the third is an ice well.

"WHAT I want," said a young beau, "is a wife without a failing." "Then you'll never marry," said his sister; "because, should you find such a woman, she'll be sure to want a husband of the same character."

THE latest case of absence of mind is a ship-carpenter, who bit off the end of a copper spike and drove a plug of tobacco into the vessel's bottom. He did not discover his mistake until the vessel spit in his face.

SHIP-BRED—Sailors.

BLUNT men sometimes say cutting things.

A NAVIGATOR's most dangerous straight is a whisky straight.

EXPERIENCE may be a dear teacher, but she isn't any dearer than a pretty schoolmistress.

YOUNG man's best companion—He who takes him home when he cannot take himself home.

FOND MOTHER.—"What would you do without a mother, Tom?" *Tom*—"Do as I liked, ma."

WHO are the comrades that fight all day and do not hurt each other? The tongue and the teeth.

IF the man who writes anonymous letters has never stolen sheep it is probably the fault of the sheep.

THERE is something in a name, when the inventor of a new castor describes it as the "Idro'obolic hat!"

NOTHING is more dangerous, as far as your general health is concerned, than to overwork your tongue.

A MIRTHFUL person observes that, after all, the Indian is not so bad as he is painted, when he paints himself.

IF good wines require no bush, of course a good bet wants no hedge, and a lover of brandy needs no shrub.

AN intelligent German thus expressed his preference for a quack doctor: "I vouldn't call him if mine cat vas dead!"

"ELEVATE your sole," as the cobbler said when he wanted to inspect the condition of a customer's battered brogans.

A TEETOTALER says the drop-curtain of a theatre is so called because the gentlemen go out for a drop while it is down.

THERE are rare occasions when a run on a bank cripples the bank but little. One of them is when a steamboat attempts it.

"WHAT's the next thing to oysters, Tom?" says an urchin to a printer's reading boy. "Why, the shells, stupid!" retorted Tom.

IN Virginia, when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, the lover asks permission to sit on a fence and see her go by.

LAPLANDER.—The sudden start of a street car threw a lady, who was standing, into a gentleman's lap; whereupon a newsboy cried out, "There's a *Lap*-lander!"

SHOT.—"Mother," said a little five-year-old, "have you heard that Uncle John got shot yesterday?" "Why, no! Dear me! How did he get shot?" "Oh, he bought 'em!"

PRUDENT.—A person who had obtained a free railway pass asked the clerk if "he could not embrace his wife?" "Probably," the official answered; "but I prefer to see her before promising positively."

HONOR.—Old Deacon Pilkins said to himself, "Falstaff asks, 'What's honor?' as though it was hard to tell. But let my wife sit behind another woman at church, and she'll tell *what's on her* in less than ten minutes."

A CANDIDATE for admission into a rifle club was asked, "Have you had much long-range practice?" "Long range practice!" he exclaimed. "I should think so. I practiced over a dozen years as cook at a range in a restaurant."

"WHAT does 'transatlantic' mean, mamma?" "Across the Atlantic, child. Hold your tongue, and ask no more questions." "Then does 'transparent' mean a cross mamma?" (Has to forfeit her slate and stand in the corner.)

A PHYSICIAN finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," said, "When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," she answered; "you don't find them on monuments, but under them."

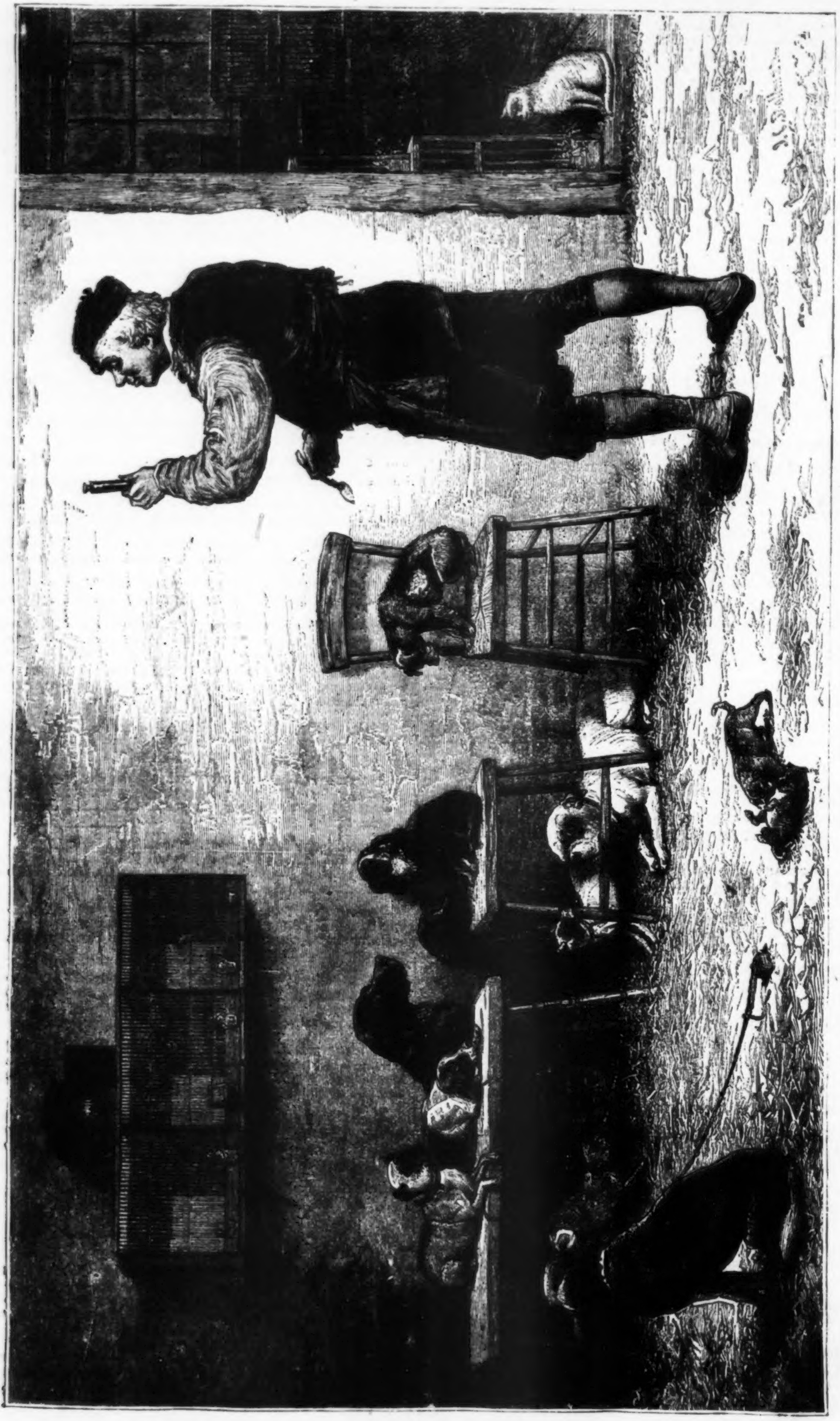
PARIS PAPER—Two men jostle each other on the street, exchange words, and take to punching each other lustily. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," cries a third, rushing between them, "why do you pound each other thus? Have you no wives at home?"

AN old bachelor probably wrote the following:

"'Twixt women and wine
Man's lot is to smart;
'Tis wine makes his head ache,
And women his heart."

ABSURD QUESTION.—A German lately applied for a situation as a sailor on board a vessel lying in the docks. "Have you ever been to sea?" asked the captain. The German stared a moment, and then said, "Does you s'pose I comed over from Germany in a balloon?"

SMALL GIRL—"Mamma, give me some more pie." *Mamma* (who wants the small girl to say "please")—"I don't hear you, my child." "*Small Girl*—"Give me some more pie." *Mamma*—"I don't hear you, my child." *Small Girl*—"Oh, mamma, you must be near-sighted in the ears!"



"A CANINE ÆSCULAPIUS."—FROM THE PICTURE BY J. C. DOLLMAN, EXHIBITED IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY.